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ARTICLE I.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

JEREMY BENTHAM was, in many respects, a singular man. He lived through one half of the last century and one third of the present—of course amid some of the most stirring events in the world's history. He knew the men who have in a great measure moulded society into its present shape; and, although a recluse, who sat all day in his watch tower, and rather looked out upon the busy scenes exhibited on the theatre of life, than mingled in them personally, he was not an uninterested spectator. Indeed, the instrument he wielded in his lamp-lit study, had quite as much influence on human life, as the weapons of warfare employed by the out-door battlers for principles and place.

His mode of life was peculiar; a voluntary seclusion from public intercourse,—a devotion to reflection and writing, which led to the development of views which are now being extensively carried out. The brief notice of such a man, given in the subsequent review, cannot but be interesting to our readers.—ED.

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From the Westminster Review, April, 1842.

*Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham: By John Bowring, M. P. Including Autobiographical Conversations and Correspondence.* (Published as part XIX of the Collected Edition of Bentham's Works.) Edinburgh: W. Tait.

BENTHAM was born in 1748, and died in 1832. His earliest printed composition was published in 1771, and from that period he wrote on till within a few days of his death, accomplishing sixty-one years of literary labor. The produce of his early years was comparatively

scattered, and did not perhaps exceed in amount the average results of ordinary industry; but he was then forming that rigid system for the economy of time, by which he was enabled to devote, for forty years, almost every moment of his existence that was not necessary to the support of life, to working for the public good. As the range of services suggested by his perpetually creative intellect widened around him, the feeling pressed with more and more strength upon his mind, that the ordinary length of the life of man was too short for the duties to which he had resolved to devote himself; and he formed and adhered to the great resolution, that nothing but the danger of rendering that time still shorter should abridge by one moment the hours which each passing day afforded him for his task. The gaieties and luxuries of life were perhaps no great sacrifice to the mind that had conceived so great a project; the refinements and elegancies were restricted to the times and occasions when they might be subservient to it. With the greatest care and nicety, the balance of his occupations was so arranged that he could perform the greatest possible amount of labor at the smallest sacrifice to the health, without which his industry must come to a close.\* When he had brought his plan to perfection, his mind and body, acting in unison and on the most methodical system, might be considered a great ratiocinatory machine, daily giving forth a certain amount of intellectual labor, till the period of its natural durability expired. The fruit is to be found not only in the nine large closely-printed volumes of the new edition of his works, and the multitudinous correspondence which occupies the greater part of the memoirs, but in a mass of still unedited MSS., which, though they are not immediately to see the light, will, we understand, be deposited in the British Museum, where they will form a mine in which political philosophers may dig gold for ages to come.

The life of a recluse, much of whose time was so abstracted from mankind that he had to form many devices for keeping his fellow beings at a distance, does not present on its face anything very inviting to the general reader; but no other hermit was like Bentham. If he partook but little in the action of the world, he was the centre whence much of it originated; and his mind, always influencing passing events, and frequently creating them, gives us an insight into the very fountain-

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\* "For these many years," he says in 1818, when applied to to preside over the Mutual Improvement Society, "so exclusively have I devoted my applicable hours to my endeavors towards the service of mankind upon the largest scale within my power, that I have turned an inexorable ear to all dinner invitations; for, of the quantity of time which might otherwise be employed at my desk, any such visits would unavoidably consume a portion, the waste of which I could not endure the thoughts of. The last house I continued visiting at dinner time was Romilly's, and that not more than once in a twelvemonth.

"The longer I live," he says, in answer to a pressing invitation from Burdett in 1824, "the more strongly I feel the necessity of adhering to my old established rule, never to see any person, but for some specific purpose, public or private. I look forward with pleasure to occasions more than one, which may, on Parliament proceeding to business, continually afford me the pleasure of taking you by the hand, without violation of the aforesaid or any other inviolable rule."



head of stirring scenes that were acted far from the closet of the student. We begin with Mansfield, Camden and Wilkes—we end with Wellington, O'Connell and Burdett—the Reform Bill, and Brougham on the Woolsack. In the interval there succeed, acting their several parts, such names as Shelburne, Pitt, Dunning, Dundas, Mirabeau, Talleyrand, Brissot, Morellet, Dumont, Eden, Parr, Wilberforce, Romilly, Jovellanos, Horner and Cartwright; all associated with stirring, active life, and conveying in their mere appearance on the pages before us, the assurance that there is matter there to concern and interest every man, whatever be his political or ethical opinions, to whom history and biography are not matters of indifference.

When a distinguished man has shown precocity in his youth, the world is sure to find it out and enlarge upon it as the germ of after greatness, forgetting how often these early blossoms bear no fruit. Bentham exhibited prodigious precocity, and the circumstance is mentioned here, not because we look on a singularly retentive memory, and a quickness in mastering school exercises, as beginnings from which such a mind as Bentham's might have been expected to grow, but because we view these early indications, and the uses they were put to, as the first of a series of impediments to originality and independence of thought, which nothing but the great vigor of his intellect and the singleness of his purpose could have enabled him to overcome.

“He was accustomed, from his earliest years, to be talked of and to as a prodigy; and if this estimate of him had been widely used to awaken his ambition and excite his powers, it might have produced no undesirable result on his timid and retiring spirit. But he was taught scorn and contempt for other boys. He was perpetually placed in a sort of estrangement, by hearing his companions treated as dunces, and thus his vanity and pride received constant fuel.”—(p. 26.)

But, even in illustrations of his childish notoriety, there are little emanations that seem as if tinged with the sedateness of thought and self-reliance that characterised the mature philosopher:—

“One day, as the Duchess of Leeds was traversing the play-ground where I was amusing myself with other boys—one little boy among many great ones—the Duchess called me to her, and said, ‘Little Bentham! you know who I am.’ I had no notion she was a great lady, and answered, ‘No, madam, no! I have not that honor.’”

A sedate and proper answer—as good as he could have given, in the circumstances, in his best days. The narrative continues:—

“I found that some strange tale had been told of my precocity, and my answer was thought very felicitous; and, not long afterwards, I was invited to go home with her sons to the Duke's. I was full of ambition; accustomed to hear myself puffed and praised; and my father was always dinning into my ears the necessity of pushing myself for-

ward—so he hailed this visit as the making of my fortune. A short time before dinner, I was summoned up stairs to the Duke's apartment, where was a physician, to whom he said, 'This is Bentham, a little philosopher.' 'A philosopher!' said the doctor; 'can you screw your head off and on?'

A boy taken at random would have hung down his head, blushed, and mumbled a laugh. The embryo founder of the Utilitarian Philosophy felt that it was a simple proposition which admitted of a direct reply, and without, therefore, allowing himself to be abashed by the jest, answered, "No sir."

He wrote Latin verses when he was eight years old. Of his productions in this department, from that age downwards till he reached twelve, there are many specimens in these pages. The last is an ode on the death of George II and the accession of George III. It received the commendation of Johnson—a most dangerous incident, which might have been the means of converting the philosopher into a pedant. What will probably be chiefly considered as interesting in these productions, will be neither their accordance with the general tone of school exercises, nor their classicality, but a sprinkling among them of thoughts and opinions not of the character of those which ordinarily enter into the brains of schoolboys. In truth, though he had made himself profoundly acquainted with the languages of Greece and Rome, and the substance of their literature, Bentham's was a mind which could never have become what is called classical. His mental world was self-created: it took no tone or color from the intellectual productions of other men. He had none of the qualities of mimicry or adaptation in him. He scarcely ever took anything beyond matters of fact from the results of other people's studies; and when, on rare occasions, it did fall to his lot to find in books any opinions that stood the test of his own scrutinizing logical method, he raised a shout about the unexpected prize like one who had found a diamond among rubbish. There is a specimen of the Latinity of his more advanced years in these memoirs, which strikingly proves how little his knowledge of classic learning had imbued his mind with its spirit. It is a letter to a German, on business, and it is apparently latinized for the foreigner's better comprehension. So completely English, however, is it in idiom, and so completely is it of Bentham's own peculiar idiom, that the German must have known something of the writer's own tongue to be able to understand the letter which he had taken the trouble to transfuse into a dead language.

Bentham's father was a member of the Scriveners' Company—an active, ambitious, pushing man, with talents and application which enabled him to tread with success the various minor paths that lead to wealth and respectability. His heart swelled with pride at the early promise of his two sons, Jerry and Sam. Sir Samuel Bentham—a name little known, perhaps, to general readers, but familiar to some classes of scientific men—was a son of whom even the father of Jeremy might be proud. He possessed a great [portion of his brother's

restless activity and originality of mind. He revelled in a perpetual succession of new inventions and projects, and the nation reaped, in the improvement of the Portsmouth docks, a considerable harvest from his genius, while he himself achieved both rank and wealth. It was to the remarkable qualities of his son Jeremy, however, that old Bentham looked for the construction of the fame and fortune of his house. Viewing these qualities through the ordinary medium of the world he lived in, it was with no slight discrimination that he chose the bar as the arena in which they might be most profitably exercised. It must have been a sad disappointment to the parent to find, that when the young man had seen enough of his profession to know its nature, both his principles and his tastes rebelled against it, and that neither ambition nor filial affection could tempt him to hold steadily by the oar. The father had before him a living illustration of the progress his son should have made, and a measure of his defalcations. Old Bentham had married for his second wife Mrs. Abbot, mother of Charles Abbot, afterwards Lord Colchester. The son of the husband and the son of the wife were considered as rivals, to be started on a race for promotion. Looking to the early promise of his son, the father had little doubt who would be the gainer; but it was his grief to see that while his step-son, following straight forward in the right direction, steadily reached each successive stage of the laborious path, the favored son, for whom he had depicted the progressive honors of the bar and the bench, to be crowned by the great seal, turned carelessly aside into the profitless field of philosophy.

For a few years after he deserted the bar, Bentham was not a happy man. He was ill at ease in his domestic position, for his was never the mind to be quite satisfied with that which gave pain to another. He was, perhaps, ill at ease with himself, for he doubtless had misgivings as to whether his judgment and conscience, in pointing out so unusual a course, had indicated the right one. It seems to have been then, that, living in obscurity and poverty, and thrown entirely on the resources of his own mind, he formed and matured the great design of creating an inductive system of ethical and political philosophy, and of treating according to the rigid and unimpassioned rules of scientific inquiry those departments of the field of thought and action where men's passions are fiercest and their prejudices most obdurate. After the lapse of seventy years, when he and his followers have familiarized the world to this species of inquiry, it is difficult to estimate the courage and originality of such a design. No man then wrote of politics, or thought of politics, but as they might be made to serve a party purpose. The science of legislation was in the same position as experimental inquiry in the time of Bacon. If Galileo lived in the days when the Inquisition laid its hand on the audacious inquirer into the mysteries of nature, Bentham lived in those when penal laws and the scorn of society were levelled against the free political inquirer. The first fruit of his design was the fragment on Government—a detection of the political fallacies of Blackstone, no less brilliant than logical; for, strange as it may seem to those who have not seen his best pieces of composi-

tion, he studied style with great ardor, and his earlier works show that he had brought it to a great perfection both in simplicity and expression.

He kept a common-place book for recording his stray thoughts ; and our readers will not, perhaps, feel the following specimen of the casual visitants of his mind between 1772 and 1775 uninteresting :—

“ ABUSE AND USE.—BOTH EQUALLY EFFECTS.

“ The abuse of the thing is as much the effect of it as the use is. When a thing has various effects, some good and some bad, it is not by calling the bad by the name of abuses that will make them the less its effects than they were before. An abuse is a bad effect : now a bad effect is a thing as much its effect as a good one ; the one has as much claim to consideration as the other. Whatever the subject be, the balance of the one should never be struck till after the deduction of the other ; whatever the subject be, the business is to bring both bad and good effects equally into account ; nor are there any better founded claims to merit for blinking one any more than another. The true merit of the speculator consists in blinking neither ; but, if he makes any difference, in taking most pains to place those in a clear light that are most in danger to be overlooked.

“ An institution is not to be judged of from its abuses—understand this of its abuses singly—but these, as well as its benefits, have an equal claim to be taken into account : for if these are more numerous and incontestible than those, it is from these rather than from those that its character ought to be reported.”

“ PREJUGES IN FAVOR OF ANTIQUITY.

“ It is singular that the persons who are most loud in magnifying the pretended advantage in point of wisdom of ancient over modern times, are the very same who are the most loud in proclaiming the superiority in the same respect of old men above young ones. What has governed them in both cases seems to have been the prejudice of names : it is certain that if there be some reasons why the old should have advantage over the young, there are at least the same reasons for times that are called modern having it over times that are called ancient. There are more : for decrepitude as applied to persons is real : as applied to times it is imaginary. Men, as they acquire experience, lose the faculties that might enable them to turn it to account : it is not so with times ; the stock of wisdom acquired by ages is a stock transmitted through a vast number of generations, from men in the perfection of their faculties to others also in the perfection of their faculties ; the stock of knowledge transmitted from one period of man's life to another period of the same man's life, is a stock from which, after a certain period, large defalcations are every minute making by the scythe of Time.”—(p. 69.)

“ PERSPICUITY.

“ The manner in which the composition of laws is in this respect performed, is such as would seem to indicate it to have been performed



either in derision or insult of the mind's weakness, or in the infinite presumption of its strength.

"Yet prolixity, any more than redundancy, whatever certain persons may find it convenient to suppose, is no more the necessary attribute of the science of jurisprudence than that of any other science.

"If there had been anything more to be gotten in physic and divinity by writing nonsense in long sentences, long sentences would, without doubt, have been written by doctors and divines.

"Prolixity may be where redundancy is not. Prolixity may arise not only from the multifarious insertion of unnecessary articles, but from the conservation of too many unnecessary ones in a sentence; as a workman may be overladen not only with rubbish, which is of no use for him to carry, but with materials the most useful and necessary, when heaped up in loads too heavy for him at once. The point is therefore to distribute the materials of the several divisions of the fabric into parcels that may be portable without fatigue.

"There is a limit to the lifting powers of each man, beyond which all attempts only charge him with a burden to him immovable.

"There is in the like manner a limit to the grasping powers of a man's apprehension, beyond which if you add article to article, the whole shrinks from under his utmost efforts. In no science is this limit more necessary to be consulted, in none has it been so utterly unattended to."

"TERMS FAMILIAR FALSELY SUPPOSED TO BE UNDERSTOOD.

"What we are continually talking of, merely from our having been continually talking of it, we imagine we understand; so close a union has habit connected between words and things, that we take one for the other; when we have words in our ears we imagine we have ideas in our minds. When an unusual word presents itself, we challenge it; we examine it ourselves to see whether we have a clear idea to annex to it; but when a word that we are familiar with comes across us, we let it pass under favor of old acquaintance.

"The long acquaintance we have had with it makes us take for granted we have searched it already; we deal by it, in consequence, as the Custom-house officers in certain countries, who, having once set their seal upon a packet, so long as they see, or think they see, that seal upon it, reasonably enough suppose themselves dispensed with from visiting it anew."—(pp. 72-75.)

"CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING IN COMPOSING.

"Having found some word, however improper, to fix the idea upon paper, you may then turn it about and play round it at your leisure. Like a block of wood, which when you have fixed it in a vice you may plane and polish at your leisure; but if you think to keep it in your hands all the time, it may slip through your fingers."—(p. 73.)

When Bentham, senior, heard that Lord Shelburne had sought the acquaintance of his son, he thought the star of his house was about to



rise from its gloom ; but he was disappointed. In truth, this occurrence was the most powerful temptation to relapse into the ordinary man of the world that Bentham had to encounter ; and it is interesting to observe how he bore it. The world thus opened to the recluse was a new and fascinating one. The man who approached the diffident youth with proffers of friendship, became prime minister immediately afterwards, and wanted none of the glorious attributes which make a prime minister the centre of attraction to ambitious minds. Half the illustrious men of the day were congregated at Bowood, and the philosopher was made their companion. There he found Camden the Sabinus of English law, with his coadjutor Dunning ; and Bankes, and Je-kyll, and Barré and young Chatham, with a multitude of the commonplace aristocracy. Young William Pitt was there, sullen and self-retiring, tracing the airy outline of that fabric of ambition which he was soon to found so securely and erect so substantially. It is not among the least interesting coincidences to be met with in biography that William Pitt and Bentham should have met under the same roof when each was just starting on his career. Some years ago it might have been a nice question in the balance of opinions, to which of these two men might be attributed the greater influence on the spirit and practice of the age. At the beginning of the century there could have been no such question : the one was a visionary recluse, the other " the pilot that weathered the storm." The disturbed balance is now adjusting itself in the right direction, and again it may safely be said that there can be no such question. Every year the conviction gains in the public mind, that the boasted energy of the young statesman's government was the momentary strength of a wasting excitement, productive of permanent debility ; while scarcely a session passes which does not tardily acknowledge the far-seeing sagacity of the recluse, and the tendency of his opinions to permanent advantage, in the legislative adoption of some one or other of his many projected reforms.

Bowood was a scene of princely and munificent hospitality ; but the hospitality was not confined to those who could return it. Its warm-hearted owner often supplied a palace to those who had no other home. The class stigmatised as political and literary adventurers had that door opened to them when all others were closed. There Romilly, like Bentham, first trod within the circle of the great world, and Dumont found an asylum and bread. In the memoirs of Franklin, Priestley, Linguet, and Morellet we occasionally find pleasing recollections of the many amenities of Bowood,—the river and its falls, the noble trees, the paintings, the inexhaustible library, and the carriages and horses at the command of the guests. To those who came, if they had in them the elements of good or great, Lord Lansdowne was not only the hospitable host—he was the warm and never-failing friend. To be sure, there is another side to the picture ; but a most natural one when the habits of that age, and even of the present (though the characteristic is becoming more rare), are considered. Gratitude must be shown for kindness, and how could a man show gratitude to a political leader but

by praise and support? Could there be anything more natural than that they, whose merits had been thus discovered from a high place, should find their talents most pleasingly exercised in favor of him who had so divulged them, and say, "Non habeo ingenium—Cæsar sed jussit habebō?"

This was precisely the merit which Bentham showed himself deficient in. The retiring, contemplative youth, who sedately weighed all actions in the balance of utility, but who still had so much of this world about him that he talked with shrewd wit, played with skill on the violin, and had a stiff hand at chess, must have appeared in that world of busy, scheming partisans, a wonderful anomaly, like the tailless creature in the subaqueous realms of the "Arabian Nights." It must not be forgotten, as an element in this series of temptations, that Bentham's heart was strongly alive to expressions of kindness, and by no means closed against the influence of praise. His susceptibility in the latter respect has indeed subjected him—not without some air of justice—to the charge of being a vain man. Every compliment that reached his ear was received with a satisfaction which he had too much simplicity and candor to think of concealing, and hence, the methodical manner in which he sometimes strung together a series of compliments—some of them occasionally not in the best taste—and hung them out to the inspection of the world as testimonials of his ability to be of service, has excited many a contemptuous curl on the lips of those whose vanity is of too selfish a cast to be thus incautiously exhibited. Bentham was indeed a rather startling aggrandizer of compliments, for he gathered them all into his granary with the most calm self-satisfaction, and never gave any acknowledgment in return for them either in kind or in any other shape: he never looked on himself as in the slightest degree under an obligation to give a moment of the time he had dedicated to the public in return for any description of flattery; he seemed, indeed, to feel as if other men acted like himself, and as if he had no more reason to thank them for thinking well of him than for coming to any other conclusion which a process of reasoning might bring them to. Even the gorgeous adulation of Parr would not tempt him to spend half an hour with Fox; for "he knew Fox had nothing of importance to say to him, and he had nothing to say to Fox."

Lord Lansdowne had a taste to admire this isolated independence of mind when he saw and comprehended it; and the affectionate friendship subsisting through all political changes between these two so unequally situated men—a friendship pure from the slightest contamination of worldliness or self-interest—is one of the most pleasing features in the character of each of them. "His society," says Lord Lansdowne, writing to the proud father, "is invaluable to me, whose lot it has been hitherto to spend my life in a political hospital; his disinterestedness and originality of character refresh me as much as the country air does a London physician."

Lord Lansdowne was not, however, at first, and at all times, quite

cognizant of the singularity of the being he came in contact with, and sometimes treated him as one who should "come forth as an ordinary man." In one of the most remarkable documents contained in these pages, there is a not very complacent notice of his proffers of patronage to Bentham.

"The first time of my hearing any thing to that effect, was in your powdering room—Lord Wycombe either present or backwards and forwards during the time. I had furnished you at your desire, with a short paper on Evidence, on the occasion of Hastings' trial. It was from that slight incident you seemed to take occasion, most perfectly to my surprise, to call to mind your having never done any thing for me when in power—to speak of it with regret—to take notice of my never having asked you for any thing—to express a sort of sensibility at the thoughts of my not having done so—to remark the difference betwixt me and many, or most others, in that respect, Scotchmen in particular—to recount a conversation that had passed between you and my father, on the occasion of your expressing similar sentiments to him—and, in conclusion, to give me a formal commission to consider what would best suit me in the event of your coming again into office. At the hearing of all this, my surprise was extreme, and my satisfaction, to confess the truth, not extraordinary. Compassion, which was the tone that pervaded the whole, was a sentiment which it was never my ambition to excite; and the prospect it afforded me, however new and unexpected, did not, I must confess, present itself in the shape of an equivalent for a sensation which drew the blood into my face. Neither then, nor ever, was it in my nature to take otherwise than in good part, what appeared to me to have kindness for its principle. It would have been more consistent with that delicacy, of which, on so many other occasions, I have witnessed and experienced such striking and abundant marks, and not inconsistent either with the occasion, with former declarations to myself, or even, if I apprehend it right, with the usual style of civility on such occasions, if the idea of money had been masked under that of a regret of not having sought an opportunity of giving the public the advantage of whatever services the talents of the person in question might have enabled him to render.

"Parliament was then not mentioned, or even hinted at, unless in as far as it might be supposed to be glanced at under the name of politics, which it was supposed, and by no means without grounds, that I should not be very eager to take a part in; but that a place at one of the Boards was what you had in view. Supposing that I should not like it, seemed a civil way of saying that it was not designed for me—that I was not the sort of person to whom it would be offered. I took it for what it was, and was not so weak, with all my simplicity, as to grasp with eagerness at a shadow, which was shown me, only to tell me that I must not grasp at it.

"Having heard thus much, I was in hopes that I had heard it once for all, and that I should hear no more of it. A second surprise, on the same subject, was still reserved for me. The same story of the conversation with my father, was afterwards repeated publicly at dinner, in presence of, I believe, several strangers, and, at any rate, the usual com-

plement of servants. I consoled myself more under the effect by the consideration of the cause: though the cause might or might not continue, and the effect was permanent. Little ambitious of the fruits of dependence, I was, of course, still less ambitious of the badge. It seemed to me, that, as the one had not been put in my hand, the other ought not, without my consent, to have been forcibly and publicly clapped upon my back. But though mortified, I was not angry. I have never known what it was to be angry with you for a moment; God knows you have never given me reason for it until now. In my eyes, it was a humiliation, but in yours, it seemed an elevation. My name was entered in form upon the Preferment Roll: this was to serve as a sort of public testimony of the degree of favor to which I had risen: this, you thought, and I suppose, thought truly, would raise me in the eyes of the surrounding audience. Raise me or not in their eyes, it did not raise me in my own. Once more, I flattered myself that there was an end to such honors: could I have foreseen when they would have been repeated, I would have taken sufficient care to have kept out of the way of them. Still, I thanked you for it in my heart; for, once more, it is not in my nature, any more than I believe it to be in yours, to take any otherwise than as a kindness what seemed meant as such.

"One more of these honors, though not quite so heavy a one, was yet in store for me. It was at Bowood, amongst others, Barré and Blankett, present, as well as the ladies, and once more, I believe, servants. Three persons were mentioned as the number of your friends, whom you had done nothing for; and I was pointed to as one. How could I help myself? Complaint would have seemed at once ungrateful and ridiculous. This was what I did not like; what I did like, I need not particularize—every thing else you ever said to me, or did to me. Thus it was, that without my seeking, and without my liking, your livery was forced upon my back: but a livery, my dear lord, should have wages, at least where they have been promised. The promised wages, the only ones, were there ever so many in hand, that would suit me, are now refused, as well in present as in future. The Duke of Somerset, upon meeting with I don't know what disappointment from George II., carted his liveries with great parade to the palace, and shot them down in the court-yard. My livery will not be shot down in the court-yard: it will be laid down silently in the drawer, with a God-bless-him to the master who once chose that I should wear it."—(pp. 231-2.

The nature of this communication must be more fully explained. Bentham—though the founder of the system which places guards and checks in the way of all public men, because they are not to be trusted—was accustomed, in the simplicity of his heart, to trust literally to almost every thing that every man said. It was a most provoking characteristic to any public man who had to deal with him. All partial promises to attend to a public measure—all hints even of vague disposition to do what seemed right for the public service made by an official man, were pertinaciously followed up by him. He left no room for a statesman gracefully to retire with compliments and vague promises—he hunted him to flat denials, and then threw his inconsistency in his



teeth. Though perpetually expounding the selfishness of men, he personally dealt with them as if they were imbued with his own disinterestedness. "I was a great reformist," he says, "but never suspected that the people in power were against reform. I supposed they only wanted to know what was good in order to embrace it." Astounding simplicity of opinion, which he himself only was able to match in practice. He expected Dundas's sanction for drawing up a code of laws for India—he interpreted some courtesies of Sidmouth into the preliminaries of an invitation to prepare a penal code for England!

It so chanced that, among his recollections of Lord Lansdowne's conversation, he turned up passages in which his lordship had expressed a wish to see him in parliament for one of the family boroughs, and his own wishes happening at the moment to coincide with this view, it seemed to him that he had nothing further to do than to remind his lordship of the matter. But the Marquis, it is pretty clear, never entertained any such view as a practical project, whatever he may have thought of it in theory. The nominee was to go in "perfectly independent," a convenient expression in the case where the person can be depended upon, but a licence which he knew would be so amply exhausted by Bentham, that in the face of his friends and party he could not venture on such a choice. The fact that Bentham wished to be a member of parliament, suggests many reflections. If he had succeeded, would he have preserved the isolated independence of thought which baffled the attacks of all other temptations?—could he have resisted the many excitements which that great arena holds out to men of courage, and originality, and logical power, and industry, to exercise these qualities for the achievement of party victories? Would we, in such a case, have had the "Constitutional Code," and the "Rationale of Evidence?" Would he have retired at once from the scene, as he did from his profession, or would he have found such a field for the exertions of his ever-teeming intellect as would have gradually induced him to fight battle after battle, till, exulting in his strength, he had irrevocably enrolled himself as a party hero? The very letter from which we have quoted contains internal evidence of his power in arguing out a petty and personal point, which shows that the last stated view is not an entirely extravagant one. It is valuable as almost the only instance in which we find Bentham arguing one-sidedly for a personal object, and the sarcasm and disputative acuteness with which he does so, show how formidable an antagonist he could have been, had he devoted himself to such discussions.

"You mentioned parliament to me in the precisest terms; asking me whether I should like to have a seat there. My answer was in substance, that it was more than I could possibly assure myself how far I might be able to do any thing in such a situation; that, besides the want of fluency, the weakness of my voice might, for aught I knew, be an insuperable bar to my being able to make myself heard, in the literal sense of the word, in the House; but at any rate in committees, I flattered



myself I might do as well as other people. I spoke according to my fears. How could I speak otherwise on the sudden with regard to a situation of which the idea was so new to me? I think it was on that same day your lordship was pleased to say several things about my fitness in other respects for public business, and about the terms of connexion, in such a case, between a nominor and a nominee. Admitting, and not discommending, the strictness of my principles, and my singularities in that and other respects, you took notice with declared satisfaction, that you saw in them, however, no reason to apprehend their rendering me, as similar causes had rendered other people whom you had put into such a situation—Lord Stanhope, for instance—visionary and impracticable. That it was the way of some people—Lord Lonsdale, for instance, to require of his nominees an implicit observance of his will, and that that was not your way; and that though, as to the great lines, a man of course would hardly think of pitching upon one whose notions differed capitally from his own; yet, as to details, you should never think of hampering men, or exacting from them any compliances incompatible with their own notions of honor and propriety.

“What was I to think of all this? Could I suppose a thing of this sort was thus thrown out and dwelt upon without reflection or design? Was there any want of time for deliberation on your part? Are these the sort of things which people throw out without a meaning? Was it that sort of thing which it was natural for a veteran statesman, a man who had been Minister so often, and in so many shapes, to toss like a bone to the first animal that came in his way, for want of knowing its value? Was it like an expedition to the play, or a morning's walk to see pictures, a thing that might be mentioned one moment, and equally out of the memory of both parties the next? Could any man with the most decided intentions have mentioned it in a more decided manner to one of whose inclinations on that head it had not as yet occurred to him to be informed? Was there, in the nature of things, any other or more deliberate way of mentioning it? If it was not meant it should be taken as an offer to raise expectations not then determined to be fulfilled, was it not natural to have intermixed something in the way of caution not to look upon it as absolute? Could I suppose that an offer thus made and dwelt upon in a *tête-à-tête* was thrown out as a mere lure; that the only intention of it was to feed me with false hopes, to sport with my sensibility and my gratitude, with my sympathy for your own afflictions, with my honest, and, as you well know, not interested ambition, and to rob of his tranquillity the man you were marking out for your bosom friend. What had I done to deserve, if any man could deserve, such treatment at your hands? Could I suppose, that to a man tortured and worried as you had been, a man of a frame of mind surely not naturally hard, and at that time, above all others, worn and softened by a complication of distress, it was a matter of amusement to look out for some obscure and unoffending individual, whom he might bite, on pretence of an embrace, and that all this confidence, and tenderness, and kindness, was only a project for a good joke?

“Could there be a more decided bargain in a transaction which, from the very nature of it, was all grace and kindness on the one hand all

gratitude on the other? Was it not, to every intent and purpose but the technical form of words, a promise? Was it natural, in such a case, for the one party to superadd, or possible for the other to require, a formal promise, or, consistently with the smallest particle of gratitude or delicacy, to spell for such a thing in the most distant manner, or to conceive that it would superadd any thing to his security? Was there any thing, on my part, like a declining of the offer? Was it so much as a *nolo episcopari*? Did not frankness rather outstrip delicacy than otherwise in going even so far as I did to meet it?

"Did the mention of the business come from anybody but yourself? Was there the shadow of a project, or so much as a hope, or thought on my part? Did I take you unawares, as designing men used to take Lord Granby? Lord Granby used to look upon himself as bound by such engagements, though stolen from him by artifice? Shall Lord Lansdowne look upon such offers as nothing, because made by him of his own accord to a man whose only reproach is that of simplicity?"

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"As to the present rump of the *ci-devant* Shelburne party, the curious thing is, that there is nothing I could say to you of their insignificance, in which you have not gone before me. It is not my opinion of them I am giving you, but your own opinion, repeatedly and most explicitly declared, and that to me. In the ordinary course of things, it is a satisfaction to a man where he finds his own judgment of men or things confirmed by the public voice.

"Insignificant as they are, it would be something if they were yours: obsequiousness might make some amends for ignorance and inefficiency—but another curious thing is, that they are no more yours than they are the king's, or Pitt's, or Fox's. Your men! Could you find three men in the House that were less so, or less solicitous to appear so? They your men! You are their man, if you please; but in what sense any one of them is your man, except by vouchsafing to sit now and then in the seat you have given him, I should be curious to know. So much as to principles. Whether they are yours or no, for the purpose of being let out to private jobs, such as the Duchess of Rutland's, for instance, I cannot pretend to say. But if they are, what is that worth to you? What satisfaction or advantage did you get, for example, in that very instance?

"The use of a practising lawyer is the having a man who, besides whatever knowledge he may have in his profession, has studied speaking,—a man who, having no opinion of his own, is ready to say, upon all occasions, whatever is put into his mouth. His business should be to catch your opinions, and argue from them, in and out of the House, as he would from his brief. The seat you give him is his retaining fee; if he is not your *ame damnée*, he is a rebel and a traitor. A man who is ready to prove black white for anybody for a guinea—is it for a man like that to have a will or opinion of his own, against that of a man who gives him what is worth £4,000?

"In the House, members are supposed to speak the sentiments of their electors; everywhere else they are supposed to speak the sentiments of the boroughmaster who puts them in. Your members, if ever they open

their mouths, whose are the sentiments they will speak? Yours?—no more than they will those of the people of Calne or Wycombe. They speak your sentiments! They neither would be able if they wished it, nor would if they were able. They speak your sentiments! You will scarce venture to speak your own sentiments when these men are by. When the beginnings of the French revolution were on the carpet at Bowood, you scarce durst own your good wishes on its behalf; while Jekyll, who has, in general, so many good jokes, was exhausting himself in bad ones to endeavor to make it look ridiculous.”—(pp. 232-7.

Pretty hard hitting this, and a sort of letter which a marquis does not often receive from a philosopher. The passages here are selected more on account of their abstraction from local and personal details than their superiority to the rest of the letter. It fills thirteen of the large close pages before us (the marquis complains of its “sixty-one pages,”) and it sustains the same tone throughout. Lord Lansdowne’s answer was a very kind one and a very candid one, except, perhaps, in one respect, that, to soothe Bentham’s feelings, he promised to do what he could, now that he was acquainted with his wishes. Luckily for the patron’s peace of mind, the wish did not occur, otherwise he might have had more than another “sixty-one pages.” To the material point he said, “I do solemnly assure you, upon my word and honor, that I never made you any such offer as you supposed;” and the statement was received with the unlimited confidence which one honest mind gives to another. If we had room we would quote the whole reply, which is a model of playful kindness. Here are two extracts:

“Now, could I, after having been counsel for J. B., and made nothing of it, be counsel for Lord L., and show how much blacker than one’s hat was the behavior of the wretch you had to deal with. And then, in the character of my Lord Judge,—how easy it was to the parties to see the matter in different lights, and yet be both of them good sort of men in their way; but this would take sixty-one pages more, and sixty-one to that, and you seem to think the first sixty-one enough, and I am sure I do; and as they would be of no use to anybody, I think they may as well sleep on in the pericranium where they lie.”

“It was using me very ill, that it was, to get upon stilts as you did, and resolve not to be angry with me, after all the pains I had taken to make you so. You have been angry, let me tell you, with people as little worth it before now; and your being so niggardly of it in my instance, may be added to the account of your injustice. I see you go upon the old Christian principle of heaping coals of fire upon people’s heads, which is the highest refinement upon vengeance. I see, moreover, that according to your system of cosmogony, the difference is but accidental between the race of kings and that of the first Baron of Dixmore: that ex-lawyers come like other men from Adam, and ex-ministers from somebody who started up out of the ground before him, in some more elevated part of the country.”—(p. 244.)

The controversy terminated in the following pretty rejoinder by Lord Landsdowne :—

“ Well or unwell, I could not let the post go without assuring you that no one knows better the difference between honest open passion which bursts, no matter how, and gives fair warning,—and concealed malice, which seeks to avenge a wounded vanity it dares not own, and to gratify a cowardly spirit of envy and ingratitude. I know the qualities which belong to both, and I have knowledge enough of mankind to worship one in its moment of violence,—among other reasons, on account of its affinity to my own temper, while, if I was to die for it, I could never forget or forgive the other. I leave it to you to make the application. If you make it rightly, you will make it unnecessary for me to keep the ladies waiting dinner longer, in order to assure you how affectionately and unalterably I must be always yours.

“ L.”

I

So faded Bentham's vision of a seat in Parliament ; but he had raised to himself other visions in the paradise of Bowood which were not so easily dispersed. He showed that the heart of the founder of the utilitarian school was not dead to gentle emotions ; in short, he fell very much in love. It was at Bowood that Romilly met the partner of his future life, in whose existence his own was so fatally wound up ; but there was a difference most characteristic of the two men in the features of their love passages. Romilly had a mind so painfully alive to the proprieties of life and the nice adjustments of society, that all his feelings were moulded to them. His affections, therefore, inclined to the beautiful daughter of an eminent manufacturer, with whom the rising lawyer might with all propriety seek an alliance. Bentham felt that there was a unity of taste and feeling between himself and a daughter of a noble and powerful house. It was not wealth, nor distinction, nor aggrandizement of any description that he sought ; but it does not seem particularly to have occurred to him that there were any conventional opinions to prevent the parties from following whatever might be their own inclination in reference to each other. Whatever unhappiness it brought to the parties, society has profited by the incident, in the publication of some of the most curious love-letters in the world ; if those can be properly called love-letters which have not a word in them of positive sentiment or affection, yet indicate by a certain tenderness of tone where the writer's heart is deposited. Here follow specimens—hardly selected ones in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, for in the familiar correspondence of Bentham's earlier years there is throughout the animated ease of one who has not far to seek for thoughts sufficiently good for his purpose ; and therefore there are few passages that, as the effect either of momentary inspiration or studied effect, have a distinct superiority to others.

“ Lord Landsdowne has trumped up a story about certain songs having been asked for by Miss ———. Five times was the number mentioned, which consequently requires five letters. Being taxed with fic-



tion, he unloaded his pockets before me of their contents, including about fifty letters, among which were to have been the five, or some of them; but is unable to find one. It is an old manœuvre, and will not pass upon anybody, not even upon me. The notice, however, having been given in form, with threats of disgrace in case of neglect, I must act as if it were true. Well, here it is—the same song—it has cost me hours after hours—pieces of days, as many as there are days in a week at least; and what will anybody be the better for it? When you ordered it, you did not want it; and now you have got it you won't make use of it. I am recommenced wild beast, and growl as every wild beast will do when you touch his chain. Not a syllable did I get from you before, nor shall I now,—not so much as a direction of a letter; and the notice, supposing it genuine, was to come in *circumbendibus* through two different channels. Here is the song, extracted from me in the most dexterous manner; and not only that, but paper enough to singe a goose with, without anybody committing himself. I don't like such sort of dealings, not I. I have read Cocker's 'Arithmetic,'—I like to see a debtor and creditor side fairly balanced,—needs must when — drives. Peace and quietness are my aim; but Lord L., who knows the necessities of an election, and who will never let me alone, insisted upon having, not only song, but letter; so you have him to thank for it. The old story—providence in plenty; but all of it on one side. The ice becomes the colder, I think, when the three Dianas get together: they are like snow, salt-petre, and salammoniac; there is something Greenlandish, too, in the air of that old castle. Hear me, madam! If I don't get something better by the return of post than a note in solemn form, and that from one hand only, the whole correspondence goes, the next day, to—I need not say where—I leave to imagination to conclude the sentence. I thought we had got our *quietus* when the metaphysical disputations were adjourned to Lansdowne House; but fate would have it otherwise. My brother, who is too good to you, talks of sending you a Russo-French song, music composed and given him by a Countess Goloskin, or Go-lovekin, as you may be pleased to call her,—which said song Miss — will neither have the industry to learn, nor the punctuality to acknowledge the receipt of. I send it rather as a literary curiosity than for its excellence; but though his *Vishoblagorodinship* gives a toss of his head, and observes that such accomplishments there exhibited are common among the ladies of that country, I found something original in it, and not unpleasing; and, at any rate, it is easy, which is no bad recommendation in this idle world—curiosity I call it, speaking as an Englishman. But it must be copied out first, which will give occasion to the said Miss —, after consultation with Miss V., and consent given by beg of Lady W., to Miss E. in her next epistle to Lord Henry, to desire him to tell Mr. Favre to intimate her wishes to Lord Lansdowne, that his lordship would have the goodness to send somebody to Mr. Bentham, that he may remind his brother of it."—(p. 266-7.)

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"Just returned from the post-house, where I ran in my own proper person, with my letter in my hand, as fast as my heels could carry me. There lies your note, and here sit I eyeing it as the cat did the gold fish in a pail of water, longing to devour it, and terrified from so much as



touching it by the idea of the impression under which it was written. What heroism! Had you been Mrs. Bluebeard, the fatal closet would never have been opened, and the world would have remained for ever deprived of so edifying a history. What if, after all, you should be laughing at me! I suspect it terribly; and that your taking me at my word is a contrivance for turning the tables on me, and punishing my feigned anxiety with a real one. . . .

"My ideas just now are a jumble of architecture, and Lord L., and natural philosophy, and two Minervas, and two hundred and fifty felons,\* and Miss ———, the flower of the creation and the dregs of it, all afloat together. The dregs are all I ought to be thinking of,—but how is it possible?"—(p. 273.)

Again—

"When will the unreadable letter get a reading? Heaven knows. If I was afraid to look at it at first, the two angelic ones that succeeded it have made me more and more so. Come—you shall understand exactly how it is with me. Did it never happen to you to find yourself half awake after a pleasing dream, still wrapped up in it, afraid above all things of losing it, keeping as still as a mouse, and staving off to the last moment the operation of turning on the other side for fear of putting an end to it? Who would change a pleasing illusion for an unpleasing reality?—I would not, I am sure.

"Do you know why it was Jephthah sacrificed his daughter? Was it that he wanted to get rid of her? No such thing; there was not a better behaved young woman in the whole parish, and she was the only string he had to his bow. Why then? Because he had said he would; and if he had not been as good as his word, he would have been accused of inconsistency, he thought, and want of perseverance in all the Jerusalem newspapers. He wished his tongue had been cut out a thousand times over, rather than he had said any such thing; and yet, you see, poor Miss Jephthah went to pot notwithstanding. Had there been such a person as a Pope in the neighborhood, he would have gone to his shop, and bought a dispensation; but Popes were not as yet invented in his days.

"Some historians tell a story of Curtius, that when he was got to the edge of the gulph, and saw how deep and black it looked, his heart misgave him, and he began casting about to find excuses to get out of the way of it. They had given him a wrong horse; if he jumped in with this it would break a set, he would just go to the stable and change him and come back again; unfortunately some boys that were standing by began to set up a hiss, so he set spurs to the poor beast, and in they went together.

"When Sir Thomas More was going to have his head chopt off, and bid Jack Ketch not meddle with his beard, as that had not committed any treason, do you think it was a matter of indifference to him whether his head was off or on? I question it. The case was, he had got a

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\* This is an allusion to his Panopticon Penitentiary plan.

trick of talking in that manner ; and it was as natural to him as to ask what o'clock it was, or to observe it was fine weather.

"I remember when I was a boy, and had occasion sometimes to pass through a churchyard of a night, I used to set up a singing. Was it from high spirits ? The deuce a bit ; on the contrary, my heart was going pit-a-pat all the while, and I fancied I saw a ghost perched upon every tombstone."—(p. 276.)

Bentham made a proffer of marriage, somewhat tardily it must be admitted, since he had been acquainted with the lady for upwards of twenty years. It is to be regretted that he did not in this instance, with his usual methodicalness, preserve a copy ; it would have been a very curious document, for we may be assured that even in such a transaction he could not have avoided pleading his case, and showing the justice of the measure he suggested with his usual argumentative precision. The answer, conveying a rejection, has been preserved, and it indicates both a head and heart worthy of the great man's choice. It concludes thus :—

"It is in your power, however, to make me easy, if you will instantly, without the waste of a single day, return to those occupations from which the world will hereafter derive benefit, and yourself renown. I have enough to answer for already in having interrupted your tranquillity (God knows how unintentionally),—let me not be guilty of depriving mankind of your useful labors, of deadening the energy of such a mind as yours. No ; I have heard wise people say, and I hope it is true (though not to the honor of our sex), that single men achieve the greatest things. Pray, pray, rouse all the powers of your mind—you certainly have weapons to combat this idle passion which other men, with vacant heads, have not. Let me, as a last request, entreat you to do it, and to devote all the time you can spare from your studies to your friends in Russell Square. There is not a man upon earth who loves you more affectionately than Mr. Romilly—I *know* he does ; and his wife's society you acknowledge is soothing to you. Do this for my sake, and allow me to hope that, before I have quite reached my grand climacteric, I may again shake hands with you : it would be too painful to think it never could again be so. In the meantime, God bless you, and be assured of the unalterable good wishes and regards of the two spinsters. One word more, and I have done. Remember that we wrote to Mr. Dumont, positively to know if you had made any stipulations against meeting *us*, whom you might very probably find at — house. I thought, perhaps, he might have guessed a truth which I was unwilling and ashamed to mention ; but ignorant as he appeared to be of the state of things, it was no wonder he answered decidedly *not*, or, in spite of —'s urgent entreaties, we should have sent an excuse that evening. Heartily sorry I now am that we came ; but the past cannot be recalled ; only forgive it, and forget it if you can ; and do not believe that, when you weep, I smile. No ; I weep too ; nor when you are reading this letter, will you be more nervous than I have been in writing it. Health and success attend your labors ; and if I must be remembered, let it be as one most sincerely interested in all the good that befalls you. So once again, God bless you, and farewell !

"If it is any consolation to know that your letter has made me very unhappy, I can assure you with truth it has, and will do so for a long time to come, till I know that you are as comfortable as you were this time twelvemonth."—(p. 420.)

There is no more of this matter till we find Bentham, far advanced in life, addressing the lady thus :—

"I am alive,—more than two months advanced in my 80th year, more lively than when you presented me in ceremony with the flowers in the green lane. Since that day not a single one has passed (not to speak of nights) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. Yet, take me for all in all, I am more lively now than then ; walking, though only for a few minutes, and for health's sake, more briskly than most young men whom you see not unfrequently running. I have still the piano-forte harpsichord on which you played at — ; as an instrument, though no longer useful, it is still curious,—as an article of furniture, not unhandsome : as a legacy will you accept it ? I have a ring with some of my snow-white hair in it, and my profile, which everybody says is like. At my death you will have such another ; should you come to want, it will be worth a good sovereign to you. \* \* \* Every minute of my life has been long counted, and I am plagued with remorse at the minutes which I have suffered you to steal from me. In proportion as I am the friend of mankind (if such I am, as I endeavor to be.) you, if within my reach, would be an enemy."

From his first visit to Bowood till he secluded himself from all society, Bentham mixed much with the aristocracy, and the influences of this association on his thoughts and actions were precisely what we have mentioned, and no greater. His feelings and habits might receive a color from them ; his opinions were no more biassed than geometrical demonstrations could have been. On the firm basis on which he had built his system he was able, too, to defy the conflicting convulsions of the wild times in which he was cast. His was the only conspicuous mind which took nothing from the French Revolution but facts to induct from. Pitt, whose flight of ambition had then far out-soared that of the patron under whose wing Bentham saw him some years earlier, was at the head of a party who made the bloody scenes abroad an excuse for deserting their early principles, and riveting despotism at home. Burke, with his gorgeous but ill-poised intellect, represented another section, who shrank before the scene in maudlin horror. Others were hurried on by the disorganizing influences so near them to make preparations for acting the like scenes at home. There was scarcely a statesman of the age who could be counted the same man both before and after the Revolution. Among the most stringent of the despotic party in England there was no one who more sincerely disapproved of the disorganizing influences at work than Bentham ; none *could* do so more sincerely, for his opinion was founded on unprejudiced and rigid examination. But he viewed the

matter through the light of his reasoning powers alone, without guile and without hatred, and he would not condescend to express concerning it what he did not feel. He examined the Declaration of Rights as a critic, and his confutation of its anarchical principles is one of the most perfect specimens of political criticism in existence. He was made with others a citizen of France; but instead of either hailing the distinction as an affiliation with the regenerators of mankind, or rejecting with horror the bloody hand stretched out towards him, he answered in the true mental dignity of what follows.

"But if any thing could weaken the enjoyment which the acquisition of so honorable a title brings with it, it would be the sight of so many unfortunate beings who have to deplore its loss. Because they have ill estimated the movement of the general will, they are crushed with all the weight of its indignation. The marked difference which separates their political opinions from mine, weakens in no respect the sentiments of sorrow which their position inspires. But it is in civil troubles that motives equally pure lead to conduct the most opposed. In my estimate, these victims are too few to be proscribed as a measure of precaution, but too many to be sacrificed as a measure of punishment. It was after having fought to the number of ten thousand that the insurgents of Chatillon were received with kisses of fraternity and promises of amnesty from their generous conquerors. And these insurgents were the aggressors; but the poor refugees have only committed the offence of not emancipating themselves suddenly from the prejudices of ages, and their imperfections are but the consequence of mistakes as to the advent of an epoch they had not foreseen. If I am not deceived, it would be easy to draw up a declaration—even an oath—by which, without wounding their conscience or their weakness, the Republic might obtain every security in the nature of things obtainable. Such a motion, were I in a position to make it, would I be the first to propose. Even were I certain that there was not one among them that was not the irreconcilable enemy of the established order—not one who, if he dared, would not make me his first personal victim, I would not the less propose such a measure—not the less defend it. For every punishment that is not needed is really a lawless punishment; and in cases of civil war, the end is answered when the minority is subdued: and merely to prove that there is a desire to do mischief without proving the power of doing so, is to prove nothing to the purpose."—(pp. 282-3.)

Those who are acquainted with the chronology of Bentham's works will find in their uniformity of opinion an external argument for their truth. As he wrote a large quantity of matter almost every day, and never recurred in any shape to any thing that he had previously written, it often happened that he went twice or thrice over the same ground at distant intervals; yet when these MSS.—often with an interval of twenty or thirty years between them in the dates of their composition—are confronted together, they are generally found to be so much alike, not only in the conclusions arrived at, but in the steps by which they are reached, and the very nature of the phraseology employed, that the



author might be justly compared to an inductive philosopher repeating the same experiments in natural history, and obtaining, as a matter of physical certainty, the same results. Many of the works in the present edition have been edited from MSS. of different periods, dove-tailed together—a circumstance which will account for repetitions and awkward conjunctions. Upon only two points of material importance did Bentham *change* an opinion once formed. When he wrote the “Rationale of Reward,” he was favorable to pensions of retreat, and he afterwards adopted the reverse opinion. He held at one time that there was no occasion to prohibit representatives who had served for any given continuous time from being re-eligible; but he propounds the opposite view in his “Constitutional Code,” and seems to have altered his opinion in consequence of a discussion with Dr. Bowring in relation to the practical illustrations of the subject derived from Spanish politics. He was advanced in years when he became a supporter of parliamentary reform, but there was no alteration of views in that instance; the subject had not earlier come to be considered in the order he had set before him. Having first established his test of utility, his method of examination was to begin with the more minute results, and gradually widen his circle of inquiry in the direction of causes. Thus, beginning with prison discipline, he was led to punishments, from punishments to the administration of the laws, from the administration of the laws to their nature and creation, and ultimately to the construction of the legislative body, and its foundation in the primary elements of political power. As a parliamentary reformer, he found himself surrounded by a new, and to him, a novel class of men. There were Burdett and Hunt—the heads of the mob. There was Cartwright, whose reasons for reform were picked out of the receptacle in which Bentham would have been the last man to expect any thing worth looking for—the “wisdom of our ancestors;” but an honest man withal, and whom, for that virtue, Bentham esteemed. With his new associates, however, the nature of the recluse did not change. All attempts to parade him at dinners and meetings, and to make him serve in any form as a popular rallying point, perseveringly and urgently as they were made, were uniformly baffled; he had the cause too much at heart to serve the men. The following sketch of part of his political circle, from an easy and confidential letter written to amuse a venerable and invalid relative, is characteristic in various respects.

“The member by whom this letter is franked is the famous Mr. Brougham—pronounced Broom—who, by getting the Orders in Council revoked, and peace and trade with America thereby restored, has just filled the whole country with joy, gladness, and returning plenty. He has been dining with me to-day, and has but just gone——”

“He is already one of the first men in the House of Commons, and seems in a fair way of being very soon universally acknowledged to be the very first, even beyond my old and intimate friend, Sir Samuel Romilly: many, indeed, say he is so now.



"Sir Francis Burdett is still upon my hands, for a dinner he has been wanting to give me, any time these six weeks, offering to have anybody I will name to meet me. In real worth he is far below those others; but being the hero of the mob, and having it in his power to do a great deal of harm as well as a great deal of good, and being rather disposed to do good, and, indeed, having done a good deal of good already, must not be neglected.

"For society, I have to pick and choose amongst the best, and wisest, and most esteemed men in the country, who all look up to me; and yet, having so much to do, and so little time left to do it in, I lead, in this my hermitage, a hermit's life—not much less hermitish than yours. You sometimes, I believe, read newspapers: which newspaper is it that forms your channel of communication with this wretched world? It will be some weekly one, I suppose: if any, the 'Examiner' is the one that at present, especially among the high political men, is the most in vogue. It sells already between 7,000 and 8,000. Cobbett also—who, although a powerful writer, is almost universally known for a vile rascal—has sunk from between 4,000 and 5,000 to no more than 2,000. In pretty broad terms, he has been vindicating the assassination of poor Percival, and recommending it for imitation! Yet even he has been, in many respects, the instrument of good; for so, of course, will the vilest rascals be, when they think they see their interest in it.

"The editor of the 'Examiner,' Hunt, has taken me under his protection, and trumpets me every now and then in his paper along with Romilly. I hear so excellent a character of him, that I have commissioned Brougham to send him to me."

That peculiarity of Bentham's later years, which, from the tone of his earlier works and the character of his mind, would have been least readily anticipated, was the acerbity with which he spoke of the persons who supported any abuse he was arguing against. Wilberforce attributed this defect in taste to a bitterness of feeling against all public men, occasioned by the stupid and heartless opposition to his plan of a panopticon penitentiary,—a plan which not only suggested, but embodies in *terminis*, all the main improvements in prison discipline which have heretofore been adopted, and many that we still wait for the adaptation of. There is the following graphic notice of Bentham's disappointments in the 'Life of Wilberforce,' (vol. ii. p. 71.)

"Never was any one worse used than Bentham. I have seen the tears run down the cheeks of that strong-minded man through vexation at the pressing importunity of creditors, and the insolence of official underlings, when, day after day, he was begging at the Treasury for what was indeed a mere matter of right. How indignant did I often feel when I saw him thus treated by men infinitely his inferiors! I could have extinguished them. He was quite soured by it; and I have no doubt that many of his harsh opinions afterwards were the fruit of this ill-treatment. 'A fit site,' at last wrote the weary man, 'obtainable for my purpose, without a single dissentient voice, is that of the golden tree and the singing water, and after a three years' consideration, I beg to be excused searching for it.' 'Bentham's hard measure'—Bentham cru-

elly used'—'Jeremy Bentham *suo more*,' are in Wilberforce's docketings upon the letters which, at this time, passed frequently between them. Some of them are not a little singular:—'Kind Sir,' he writes in one, 'the next time you happen on Mr. Attorney General, in the House or elsewhere, be pleased to take a spike, the longer and sharper the better, and apply it to him by way of memento, that the Penitentiary Contract Bill has, for I know not what length of time, been sticking in his hands; and you will much oblige your humble servant to command,

JEREMY BENTHAM.

" 'N. B.—A corking-pin was yesterday applied by Mr. Abbot.' "

It is true that Bentham's great project of life—the one great, continuous effort, on which he projected the concentration of his powers of doing good—was this undertaking; but perhaps other causes may be found for the tone of feeling which has supplied so many people with excuses for not listening to his arguments. When he retired into his closet, and completely separated himself from any admixture with the passions and interests of the world, he found, when he occasionally lifted his head from the abstract rules for official conduct which he was concocting by the sole aid of his own reasoning powers, that the actual practice of public men was so much at variance with these rules, and so opposite to all that was good in them, that he could not stifle his feelings of surprise and indignation at men wilfully choosing paths so corrupt and mischievous.

Of the natural kindness and benevolence of his nature, his friendships are a strong example. The friends, or rather the companions, of the acrimonious and domineering man, are among those who have no pursuits and qualities to jar with his own; but there were many characteristics that contrasted with his own in those who were dearest to Bentham. The man to whom he bequeathed the greatest marks of his esteem is a poet and a linguist, accomplishments to which the political teacher could lay no claim. Some of Bentham's young *protégés* were hot-brained enthusiasts, fitter for following in the train of Brissot and Mirabeau than for expounding the utilitarian philosophy. Wilberforce and he had a high mutual estimation of each other; overshadowed with asceticism as was the mind of the one—clear and logical that of the other. The principle of their union may be found in a knowledge of each other's honesty and singleness of purpose—a base broad enough to unite many discordant elements.\* Bentham's early friends, Romilly and George Wilson, were devoted to the profession he deserted and disliked. There are few instances of men struggling for similar ends, with natures so unlike each other, as those of Romilly and Bentham were. The lawyer was always anxious to accomplish his ends, enlightened as they certainly were, through the ordinary legitimate and

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\* "How can you and Dr. Erskine be such friends?" was a question put to an ultra-convivial Scottish Judge; "no two men could be so much unlike each other."—"Because he's an honest saint, and I'm an honest sinner," was the answer.

approved methods. He was most anxious to outrage no prejudices, to shock no tastes. The lever by which he wished to remove the abuses was that by which they had been erected. Though he rejected with saturnine disdain the more vulgar and dazzling attributes of distinction, the good opinion of the world, or at least of that part of it which he respected, was never out of his calculations. Self was never dismissed from his thoughts, even when he made his noble sacrifices to principle. His own consistency and steadiness of partisanship—his own good taste in adjusting his conduct—his own “dignity of character,” were ever in his thoughts, and are apparent in his words.

Bentham held it as part of his philosophy, that the prejudices and tastes of weaker brethren should be respected, but it must be admitted that he was but a poor practitioner of his doctrine. As to respecting the proprieties in his own person, it was among the notions that never found a place in his mind. Dignity was a word he did not know the meaning of; he would have painted red triangles on his cheeks, and danced on the tight rope at Astley’s, if he had thought such a proceeding would have been permanently conducive to the public good. The very egotism in which he occasionally indulged was a manifestation of want of self-thought. This unpopular failing is, after all, one of the characteristics of a natural and simple mind—it requires much thought about one’s-self to avoid speaking of one’s-self. There was a sort of impersonation of his great leading principle in Bentham’s egotism. He did not speak of Jeremy Bentham the great logician and disputant, but of Jeremy Bentham whose fortune it had been to be the discoverer of the greatest-happiness principle. Of that great truth he felt himself to be a sort of physical reminiscence, which men should respect upon the principle of association, as they might the earliest specimen of printing, or the telescope of Galileo. His good-humored vanity, which we have already alluded to, was as distinct from the vanity of ordinary public men as virtue from vice. It had so little resemblance to that vile passion which makes men the enemies or the dangerously indulgent friends of the people, according as they are neglected or caressed, that he would have deemed it the greatest of crimes to change an iota of the opinions he had formed in the closet on account of the reception they might meet with abroad. Some, who judged of him by themselves, in vain poured the incense of flattery thick upon him to gain him to their ends. One of those, who used to style him “ever revered, beloved, and worshipped master,” after having begun his career by sacrificing human lives in an excited mob to the Moloch of his vanity, has taken his position among the enemies of popular rights because the people chose worthier idols than himself.

One of the most pleasing illustrations of character in these memoirs, is the steady kindness with which Bentham seems to have befriended dependants and other members of the more helpless classes with whom he came in contact. It is probable that, if the pains he occasionally took, and the time he bestowed on these matters, had been put to him as an abstract question in the utilitarian philosophy, he would have con-

demned it as an infringement on the sterner claims of society at large ; but in this, as in other cases, the natural, kind-hearted man, overcame the philosopher. The following method of employing his influence with Lord Lansdowne in favor of a domestic whom his circumstances at the time would not allow him to keep, will not be the less interesting from the vein of playful humor that runs through it :

"That bread is dear—that I have none of it to eat, nor have had for a course of years, are unhappy truths, none of which can be any secret to your lordship. In the meantime, as is the custom with people in distress, I endeavor to support my drooping spirits by the brightest prospect I can figure to myself, of better times. I had once, may it please your lordship, a French cook, who quitted me with reluctance, and whom her importunities have prevailed on me to say I would take back again, should that Providence which supplied the late Dr. Squintum, of reverend memory, with leg of mutton and turnips, vouchsafe, at some future period, to grant me anything to cook ; in the meantime, I should be glad to send her out anywhere, where she could pick up a few crumbs of science, as a man who finds himself unable to maintain his horse in the stable the whole year round, is glad during a certain portion of the year, to pack off the beast to a salt-marsh or a straw-yard. Your lordship's kitchen has ever been regarded by the best judges as one of the richest pastures in the kingdom for the sort of cattle I am speaking of ; and could I be so fortunate as to obtain from your lordship's kindness, and from the patronage of your lordship's chief cook, free *ingress, egress, and regress* for the same for, in, to, and upon the said pasture during the day, (for it is not necessary that she should be *levant or couchant* thereupon,) my present distresses might, by a happy metamorphosis, become the fruitful sources of future advantage. She is not altogether destitute of that measure of science attainable by the superiority of her sex, (a remark which I insert for the purpose of preventing this letter from straying into female hands,) and upon great occasions, such as that of Comacho's wedding, or any other wedding, might not be altogether unworthy of supporting the train of one of your lordship's junior kitchen-maids.

"Should your lordship happen to possess interest enough, through any channel, however indirect, such as the one I have made bold to allude to, I will not permit myself to doubt of its being exerted in my favor, and with prevailing efficacy. In the utmost severity of my distresses, I have, through the kindness of neighbors, been preserved from absolute want in regard to all the necessaries of life, my baker and butcher having humanely joined with a compassionate barrow-woman at the end of the lane in supplying me every Lord's day with a shoulder of mutton, supported upon a trivet, and forming a dripping canopy, distilling fatness over a mess of potatoes sufficiently ample to furnish satisfaction to the cravings of nature during the remainder of the week. Should some prosperous and scarce promisable turn in the wheel of fortune transform, at any time, the shoulder into a leg, and set the deep-rusted spit to retrace its once accustomed revolutions, what an addition would it be to my happiness, on some auspicious day, to present your lordship with the emanation of culinary science reflected from your lordship's kitchen,



and offer an apposite, however inferior, tribute of gratitude on the board, as well as from the bosom, of one who has the honor to be, with everlasting respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

"THE DISTRESSED OCCUPIER OF QUEEN SQUARE PLACE."

We shall probably take some early opportunity of giving, in a notice of the instances in which measures first suggested by Bentham, have been adopted by the legislature, or are in the course of being so, a sort of practical documentary history of the influence of his opinions on the age.

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## ARTICLE II.

### THE CHURCH AND THE STATE.

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WHATELY'S KINGDOM OF CHRIST, has already been noticed in the Repository, as a book unfolding principles of great value to the Protestant church. We here have an article, founded on that book, well worthy the consideration of Christians and of statesmen, and written in a style and spirit that must commend it to every reader. The latter part of the article is omitted, because it presents only the ordinary reasons for a union of the church with the state, which, we trust, none in this land of free thought and action, desire.—ED.

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From the British and Foreign Review, June, 1842.

*The Kingdom of Christ, delineated in Two Essays.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin.

WHAT is the Church, and what is its relation to the State, are questions which were asked centuries ago, and are still asked as anxiously as ever. The existence of the Christian church is incomparably the most important fact in the history of modern Europe: it is and has been infinitely the most influential element in its civilization; it has modified the opinions of men for many ages beyond every other power, and so has determined the course of human action and human fortune, with immensely greater effect than any other assignable cause: and yet what the Church is, what are its essential nature and constitution, what its relations to the other established powers of human life, are matters still involved in endless debate. Indeed it would seem that it is the very greatness of its power that has mainly prevented a final and

scientific determination of the questions regarding its origin and nature. Whatever answers may be given to them, they so directly act on human life, and so energetically modify the opinions and conduct of men, that each succeeding age feels itself irresistibly impelled to search into the foundations and authority of this immense power, with whose mighty operation the whole of life is filled. Each new development of human thought and knowledge, each revolution in the political constitution of the world, each epoch in the progress of civilization, has subjected to fresh inquiry the rights and powers of the church.

No doubt the same remarks may in some measure be made of civil government. The origin and foundation of the right to rule have been warmly debated and with various conclusions; but there are some circumstances peculiar to the church which have made it the subject of more frequent and more contested inquiry. Human society cannot exist without government. Every established government, therefore, is a practical answer to speculative researches into its nature; and the obedience which it enforces damps the ardor of speculation in respect of points where the prison or the sword effectually prevent the conclusions come to from being carried out into practice. But the instruction of the church is not felt to be of this positive character, and is therefore more open to inquiry. Moreover, the disposition to prosecute such researches derives a strong impulse from the peculiar manner in which the kingdom of Christ is announced and established in Scripture. It has often been observed, that the truths which Christianity introduced into the world were not set forth by those who first preached them in a regularly developed system. They are exhibited in practical operation as principles rather than precise laws; being referred to incidentally, or as bearing upon a practical case, but not expressed in the philosophical language of pure and abstract science. This is equally true of the societies which the Apostles founded. The new relations in which men were placed toward God and each other are everywhere presented to us as the animating principles of the Christian converts. Every where do we see these relations embodied and realized in regular societies; but what were the positive and historical characteristics of those societies we are perfectly unable to determine with certainty. We cannot state, with any positive assurance whatever, the precise functions of the officers that governed those societies; what the degree and sphere of their authority, their relation to the governed, their number, their mode of election; in a word, it is impossible to describe historically those communities, as constituted bodies, in the same way that we should give an account of the constitution of any kingdom of Europe. We can find nothing like the statutes of the English law; much less a fixed and well-digested system of ordinances, such as the Code Napoléon. For a long time nothing was held to have been better established than the existence of three orders of ministers in the apostolical churches; yet even this has been successfully disputed, and Roman Catholic divines themselves are beginning to admit that bishop and presbyter were two different titles for the same officer. But even

if all these points could be made out historically, if we could describe accurately the constitution of the apostolical churches, we should still be completely in the dark as to the momentous question whether the institutions actually set up by the apostles were intended to be the one unalterable, eternal form of the Christian church, or whether they were only those arrangements which were judged to be best suited to the circumstances of that age. On this point we have absolutely no information at all. This is a most important fact, and one from which we shall have to draw weighty inferences hereafter. In this place we bring it forward to show that, if the apostles were silent as to a matter of such essential consequence, it cannot be a subject of wonder that speculation should have been active in seeking to determine questions so deeply affecting the most important interests of man.

And if we turn from Scripture to ecclesiastical history, we shall soon perceive that its course has been far from favorable to the obtaining of satisfactory conclusions on these points. In the days of the apostles the Christian communities could assume no other form but that of voluntary associations for religious worship, existing indeed in the state, but interfering little, if at all, with the usual course of secular affairs. As professors of a religion which was in its nature essentially exclusive, and pronounced every other to be guilty of idolatry and impiety, the Christians could not participate in rites, which the pagan government prescribed; they could not hesitate to prefer the alternative of martyrdom. But so long as they were left to the undisturbed exercise of their religion, they did not interfere with the state. They were content with constituting their societies on a footing adapted to the circumstances they were placed in: they had not conceived the ambition of framing a political and religious constitution that was to triumph over all the world: they felt themselves to be in a temporary position; and looked forward to the coming of their Lord in a visible kingdom on earth as the period when they should reign with him in glory, and all the unbelieving nations should be judged and destroyed. Such men, with such feelings and such expectations, could never think of determining the true nature and form of the Christian church under all possible circumstances of the human race: their hope and belief were, that ere long there should be none but saints on earth; the world and the state would have disappeared. As therefore the Holy Spirit did not commission the inspired apostles to reveal a permanent and indispensable form of church government; so neither did the state of mind, nor the outward situation of the first Christians, allow of their instituting the inquiry, whether such a form was necessarily to be derived from the essential nature of Christianity, or the constituent elements of man's being.

Government, however, the Christian, as all other societies, must have, and gradually and universally it assumed the type of episcopacy. We need not discuss here the causes which brought about this general result. We state the fact; but it is most important to observe, that the writers of the first centuries after the Christian era assert the divine right of episcopacy, not avowedly as the only mode of government.

which could possibly maintain itself *de jure*, but as that actually existing *de facto*. Every established government has a divine right, so long as it does not violate the laws of God ; and, as such, episcopacy had an unquestionable title to authority. It is true, that the early Christian writers rest its authority on its derivation from the apostles : they were right in doing so ; they could do no otherwise. The government that prevailed, of whatever kind it was, could have no other foundation than the institution of regular communities by Christ and his apostles. Historical descent, in an unbroken continuity of government from the apostles, was the same thing for the Christian churches that national identity is for a people. It was the conviction of this fact that held them together as societies ; and an appeal to the continuous succession of rulers from the first founders of the church, was as just and as valid as the appeal to hereditary descent would be in behalf of Her Majesty the Queen. In both cases it is a legitimate appeal to lawful government lawfully transmitted ; in neither is it, in itself alone, a proof that the actual institution in whose behalf it is made, whether episcopacy or hereditary monarchy, shall alone, as long as the world lasts, have a legitimate right to command obedience. Whether the defenders of episcopacy conceived any other mode of rule to be possible in the church, or not, is immaterial. It is probable that they did not ; the question never presented itself to their minds. But on either supposition they were justified in urging their perpetual descent from the apostles as a valid ground for the legitimacy of their authority. It proved them to belong historically to the same institution that Christ had founded, and to be the rightful heirs to all the powers and privileges justly appertaining to the governors of the church. But the mere fact of succession cannot of itself alone prove the immutability of the form ; nor can any argument be built on it against the validity of non-episcopal rulers, any more than on the long line of the house of Bourbon against the right of Louis Phillippe to be king of the French. If, on the one hand, the revolutions of 1688 in England, and 1830 in France, broke through the principle of direct lineal descent, and yet the governments of the houses of Brunswick and Orleans are acknowledged to be constitutional and lawfully entitled to the allegiance of their subjects ; so, on the other, the mere fact of episcopacy having come down uninterruptedly from the apostles, (supposing it could be historically proved,) would not prevent a different kind of government, which had been *de facto* substituted for episcopacy, from holding itself authorized by divine sanction to bear sway in the church.

But though the early Christians did not entertain the questions, whether one absolute constitution had been set up for all ages, and what was its relation to the state, events were taking such a turn as to give a practical solution to them. The bishops grew to be more absolute within their dioceses ; the introduction of synods, from which the laity were excluded, gave them the exclusive power, as representatives of the church, to decide points of doctrine and discipline ; metropolitan churches acquired a certain pre-eminence ; patriarchates next followed ;



and at last the increasing importance attached to the theory of a visible unity disposed men's minds more and more to look upon the see of the imperial city, Rome, as the centre of the Christian church. The Christians meanwhile had vastly increased in numbers, and yet more in political importance; but their organization still remained distinct from that of the political body. The progressive development of Christianity necessarily multiplied the points respecting which Christians must peremptorily refuse submission to a pagan government; whilst their numbers now put persecution and martyrdom out of the question. The state became rent into two distinct confederations; the conquest of one by the other, or dissolution, was inevitable. The Christian principle triumphed; the worn-out and exploded creed of heathenism was no match for the youthful vigor, the evidences, the divine and human strength of its adversary. Christianity now became the national religion; it was incorporated into the state. Not that its proper relation to it was then discussed and determined; it was a practical solution of a practical problem. The Christian church was an organized power standing over against the state; it was, with its existing organization, adopted into the state. The church continued in the same course as before: centralization went on steadily; the metropolitans increased in power, but only to be subjugated in turn by the all-devouring sway of Rome. By a series of events guided by consummate skill, and founded on a policy so profound and persevering as to be comparable only with the far-sighted prudence and inflexible steadiness of the ancient Roman senate, religious liberty, both public and private, was overthrown, and a dominion established over men's minds and temporal kingdoms, of which the world before had never had an example.

But the principle of union was carried too far: human nature was outraged by the fetters which a pretended infallibility had placed on the progress of thought and civilization; and the moral sense of Europe was profoundly shocked by the immoralities which despotism had brought in its train. The machine, however, was too complicated to admit of being repaired. Solemn decisions, based on an infallible oracle, could not be rescinded without overthrowing the whole system. The usual resources of arbitrary power, violence and coercion, were put in requisition; and the Reformers, as the champions of the highest interests of the human race, had no other remedy but boldly and peremptorily to challenge the authority of that power which had brought all men into bondage. Then it was perceived, that however vast and imposing the structure, it had been built upon sand; that the Christian religion had not sacrificed the liberty of mankind, moral, intellectual and political, on the altar of infallibility. A few ambiguous or misinterpreted texts, a few scanty and imperfect records, were found to be poor grounds for pretensions which annihilated the independence of men as Christians, and so virtually as men also. The church of Rome could produce no charter to warrant its claim to be a universal and absolute monarchy, possessed of a jurisdiction co-extensive with Christendom, and of a paramount rule over every Christian community and every ec-

clesiastical officer in the world. The independence of each Christian community was vindicated by the Reformers; and national churches were constituted in the full possession of that sovereignty which belonged to them of inherent right, and for depriving them of which the records neither of inspiration nor history furnished any grounds.

In some cases episcopacy was retained, in others totally different institutions were adopted; but in all alike, the new societies framed their professions of faith and their forms of discipline on the sole basis of the right of each to determine for itself what were the truths taught by the common oracle of revelation, and what were the fittest instruments for carrying them out in practice. On this principle alone could the separation from the Romish church be justified. That such is the foundation of the Protestant churches abroad is not disputed, but it has been often vehemently denied of the church of England. We confess that we never could understand what possible show of reason could be alleged in support of this denial. We are well aware that great pains were taken to preserve unbroken the succession by imposition of hands. Retaining episcopacy, the English Reformers did not wish to break through the ancient *form* of episcopal ordination: but there is not the slightest reason for supposing that they thought this mode of appointment *indispensable* for investing a Christian minister with the full powers of his office. It is, therefore, utterly inconceivable to us, how, beyond the retaining of this particular form, any distinction can be drawn between the foundation of the church of England and those of its sister churches abroad or in Scotland. They all rebelled from the society to which they belonged; they all justified that rebellion by appealing to Scripture; they all exercised the right of private judgment in interpreting that Scripture; they all pronounced, upon their own authority alone, that the bishop of Rome, and the constituted authorities of Christendom were no longer to be obeyed, as having departed from Scripture and primitive Christianity; and they all ended with setting up new constitutions, in open revolution from that government whose subjects they were, and from allegiance to which, as must inevitably happen in all revolutions, they of their own will and motion declared themselves absolved.

But though the Reformers asserted in the church the glorious principles of independence and social liberty against the spiritual despotism of Rome, they were not themselves conscious of all that was involved in them, nor of the extent of their legitimate application. This was not so much their own fault as that of their age and position. The Reformation, in its origin, was not a rebellion against the government of the church of Rome as such, but an attempt to reform its abuses, to emancipate the human mind from the thralldom under which opinion was held, and to bring about a purer state of doctrine. Rome would yield nothing; and the only alternative for the Reformers was the total ruin of their cause, or revolution. Being driven to choose the latter, they had to look round for a basis on which to found it. They could not find it in the doctrine that all societies, religious as well as civil,

have an inherent right of self-government. This was a tenet conceived by none in that age ; nay, if enunciated, it would probably have been repudiated by all. It was against the corruptions of Rome, her indulgences, the disgusting vices of her court, the rapacity of her administration, that men were warring ; not in behalf of the abstract principle that each church ought to regulate its own affairs. It was not therefore from political philosophy that the Reformers could derive help ; their only support, at that day, could be found in the national government of each people. To this supreme authority they transferred the right of settling the creed of their subjects and framing their ecclesiastical constitution, and they claimed for it as decisively and as stringently as Rome had done, the implicit submission of all the citizens. This was the only practical method that then offered itself for obtaining emancipation from Rome. But thereby they became involved in the fatal inconsistency of persecuting others for exercising the same liberty which they had themselves vindicated against Rome—a liberty which was the sole justification of their revolution and the ground-work of their whole position. It was for the state, said they, to teach the true faith to the people, and no one must presume to think differently from the state about religion.

Here was indeed a settlement of the questions, what church government was, and what its connection with the state : but it was built on too narrow a foundation ; it had neglected one essential element, and could not long remain unassailed. That element was the liberty of each man's conscience. It was implicitly contained in the appeal to Scripture. In conducting that appeal, it was impossible for each man to substitute the opinion of the state, that is of those persons who happened to be members of parliament at the Reformation, for his own. The law might have its own interpretation of Scripture, but each man could not help having his also. Neither the state nor any reformed church has any other than the ordinary means of persuasion to win any man's assent to the interpretation it has adopted ; for to employ force, is to do violence to the essential constitution of man's mind,—its utter incapability of yielding internal belief against its own will and conviction. Coercion compromised the lawfulness of the Reformation ; it would have founded it merely on superiority of strength or success, not on any just and defensible right. Nothing would have been gained by substituting an infallibility of the State for that of the Pope. It is impossible for a Protestant state to deal with one who dissents from its creed as infallibly wrong : whatever measures it may adopt towards him, they can be based on general state policy alone. Doubtless any religious community may set forth, as the condition of membership with it, assent to those opinions which its members agree in holding to be true ; and if the state should connect itself with it, the question will arise, what penalties excommunication from such a church shall incur. But the cardinal fact, that the grounds on which these opinions are believed to be true are precisely the same as those on which all intellectual and moral conviction rests—the total absence of an infallible

oracle of interpretation, and the consequent impossibility of placing any exposition of faith beyond the reach of legitimate questioning and discussion and the liability of being thought wrong; all these facts must ever put it out of the power of a Protestant state to trample under foot the freedom of each man's conscience without a flagrant breach of its own principle, and a certain and energetic resistance from that elastic force with which every thinking man will struggle against intellectual slavery.

From the nature of the case, therefore, dissent came in with the Reformation; that is, it was now impossible to refuse the right to any number of men to form and adhere to their own views of the truth which they believed to be contained in Scripture. In the Roman church dissent from the authorized creed was a state-crime against the government, and incurred the penalties of rebellion. In the reformed churches, dissent from the creed of Rome was the precise ground whereon they founded the right of separation. How to deal with Nonconformists therefore was a difficulty that sprang up immediately out of the depths of the Protestant principle; a difficulty that could not be met with the least chance of a satisfactory settlement, except upon the basis of an accurate investigation of the nature of a Christian community, and its bearing toward the state. As the church of England at its birth did not and could not solve this problem, it need excite no surprise that the conflict between it and Nonconformists has been full of perplexity, confusion of principle, violence and fanaticism. The truth which each party possessed was distorted into extravagance; tenets involving unbridled despotism or unmixed anarchy were at times openly propounded; whilst the position of the church became very much embarrassed by its stiff and unalterable adherence to the precise letter of the formularies and appointments originally established. Three hundred years of free discussion and of progressive knowledge and civilization could not but detect many points that required modification, in formularies embracing a vast variety of questions, civil, literary and religious, and laying down minute and explicit decisions in conformity with the state of knowledge and literature at the period when they were engrafted on the church. On the one side, therefore, the Dissenters grew to be more numerous; on the other, the loyalty and attachment of many of the best members of the church were sorely distressed by the concessions which they were compelled to make in respect of the many inaccuracies which could no longer be denied. The only wonder is that the church should have stood its ground so successfully; and it is a magnificent homage to the moderation, judgment and true Christian wisdom with which our great Reformers framed their articles and their services, that, as a whole, the great truths which they asserted have withstood with triumphant strength the incessant and vehement assaults of hosts of enemies, and flourish to this day in the affectionate attachment and cordial assent of the great bulk of the people of England.

The examination then of ecclesiastical records does not furnish us with any determination of the constitution of a Christian community,



and of its relation to the civil society, which can be said to have been scientifically established, or to have commanded any very general assent. The crowd of discordant opinions entertained at the present day shows plainly that we have made no more progress than our predecessors. It will be asked,—Is any permanent solution of these questions possible? and, if possible, is there any hope of its being universally received? To the first question we answer, that we do consider a final settlement of these matters possible and to be hoped for: to the second, that if there is truth to be obtained, we cannot doubt its destiny to triumph, and that we share with the apostles the hope of brighter and better days for Christianity than any that the world has yet witnessed. Eighteen hundred years have not passed over the church without profit. Christianity has now been tried for long periods under circumstances of the most varied kind: time has slowly but surely developed its elements; it has exhibited what is essentially and eternally true under the most diverse forms, and in combination with the most heterogeneous principles of philosophy, politics and society. Ecclesiastical history has thus stored the materials out of which, after careful elimination of all that is foreign, a final judgment must be framed. Such has always been the road by which men have arrived at great political truths. Practical institutions, adapted to meet the wants of each age, come first; afterwards, the principles contained in them emerge to light. It was the want of this insight into real truth, which reflection directed on past experience can alone supply, that betrayed the early leaders of the French Revolution into such extravagance and absurdity; they had no training, no practical acquaintance with government; untested theory and the fancies of the imagination were the only materials they had out of which to build up a constitution. What wonder can there be that such theory was false, that it proved as insufficient as it had been easily taken up. Precisely the reverse is the case with the English constitution. It has experienced a long and painful growth; it has had to struggle with arbitrary power and popular violence; it has been united with uncongenial elements, with doctrines and practices most abhorrent from its nature; and yet the great fundamental principles, the imperishable rock on which it is built, have only become the more evident; they have been more clearly apprehended, and their genuine nature more surely ascertained. The long period therefore, of disagreement and conflict of opposite notions and institutions in the church is no reason for despairing to obtain any truth concerning them, such truth, at least as the nature of the case admits of. We may be able to arrive only at a few comprehensive results,—but who shall estimate their value?

Now, in reviewing the past, it is clear, in the first place, that Christianity has never existed but in a society. Its social character has never been obliterated. It has always bound together its professors into associated bodies, whatever may have been the conditions of union; and it has connected them together, not merely as fellow-disciples of the same teacher—as the followers, for instance, of Socrates or Plato, without any bond of personal fellowship between one another—but as joint

members of a community, mutually interdependent, and exchanging reciprocal offices with each other. Christians have ever been held together, not only (indeed sometimes scarcely at all,) by partaking of the same opinions, but by belonging to bodies in which each man was linked to all the rest by positive co-membership. Secondly, along with this element of association, another most important one is visible throughout all Christian history,—that of the liberty of each man's conscience, the internal liberty of religious belief. It is necessarily implied in the very essence of faith. In the earliest ages it is less distinctly discernable, inasmuch as the symbols or creeds had not yet been confined within too narrow limits, by the addition of fresh restrictions and a sharper definition of the terms employed. It lies at the bottom of all heresy and dissent; without it, without the consciousness that it has its rights, these would have been absurd and impossible. For then, simple assent or total unbelief could alone have existed. The strong arm of power and intolerance waged war for many long centuries with this natural birthright of every man,—the freedom of his spiritual life; but its voice was never totally hushed. Its energy was still manifested in the intrepid struggles of many brave hearts; and to it the world owes the Reformation, perhaps the greatest achievement ever made by man. Since then it has been a great power in modern Europe; in England it has been the companion, and sometimes the guardian, of public liberty.

Such then being the two primary elements of Christian life on earth,—first, that it should be embodied in a society; secondly, that no man's conscience should suffer compulsion;—the great problem to be solved is, so to combine them together, as that neither shall encroach on the just prerogatives of the other. Very opposite theories agitate the public mind of our days, in respect of the principles and details to be pursued in the combination of these elements; and in order to arrive at satisfactory results, we must begin by analyzing the fundamental notions belonging to the subject.

The first thing that presents itself for consideration is the idea of state. It is the law of man's being that he cannot live alone. Neither his bodily nor his mental faculties could develop themselves in solitude; he would perish of hunger, or at any rate cease to be a man. Further, the association of men is something more than the herding together of animals; it is founded on something deeper than mere gregarious instinct. Man is drawn to his fellow-men by sympathies, affections, moral and intellectual desires. Moreover man, thus impelled to associate with his fellows, is moved by something stronger than sympathetic feeling, or the dictates of expediency in instituting society. Society, erected on such a basis, would be overthrown as capriciously as it had been set up, and, being totally unmoral, would soon cease to exist. Society rests on an essential element in man's nature, the highest offspring of that reason which is his specific and distinguishing characteristic. The sense of duty, the greatest ultimate fact of man's moral constitution, is the mighty chain which binds together human society. The sense of duty on the one hand reveals to us in the depths

of our being that Creator who has engraved it on our consciences ; and on the other, commands us, with an authority from which there is no appeal, to pursue all the moral good, and avoid all the moral evil, which come within our individual spheres. And accordingly, this sense of duty, when it perceives the moral ends which society can accomplish, imposes upon each man the obligation of living in society as the proper end of his being ; and thus reveals the authority and supreme majesty of law, as the indispensable condition of the existence of society. This revelation is first clearly made within the family circle ; there each man learns both the right of commanding and the duty of obedience. On the moral law then, as existing in the conscience, and proclaiming the moral ends of society and the duty of accomplishing them, all society and all government are founded. And since it is neither the compulsion of superior strength, nor the perception of expediency, which is the bond of society, it follows that the relation between law and obedience, the governors and the governed, is one involving mutual responsibilities and duties. The constituted authorities of a state, whatever may have been its origin historically, have a right, grounded on each man's conscience, to his obedience ; but they cannot violate his moral nature by immoral commands, without dissolving the tie which holds the governed to them. Thus there is a sacredness inseparably attached to every man, which prescribes obedience to, and fixes the bounds of, the authority of the governor. Human society, moreover, is defined by the limits of nations or states. It would be physically impossible for all the human race to be included in one state ; hence, the necessity for separate states. This necessity, however, is merely physical ; for a government that would be strong enough to enforce the obedience, and just and good enough to promote the highest welfare, of each separate part of the world, would, if established, possess a title that could not be disputed. Again, as the foundation of government is entirely moral, being grounded on the reciprocation of offices necessary for the maintenance of society, wherever this interchange exists, the full right of government exists also. The historical origin or the accidental form of the national institutions cannot affect it. A rebellion may have been criminal and unjustifiable ; yet the government which it established *de facto*, if it fulfils the moral duties of government, is as valid and as binding as one that had never suffered interruption.

And now arises the question—What is the extent of the legitimate province of government ?—what are the proper objects of state ? We answer, that it embraces the whole of human life,—the aggregate of all the ends pursued by man. If man was created for the special purpose of existing in society, if he can exist as a man on no other condition, and if the very notion of society implies government and the duty of obedience, it must inevitably follow that no limitations can be set on the right of government to command, except such as are derived from man's moral constitution. His nature is manifold ; and since his complex existence, religious, moral and intellectual, acts and is acted upon in society—since none of his acts are solitary and isolated, and entirely destitute of social influence and effect—the sovereign power that pre-

sides over society must have the right of determining all the relations hence resulting. In other words, the sovereign power has for its legitimate end the aggregate welfare of man's whole being; and the right implies of course a corresponding duty. Society is as much bound morally to effect the good and repress the evil which lie within its control, as each individual man is bound to promote his self-improvement by every means in his power. The general obligation in both cases is precisely the same; no argument can be urged in favor of the one that shall not be equally applicable to the other. The mutual action of the several forces, principles and powers working in society must be regulated by the state; for none other can lay claim to this function, and without it anarchy must be the result. The successful discharge of the state's duty, the accomplishment of its end, consists in the order, harmony, and well-being of the citizens, both as individuals and as a community. "Society," says Burke, "is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature; it is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection." The state then is the sole judge of the desirableness or undesirableness of all social action and influence whatever. If therefore the state—that is, the whole community as represented by its government—believes any habits or manners, any trade or profession, any course of teaching, any religious tenets, to be injurious to the welfare of the citizens, it has an indefeasible right to proscribe them. Equally is it authorized, as far as mere right goes, to enjoin the practice of positive actions in every department of life. The regulations of Lycurgus are not to be impugned as the acts of an usurping and tyrannical force. If the Lacedæmonian society held it to be for the common good that the course of every man's life should be thus prescribed in detail by the public law, we recognize no right in any individual Spartan to think his liberty invaded and to refuse obedience.

Is then every man delivered by his Maker into the hands of the state as an inanimate lump of clay, to be moulded and disposed of according to its caprice? Are man's will and the freedom of his moral being imaginary fictions? We reply by asking, is a parent empowered to treat his child as a machine? may he form, train, and use him at his pleasure, as he would the beast that tills his field? In neither case is there any admissible plea against the jurisdiction of the ruling power: the wisdom only and the moral propriety of its decrees may be challenged. But there is this difference between these two cases, which is of great importance with reference to our present inquiry,—there is an appeal from the parental authority to that of the law; there is none on earth from the state; none, that is, which is formally available. Yet human freedom is not without its guarantees; man was not created to be a slave. The authority of the state, being founded on man's moral nature, is amenable to its great laws. In every man's conscience there is a tribunal, erected there by God himself, before which the state's claim to obedience may be tried. Every man has the natural right to



be a martyr for what he holds to be truth : on the authority of his conscience he is justified in refusing obedience to commands which he thinks immoral, and God alone at the great day can ratify or condemn his judgment. This right of martyrdom, so to call it, is no formal right of disobedience to the state. The martyr is bound, morally and legally, to submit to the penalties which society has attached to his disobedience ; it is the condition on which he enjoys the blessings of society, on which he exists as a man. Without this right of inflicting penalties, and the corresponding duty of submitting to them, society would be impossible ; its bond would be at the mercy of every one's caprice ; and thus the disobedience of the martyr is not anarchical in principle. It is performed in obedience to a higher law than any which can be framed by human enactment ; whilst it recognises, by unresisting submission, the supremacy on earth of the state's sovereignty.

But this is not all. The state's title to lawful sway is its ability and its will to promote the moral good of the commonwealth. Now the determination of what is moral good ever varies ; it must become more elevated and purified as the moral standard of the people and their development in civilization advance. The state thus contracts fresh responsibilities, which, at its peril, it must fulfil ; for a government which allowed itself to fall much below the moral tone of its age, and neglected to satisfy the wants engendered by successive eras in national growth, would soon fall to decay, and indeed would forfeit its claim to the allegiance of its subjects. Thus fell the mighty power of the unreformed Papacy, and the dynasties of the Stuarts and the Bourbons ; and to their careful vigilance in accommodating themselves, in essential points, to the intellectual and moral state of their people, do the European despotisms owe their vigor and their stability. And further, this obligation of the state to adapt its legislation to the moral standard of the nation, extends not only to its positive enactments, but also to those points which it ought to leave to the free discretion of each man's individual agency. Herein is the great charter of public liberty contained. We refuse to have our daily mode of living, the education of our children, the management of our estates settled by law, because no public object would be thereby attained that would compensate for the restraints that law would impose. We call upon modern governments to provide ample protection for the lives and properties of the citizens, securities against the excesses of arbitrary power, pledges for the impartial administration of justice, and as large a share to each man in the control of public affairs as his own qualifications and the nature of the constitution will admit of, because history and reflection show that thereby the happiness and improvement of nations are best promoted. We forbid the government to dictate to public opinion either in religion or politics,—to interfere, in many respects, with what it may think wrong and requiring removal, and even to punish some kinds of offences, because experience proves that its interposition would produce worse evils than those which it aimed to correct. Virtue cannot exist without freedom, and freedom that can never do wrong is no freedom at all. And thus

liberty of speech and belief, the great bulwarks of a free constitution, are placed on a broader and more enduring foundation than the enactments of the statute-book or the charters of princes; and thus too, by resting the powers and authority of government on the basis of our moral nature, we impose on it the duty of perpetual self-improvement; we fasten on it the obligation of sharing the enlightenment which civilization brings; we claim of it to purify its views, to raise its standard of moral judgment ever higher and higher, to renounce base selfishness, and to feel that its noble task and its only right is to lead the commonwealth to more general and higher degrees of virtue and happiness. And thus finally, out of the deepest and most authoritative principles of our nature, we raise up barriers against oppression, such as no other view of government can furnish.

The State then has a paramount authority over the whole of human life, subject however to such restrictions as flow from the nature itself of the being with whom it has to deal. A true analysis of man is therefore most essential for marking out the limits of rule and obedience. The most important element in man is religion,—the sense of his relation to God; and as God is the supreme ruler of the moral world, obedience to God is the first of human obligations. If, in the judgment of a man's conscience, the commands of the state are in conflict with those of God, there can be no competition of duties. "We must obey God rather than men." Only, as we explained above, man, as an individual, has no right of resistance against the lawful authority of the state; he must, like the Christians of old, submit to the sentence pronounced upon him, and refer his cause to God's judgment hereafter. But the religious feeling of the community, as a whole, the state is bound to hold in the highest regard: for the relation of a state towards its subjects, which by its public acts and institutions shocked their religious notions, would be in the highest degree immoral. The respective rights and duties of command and disobedience would be thereby brought into most destructive collision. From this fountain flow some of the greatest difficulties of practical life; but we must be on our guard against any theory that would recommend itself by furnishing easy solutions at the expense of depth and truth. With respect to England, in determining what should be the relation of the state towards religion, the decision must depend on the principles of Christianity. Now we have seen above, that the Christian religion has always existed within the bosom of a society, that it has always embodied itself in a church. This church was founded by the author himself of our faith as an institution which was to endure as long as the human race. This society or church has for its bond of union the connexion subsisting between each member and its head, and through him with all his fellow-members. This church is universal, because it is destined and fitted to include the whole of the human race. It is also one; not, as we shall show presently, because its external form is everywhere the same, but because all its branches are founded on the same principles, have the same common code of Scripture, and are all immediately dependent on

the same common King. Its opposite is the world; and its aim the regeneration of the world, the restoration of man to goodness, holiness, and truth. For the accomplishment of this purpose, it must possess a certain organization to express and give effect to the social union of its members. Hence it is necessarily a visible body, for otherwise it would be no society at all; and as such, it must have laws, governors, and institutions. Its founder called it further a kingdom; whereby he declared that its essential nature was to be, not a sect of men holding similar opinions, but a mode of life, a living in a community, under obedience to a common sovereign. And this social organization, being built on the eternal relations which redeemed humanity bears to Christ, must exist always, whether the ruling powers of the civil government choose to sanction it or not.

Such are, briefly, the general principles on which the church was instituted, and as a whole they have been recognized by all the Christian world; but their actual realization in a definite fabric of government has given rise to very conflicting opinions. One view asserts that one fixed and determinate constitution was established by Christ and his apostles, binding upon all ages and upon all countries; that to the governors, appointed in this constitution, certain extensive and definite powers were committed; that this constitution is unalterable, perpetuating itself by an unbroken series of rulers, whose authority is derived solely from the commission assigned to them by this constitution; that through these officers alone, virtue and efficacy are communicated to those rites and symbols which were appointed as the bond of union between the Head of the church and its members; and that separation from this outward visible society incurs the forfeiture of every blessing attached to the church, and is in fact absolute alienation from the Christian religion. Now, in order to ascertain the validity of the claim thus set up by those who announce themselves as the inheritors and sole possessors of these powers, one grand principle must be first laid down as the only legitimate basis on which such a pretension can be conceded. Those who claim for themselves exclusive privileges and authority, in bar of all the rest of the world, are bound to establish that claim by precise, positive and incontestible evidence; they must produce an express charter, emanating from an indisputable authority, and conferring such powers in clear and explicit terms. The burden of proof lies entirely with them; they must make out their case absolutely: no hints, no probabilities, no presumptions can be allowed as valid for conferring indefeasible rights on particular persons, to the exclusion of all others, who, but for this alleged special limitation, would have been equally entitled to those rights. Society—that is, all the members constituting a community—cannot be shorn of any of its powers but by an authority higher than itself. Now how stands the case with the Roman Catholic claim? It is a notorious and undeniable fact, that, as far as the appeal is made to the certain records of inspiration, the proof of the claim has most completely failed. The charter is not to be found in Scripture. It is impossible to determine from Scripture alone the pre-

cise nature of the apostolical government, or any of the features that distinguish a positive constitution. It is impossible to show from it, that this constitution, even if ascertainable, could never lawfully be altered; nor can its identity with any historical church government be established. It is impossible to determine, by legal and technical marks, who the successors of the apostles are, except by presumption and conjecture. That some government was instituted, and that the necessity of government was taught, is certain; but the right of any one definite visible society to call itself the only church is as visionary as the pretensions of the Stuarts to the divine right of kings; with this difference only in favor of the Stuarts, that they could describe what they meant by monarchical rule, and could mark out the legitimate sovereign by recognized marks, whilst the account of which the defenders of this theory give of the only church is in the highest degree vague and indefinite.

The proof therefore from Scripture, upon any legitimate principle of interpretation, having broken down, a proof had to be sought for to support the tottering edifice. In the place of a determinate constitution, infallibility was boldly asserted of the successive rulers of the church, whereby a sanction was provided for its government, whatever modification of form it might undergo. This doctrine, however, of infallibility, labored under the same fatal difficulty of being unproveable by inspired documents; something therefore was still wanting to substantiate the claim of an exclusive church. Tradition accordingly was brought forward, and that in such a way, as either to place, without a shadow of a reason, the words of fallible men on a level with those of inspiration attested by miracles; or else it became entangled in the vicious circle of interpreting the ambiguities of Scripture, that is, defining divine revelation, on the authority of tradition, and building this very authority on the ambiguities of Holy Writ. We have never read of any tradition, which, when pleaded as an infallible organ of truth, was not shipwrecked on one of these two quicksands. Indeed two co-ordinate oracles cannot exist within the church. An infallible church, whether its organ be the pope, or a general council, or a synod of English bishops, must always have the priority over Scripture. The church becomes the living oracle, Scripture the dead one. Scripture indeed is the text; the church does but furnish the commentary. But if the commentary is of co-equal authority with the text, and may affix meanings which the ordinary laws of interpretation will not justify; if hints may be converted into certainties, and possible allusions into positive facts; and, above all, if a whole system of doctrine and practice, which cannot possibly be discovered in Scripture, be put together by human caprice, and then every passage in the New Testament, which can by any possibility be reconciled to it, be interpreted as authoritatively teaching and declaring it—then the commentary becomes everything, and Scripture nothing. So has it been, and so will it ever be.

But there are some amongst us who would not indeed set up the doctrine of an infallible church, but maintain generally that the message of



revelation was delivered to the apostles alone,—yet contend that the teaching of the apostles is not to be sought for solely or chiefly in their writings, but that the traditions of the first three or four centuries contain the largest deposit of revelation. Now these persons virtually, if not apparently, annihilate all distinction between the assertions of fallible men and the express words of inspired teachers; for even if they could bring forward direct and explicit testimony which pretended to quote special and express statements of the apostles, still the infinite difference would be overlooked which must exist between the words actually written by the apostles themselves, and the evidence of men for whose accuracy of memory and powers of understanding we have no guarantee whatever. Practically therefore these persons intend, and actually do arrive at, the same result as the Roman Catholics; they are enabled to make revelation whatever they please it to be. Well does the Archbishop of Dublin observe—

“But when, in the case now before us, men come to consider and inquire what the foundation really is, on which they are told to rest their own hopes of eternal life, and to pronounce condemnation on those who differ from them, it cannot be but that doubt and dissatisfaction, and perhaps disgust and danger of ultimate infidelity will beset them, in proportion as they are of a serious and reflective turn, and really anxious to attain religious truth; for when referred to the works of the orthodox ancient fathers, they find that a very large portion of these works are lost; or that some fragments or reports of them by other writers alone remain; they find again, that what *has* come down to us is so vast in amount that a life is not sufficient for the attentive study of even the chief part of it; they find these authors by no means agreed, on all points, with each other, or with themselves; and that learned men again are not agreed in the interpretation of *them*; and still less agreed as to the orthodoxy of each, and the degree of weight due to his judgment on several points; nor even agreed by some centuries as to the degree of *antiquity* that is to make the authority of each decisive, or more or less approaching to decisive.

“Everything, in short, pertaining to this appeal is obscure, uncertain, disputable, and actually disputed, to such a degree, that even those who are not able to read the original authors may yet be perfectly competent to perceive how unstable a foundation they furnish. They can perceive that the mass of Christians are called on to believe and to do what is essential to Christianity, in implicit reliance on the *reports* of their respective pastors, as to what certain deep theological antiquarians have *reported* to them, respecting the *reports* given by certain ancient fathers, of the *reports* current in their times, concerning apostolical usages and institutions! And yet, whoever departs in any degree from these is to be regarded at best as in an intermediate state between Christianity and Heathenism! Surely the tendency of this procedure must be to drive the doubting into confirmed (though perhaps secret) infidelity, and to fill with doubts the most sincerely pious, if they are anxiously desirous of attaining truth, and unhappily have sought it from such instructors.”

One argument, drawn from the *omissions* occurring in the New Testament, is too important to be altogether unnoticed here: it is stated with admirable force by Archbishop Whately. We must content ourselves with brief extracts.

"There are many cases in which the non-insertion of some particulars, which under other circumstances, we might have calculated on meeting with in a certain book, will be hardly less instructive than the things we do meet with. And this is much more especially the case when we are studying works which we believe to have been composed under divine guidance. For, in the case of mere human compositions, one may conceive an author to have left out some important circumstances, either through error of judgment or inadvertency, or from having written merely for the use of a particular class of readers in his own time and country, without any thought of what might be necessary information for persons at a distance and in after ages; but we cannot, of course, attribute to any such causes, omissions in the *inspired* writers. On no supposition whatever can we account for the omission by all of them of many points which they do omit, and of their scanty and slight mention of others, except by considering them as withheld by the express design and will of their Heavenly Master, restraining them from committing to writing things which naturally, some or other of them at least, would not have failed so to record."

Again—

"Considering also the incalculable importance of such an institution (supposing it to exist) as a permanent living oracle and supreme ruler of the church on earth, and the necessity of pointing it out so clearly that no one could possibly, except through wilful blindness and obstinacy, be in any doubt as to the place and persons whom the Lord should have thus 'chosen to cause his name to dwell' therein,—especially as a plain reference to this infallible judge would have been so obvious, easy, short and decisive a mode of guarding against the doubts, errors and dissensions which he (Paul) so anxiously apprehended; considering all this, it does seem to me a perfect moral impossibility that Paul and the other sacred writers should have written, as they have done, without any mention or allusion to anything of the kind, if it had been a part (and it must have been a most *essential* part, if it were any) of the Christian system. They do not merely omit all reference to any supreme and infallible head and oracle of the universal church,—to any man or body, as the representative and vicegerent of Christ,—but they omit it in such a manner and under such circumstances as plainly to amount to an exclusion."

Most plain is it therefore that no single body, no absolute organization of church government, was ever established by our Lord or his apostles; and if no unalterable constitution was framed, much less can we believe episcopacy to be, as a form, alone legitimate and indispensable. For what is episcopacy but a form, if the powers of government

associated with it may be and are actually modified, from absolute rule down to an almost total deprivation of all administrative functions? How is it less a mere generalization, an abstraction, than the notion expressed by monarchy, a term applicable to the most absolute despot and the most limited constitutional king?

It is however pretended, that none can be lawful rulers in the church except such as have derived their commission by imposition of hands in unbroken succession from the apostles. In the church of Rome this claim can be advanced with some pretence to reason. Apostolical succession is there put forth as an outward mark of a ministry which is in actual possession of the powers of government and of the mighty gift of infallibility. But in the church of England, as in all Protestant communities, imposition of hands can be nothing else, in respect of government, but an entirely outward rite. In England all the powers of ecclesiastical government are virtually vested in the parliament, and in the crown under parliament. It was parliament that abolished the jurisdiction of the see of Rome, decreed what should be the creed and formularies of the church, ordered the cup to be administered to the laity, invested the crown with the powers previously held by the pope, declared the king to be the supreme head of the church, and to this day defines and modifies at its pleasure the powers and authority of every ecclesiastical officer. By the constitution enacted at the Reformation, the highest spiritual ruler, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, may be tried and degraded for heresy by a court of laymen, that heresy itself having been determined by parliament; and it would be just as lawful, as strictly within its constitutional sphere of action, for the parliament to add or suppress an article, or to abolish the rite of the imposition of hands, as to make any new regulations for the disposal of property. The bishops indeed are charged with the office of admitting new members into the clergy; but even were they able to meet and agree together respecting any point of doctrine, their decision would possess no more authority than that of so many private persons. What orthodoxy is, and what heresy, have been determined by others; they can allow or disallow such teaching only as parliament has approved or condemned. What then is the imposition of hands but a decent or venerable rite, which its own intrinsic propriety and its ancient recollections commended to our Reformers? For if no essential power of government, nor any authoritative faculty of declaring what is truth, belong to it, according to the church of England, to say that it is the indispensable *sine quâ non*, the peremptory condition of ordination to office in the church, is to maintain that for which no shadow of proof can be adduced; and to be guilty of the same superstition with the Greeks and Romans, who on changing the names and functions of their rulers retained that of βασιλεὺς and *rex sacrorum*, believing the gods would accept sacrifices from no other persons but such as bore those titles.

But, as if under a consciousness that apostolical succession, as a purely formal sanction to government, is superfluous, a mysterious awe is

thrown over the rite of imposition of hands by a bishop, and the superstitious feelings of mankind are worked upon by the representation that by it alone virtue is imparted to the sacraments, which are further declared to be the chief, indeed the only certain channels of divine favor to man. This notion cannot only be not sustained by proof, but is at bottom utterly unchristian. To interpose a form between the human soul and God; to preach to a fellow being that the regeneration of his nature, its renewal to holiness by the vitalizing power of faith and the internal operation of a mighty spiritual agent, is the great end of revelation; and then, when he has believed, and repented, and prayed, and loved, to tell him, that if some thousand years ago any irregularity was committed in the ordination of some predecessor of the minister who baptized him, his repentance and his holiness cannot give him a Christian's hope; and thus to stake the fruits of a man's believing acceptance of every revealed spiritual truth upon the chance of a regular observance of a rite exposed to the risk of endless interruptions, upon no other ground than a miserably vague presumption, without any clear warning whatever of the necessity of this rite—a rite, too, purely formal in nature, connected by no necessary tie with the infinite power attached to it, but resting solely on arbitrary appointments, and as such requiring the most solemn and explicit announcement of its indispensableness—to say that this is a faithful account of Christianity is so shocking, that, were it true, we could excuse the man who found it impossible to embrace a religion that bore on its front so terrible a contradiction.

Since then no fixed and permanent constitution has been framed for the church, where do the powers of government reside? In the community itself. The case is identical with that of civil associations. The pretensions of a superior race sprung from the gods, and of a divine right indefeasibly belonging to one particular family having been found imaginary, the right of government must ultimately reside with society itself; and as the constitution of man's physical existence compels sub-division into nations, to each single nation has been committed the great charge of providing, by the appointment of rulers and the enactments of law, for the preservation and order of society. Precisely on the same principle, in each Christian community itself, is the right inherent of maintaining its own existence, and accomplishing its proper objects, by the institution of government. This part of the subject has been treated by Dr. Whately with admirable and scientific precision in the work before us. Having first laid down the position that it was "our Lord's design to establish what should be emphatically called a social religion,—a fellowship or communion of saints," he proceeds to investigate "how much is implied in the constituting of a community."

"From the very intrinsic character, the universal and necessary description of a regular community, it seems to belong to its very essence that it should have, 1st, officers of some kind; 2ndly, rules enforced by some kind of penalties; 3rdly, some power of admitting persons as members."



The Archbishop then shows that

"Our Lord did not stop at the mere general sanction given by him to the formation of a Christian community, but he also particularized all the points here spoken of. He appointed or ordained the first officers—the apostles, namely; he recognized the power of enacting and abrogating rules, promising the divine ratification of those acts, the binding and loosing in heaven; he authorised the enforcement of remission of ecclesiastical offences against a Christian community, by bestowing the power of remitting and retaining sins; and he gave authority for the admitting of men, by putting into the hands of the officers he had appointed the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

He next shows that

"While the *principles* are clearly recognized and strongly inculcated which Christian communities and individual members of them are to keep in mind and act upon, with a view to the great objects for which these communities were established, the precise modes in which these objects are, in each case, to be promoted, are left, one can hardly doubt studiously left, undefined."

And the final conclusion that he comes to is,

"That the apostles purposely left these points (the constitution and regulation of a Christian church, the several orders of Christian ministers, the distinct functions of each, and other such details) to be decided in each age and country, according to the discretion of the several churches, by a careful *application* of the *principles* laid down by Christ and his apostles."

Assuredly a most true conclusion, and one that is the great foundation of order and discipline, and the strongest bulwark against bigotry, fanaticism and priestcraft on the one side, and anarchy and lawlessness on the other. And hence it is plain that we cannot point out any one frame of ecclesiastical government that shall suit every age and nation, any more than we can single out any one form of civil polity that shall always be the best for every civil society among men; and most thoroughly important is it to bear distinctly in mind, that the ecclesiastical constitution, whatever it may be, is built on no other foundation than the will and sanction of the community that has adopted it.

Further, on these principles we can meet difficulties which flow from quite another source than the pretension of one only church, or one only legitimate form of government; those, namely, which arise from the other great element of man's nature, the freedom of his conscience. Few persons go so far as to deny altogether the obligation to obedience; but there are not a few who think that any body of Christian men may agree together and constitute themselves a church, wherever they may think it desirable so to do. Such a right of secession, when based on no conscientious dissent from some doctrine as positively anti-christian,

nor on any deep feeling of grievous corruptions in the administration of a church, is thoroughly anarchical in principle, and destructive of the church as a society. The duty of obedience is undermined, and there is no tangible bond left which can connect men together into stable fellowship. In such a system numbers will not be reckoned. Whenever individuals, however few, are dissatisfied either with their minister or the regulations of their brethren, or think they are not gaining edification, still more if they have had to endure censure and rebuke, their course becomes easy. Instead of patient hope and persevering efforts for reform, or self-humiliation and submission, they have but to declare themselves to be a new church, and all the restraints, but equally also all the advantages of discipline and society, are lost. And as for practical abuses or imperfections of administration, they can never justify separation, unless the evil they produce is so intensely bad as virtually to unchristianize the society. But even in that case, seceders are bound to have previously made sure that all hope of amendment from within is extinct. The amount and the guilt of positive evil, and the hopelessness of correcting it, ought alone to be taken into account by men who feel the serious responsibility of breaking off from an established community; not the mere prospect of obtaining thereby an improved organization. The positive badness and sin of the old body should alone be allowed to weigh in their councils, not the hope in itself of being able to found a new one on better principles; for otherwise schism would be nothing but a name, and anarchy the inevitable result.

It is plain, therefore, that the principles and conduct here alluded to would as entirely defeat our Lord's purpose in the appointment of a society, as it directly contradicts the whole tenor of the New Testament. We do not say that no case can arise of actual corruption in a church, which would make it the *duty* of a good man to secede from it: we will not determine whether the traffic in indulgences alone would have borne out Luther in tearing in twain the great body of the Roman Catholic church; neither can we lay down any precise directions that shall draw the line where obedience ought to cease and separation becomes imperative. In all human societies the determining the duty of revolution, that is, the settling when the overthrow of the constituted authorities by the governed becomes morally right and justifiable, must ever be one of the hardest and most anxious problems of human life. But as to deny this right altogether would in the end inevitably reduce mankind to slavery, so men cannot be too earnestly reminded, that before exercising it they should be quite sure that endurance has been tried to the utmost.

## ARTICLE III.

## THE ORIENTAL PLAGUE AND QUARANTINE LAWS.

From the British and Foreign Review, June, 1842.

1. *Observations on the Oriental Plague, and on Quarantines as a means of arresting its progress; addressed to the British Association of Science assembled at Newcastle, in August, 1838.* By JOHN BOWRING.
2. *The Quarantine Laws, their abuses and inconsistencies. A Letter addressed to the Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart., M. P.* By ARTHUR T. HOLROYD, Esq. 1839.

THERE is perhaps no more characteristic feature of the present times, none more intimately connected with the quick succession of social changes, which have already been, and seem likely hereafter to be introduced into the civilized world, than the late wonderfully increased facilities of communication: the recent substitution of steam power for the slower and more expensive modes of conveyance formerly in use, more particularly promises to effect a complete revolution in our relations with foreign countries. In the natural order of things, the effects of this change must be considerable upon the ideas, customs, laws and constitutions of nations thus brought into mutual connexion, nor does it appear probable that England herself will be less powerfully affected than other nations by this international intimacy. For in consequence of our successes in foreign wars, our wealth, our manufacturing and commercial superiority, which have tended to foster national pride,—in consequence, also, of our isolated situation, which has in some measure prevented us from drawing as frequent and accurate comparisons as we otherwise might have done between ourselves and other countries,—and lastly, in consequence of our somewhat unreflecting and unphilosophical turn of mind, we have become one of the most prejudiced of nations, one of those most blindly attached to our own country and institutions, and most intolerant of any foreign customs or ideas which are even in the slightest degree at variance with our own.

The ultimate results of a closer approximation to the state of society in other countries, it is to be hoped, will be favorable, though it is in vain to endeavor to prophesy with any confidence the more distant consequences. The immediate advantages however, are clear and apparent,—the increase, for instance, of the national wealth, advancement in political knowledge, the softening and removal of international asperities, of national, religious, and personal prejudices.

Being convinced, therefore, that these and other palpable advantages must result from it, we are naturally inclined to support any measure which in our estimation, may tend to promote an unrestrained intercourse with foreign nations, and to view with proportionate jealousy any obstacles or impediments which are thrown in its way, however imposing may be the pretext, or however pressing may be the occasion. Under the latter description must be included that absurd and mischievous invention of modern times, the quarantine system.

England is chiefly affected by these regulations in her intercourse with India, Greece and Turkey. With respect to these countries, with which we are closely connected, the so-called sanitary regulations looked upon both with reference to their present state and the probability of their further extension, bid fair to neutralize the advantages which we should otherwise have reaped from the contemplated improvements in the mode and line of travelling.

When however we venture to enter the lists in opposition to the plans and proceedings of plague-alarmists, we confess that we do not contemplate an easy and uncontested triumph; there are hosts of prejudices to be surmounted. In the first place there is something imposing, from its novelty and originality, as compared with the confined ideas of antiquity, in the very notion of marching armies, employing navies, building fortifications,—not to resist a foreign foe, but to make war upon the pestilence; of imprisoning, not subjects of a hostile potentate, but those who are supposed to have enlisted under the banners of the plague. We have too arrayed against us the defenders of things as they are, because they are, or because to themselves at least they are, profitable. Besides, we entreat our readers to reflect how much is implied in the very name of a board of health; how perfectly overpowering is the list; think of the learned doctors, English, French, German, Greek, Turkish and Egyptian; not to mention the vocabulary of French appellations, which no one surely would have taken the trouble to invent for any trifling or unimportant end. How horrible too, how dreadful, to think of letting the plague loose amongst mankind! We are, however, prepared for the worst. We shall proceed calmly and dispassionately to consider—1st, whether the quarantine regulations do really contribute to the attainment of their professed ends; and, 2ndly, on the supposition of their having some conceivable tendency to answer those ends, whether the benefits that are or may be produced by them do or do not preponderate over the evils inflicted.

For the statistics of the subject, and for professional opinions connected with it, we shall refer to the two publications which we have placed at the head of this article. The first pamphlet, which consists of observations addressed to the British Association, was published in 1838; the other, of which Mr. Holroyd is the author, is of the following year.

The part of the quarantine system to which we object, in the prosecution of which its supporters conceive themselves bound to interrupt the communications with infected places, is the forcible detention and imprisonment in lazarets of all who venture to intrude within the lim-



its of the *cordon sanitaire*. The first inquiry which we propose to make is one of a nature which is always duly appreciated by the English reader,—whether the lazaret system, that has been on trial for a considerable number of years, has actually promoted the objects for which it was designed,—whether it has prevented, or even tended to prevent, the ravages of the plague? To whom then must we apply as persons able and willing to give a competent opinion? Not, we answer, to the mass of the population, among those who suffer from the pestilence, because their opinion, for the most part, either goes with the stream, or is the mere echo of the event; they have neither opportunity nor inclination to trace effects to their causes; nor, again, can we put implicit faith in the loud and vehement protestations of the officials engaged in such establishments, and personally interested in their continuance.

The publications which we have introduced to the notice of our readers, seem to us to afford the opinions of that description of men whose opinion ought to be of most weight; of men neither interested, ignorant, nor inexperienced; of physicians of the first eminence, who have themselves witnessed the plague, who have treated it and made it their study, who have had themselves the most favorable opportunities of judging of the actual operation of the lazaret system. First, then, as to facts:—

“During the plague,” observes Dr. Bowring, “of 1835 the harem of the Pacha of Egypt consisted of about 300 persons: notwithstanding the severe cordon, the plague entered, and seven persons died within the cordon. The cordon itself consisted of 500 persons: these were in constant contact with the town, where the plague was violently raging, and of these 500 only three died; so that the proportion of those who died within the cordon to those who died without, was as four to one.”

At Alexandria the quarantine was established in 1831; what were its effects?

“It did not prevent the dreadful outbreak of the plague in 1834-5, which destroyed in Egypt probably 200,000 persons.”

Again in 1833,

“The average mortality, with good medical treatment, is 60 per cent, sometimes not more than 30; in the lazaret of Alexandria, fifteen out of twenty died, or 90 per cent.

“Odessa has frequently been quoted as having one of the best organized quarantine establishments in the world; yet not long ago the plague broke out in the lazaret, entered the town, destroyed a number of the inhabitants, and ceased at a certain season, as it usually does. Quarantines have been introduced, during the last seven years, by Mehemet Ali into his dominions of Syria and Egypt: has the plague, in consequence of these arrangements, visited Alexandria less? By no

means. Have the quarantines protected Damietta, Rosetta, Jaffa on the coasts—Damascus, or Jerusalem, or Cairo in the interior? Nobody can pretend they have."

The space of the present article will not permit us to multiply examples; suffice it to say, that a series of well-authenticated facts goes to prove, that the effects produced by the lazarets hitherto established, if not absolutely unfavorable to that health they affect to secure, have been of a nature so doubtful and problematic, as would scarcely form an element of calculation in the decision of a sensible man in any practical matter.

Let us examine the opinions of the physicians themselves. Thomas Gregson, M. D. says:—

"I consider them (quarantines) inefficient, and from their oppressive and partial operation they have, instead of diminishing, propagated the disease. One hundred persons have been sacrificed by being torn from their homes and thrust into crowded, overcharged and tainted lazarets."

The question put to Dr. Pruner by Mr. Holroyd, is as follows:—

"Do you consider quarantines a sufficient safeguard against the disease?"

Answer,—

"Not at all. It can only be a safeguard in countries where the plague is not endemical."

The opinion of Mr. Abbott, a medical man in the Pacha's fleet, is as follows:—

"I have never known any benefit to accrue from the numerous cordons that have at different times been established in this country."

Again, Clot Bey, a physician, who perhaps has had the most extensive experience in plague cases of any man living, is said to hold opinions unfavorable to the quarantine system. So also Gaetano Bey, physician to the Pacha.

Robert Thurburn, H. B. M. Consul, Alexandria:—

"The only good that, in my opinion, has resulted from the establishment of the board of health at Alexandria, is its having directed the attention of the government to improving and ventilating the habitations of the poorer classes, making drains, etc."

Captain Bonavia, superintendent of the lazaret at Malta:—

"The principal good (resulting from quarantine,) is the being received in free pratique in all the continent."

Such, then, are the opinions of men best qualified to decide upon this question, and who cannot be supposed to have any interested bias. As such, therefore, we trust they will have their proper weight with the public.

For our own part we confess, that the test of experience and the judgment of such men are almost sufficient of themselves to overthrow the present system. The issue of the question, however, has by many been made to depend upon the fact of the contagious or non-contagious nature of the malady. If, however, the present sanatory regulations are proved to be actually inefficient, they will remain so, whatever in this respect may be the nature of the plague. The arguments, however, in favor of quarantine, are built upon the supposition of its being a contagious malady; consequently the proof that it is not contagious, will, we apprehend, in the opinions of reflecting men, be sufficient to do away entirely with the supposed necessity of the present system of vexatious imprisonment, even under any modified or improved form. For with respect to the disease, in its sporadic, endemic, and epidemic forms, no one will pretend that the lazaret can be of use; nor, on the whole, can they be looked upon as safeguards against infection. In the case indeed of those within the cordon, they may, to a certain degree, prevent the chance of coming within the sphere of infection, in individual cases; but, on the other hand, they increase tenfold the chances of infection to those confined in the lazaret, and by the concentration of plague cases within a limited space, they have a tendency to create a focus of infection, to taint the atmosphere in the vicinity of the lazaret, and so to propagate the very disease they were intended to repel.

This being premised, we apprehend, by proving that the plague is not contagious, or if contagious, only slightly so—or, what is the same thing for all practical purposes, improbably contagious—that we shall have satisfactorily disposed of the merits of the quarantine system, even in the opinion of its staunchest advocates.

Now, in the first place, the opinions of all the individuals before alluded to are opposed to the idea of its being contagious. There is, indeed, one exception, an exception which, if any, may be said to prove the rule: for though his experience was extensive, we find, from his own admission, that the whole course of it tended to controvert his own opinion. When asked if he had witnessed any case of contagion, he answers, *no*; when questioned more particularly as to the case of sexual intercourse, he answers, *no*. He had also tested the nature of the disease in his own person, and his personal conspirers with his professional experience to stultify his own opinions.

We lay more particular stress upon the opinions of these individuals with respect to the point at present under discussion, because such men, and such men only, have the opportunity of extending their observation over a number of cases sufficiently large to enable them to take a just average; at the same time that they have every facility afforded them of observing those petty, and in themselves trifling circumstances, upon which the solution of the question depends,—of connecting in

short, in each particular case, the links of that chain of circumstances from which alone the power of forming the nice distinction between instances of contagion, and instances of infection can be derived.

There is also another circumstance under which these men were placed, which forms the very strongest corroboration of their testimony: they commenced practising on patients who had contracted a disease generally believed to be contagious; in fact, with preconceived notions of its contagious nature. It is therefore possible that inattentive practitioners might, under such circumstances, blindly cherish their old opinions in spite of facts, which, in order to produce their proper effect, required a certain degree of advertency, a certain application of judgment in the observer. It seems, however, morally impossible that they should ever come to the opposite opinion, except by such a process as the following; by observing, that throughout the course of their own experience, and that of others on whom they could rely, among the whole number of those patients who had come within the sphere of infection, the proportion of those who had been in actual contact with diseased persons was not greater than of those who had merely been exposed to infection.

We challenge then our antagonists to show how any practitioner, already prepossessed in favor of the contagious nature of the malady, could, with any degree of probability, be supposed to arrive at a contrary conclusion, except by the process above described. If, however, it be granted that this is the foundation of their altered judgment, is not the process, we beg to ask, a truly logical one? are not, in fact, their opinions founded on the strongest argument of which the case will admit?

We shall next proceed to consider the facts brought forward by Dr. Bowring and Mr. Holroyd tending to substantiate the previous opinions. We must however confess, as we wish to treat the question with perfect fairness, that we do not attach much importance to the instances which are adduced; not indeed that they, either in number, variety, or cogency, fall short of our reasonable expectation of what could be adduced within the compass of two short pamphlets, for they supply us with repeated instances in which those who lived in quarantine contracted the disease; on the other hand, they give the particulars of many cases of continued and repeated contact, where, notwithstanding, the individuals so circumstanced escaped contagion. With regard to the physicians themselves, they supply us with accounts of medical heroism, of which the details are scarcely sufficiently delicate for unprofessional ears; suffice it to say, that in the instances cited, they tested the contagious nature of the malady as completely as it could be tested, and yet escaped uninjured.

All these cases, however, are in our opinion open to an objection of considerable weight; in strict argument, they only prove what happened in those particular instances. It is not fair to draw an inference from them in prejudice of the existence of contagion; for what is proved concerning contact in these cases, might be proved concerning infection in other cases, and indeed actually is proved



in the particular cases adduced, inasmuch as contact necessarily implies proximity. No one, however, doubts that the plague is infectious, and to a great degree. In order to be of any real value in argument, the cases adduced ought to have comprised a considerable proportion of the whole number of those who escaped infection. On that supposition, if it appeared that as many or nearly as many, had resisted both contagion and infection as had escaped the danger of infection alone, then it would have been fair to infer, that contagion either did not exist at all, or, if at all, to a very inconsiderable extent.

Some of the facts, however, incidentally adduced, are of a nature sufficiently extended to serve as proofs of the absence of contagion. A case is brought forward of an infirmerian. This individual, whilst suffering from plague, had touched about 200 hospital patients who, from the weakness of their constitutions, must have been supposed peculiarly liable to suffer from such contact. None of the patients, however, actually did catch the disease. This then, would have been a remarkable circumstance, even if the plague were only infectious. If, however, we suppose according to the received opinion, that contact greatly increases the danger, it becomes almost miraculous. Another fact is brought forward. More contagionist-physicians, more who used precautions against coming in contact with their patients, caught the malady, than even of those who ambitiously courted contact in all its forms. It is most singular again, on the supposition of the contagious nature of the malady, that, though several instances are adduced where sexual intercourse did not transmit the disease, the experience of none of the physicians to whom the question was put, could supply them with a case of the contrary description. There is another point, which has really an important bearing on the question at issue. These individuals, extensive as their experience undoubtedly has been, and anxious as they evidently were to apply every possible test to the disease, could produce no single instance of the transmission of the disease by inoculation alone, in a case in which there was no room for infection. These facts we take to be of importance, and such as will go a considerable way towards producing conviction in any unprejudiced mind.

In order, however, to relieve what we fear will be by many of our readers considered rather an uninteresting subject, let us glance for one moment at the entertaining account given by Dr. Bowring, of the arguments employed by some of the Levantine contagionists: they will serve at the same time to amuse, and to give us some idea upon what slight, unsatisfactory, and even ridiculous grounds, a notion, which has once put itself in tow with popular belief, may maintain its influence: he writes as follows:—

“The plague breaks out in a house—the strictest quarantine has been kept. Invention is immediately on the rack to discover how the plague has penetrated. In cases reported to me at Alexandria and Cairo, where it was not pretended that the door had been entered or any communication taken place with the town, the entrance of the plague was thus account-

ed for. First, in an instance where a very timid person, a contagionist, who was attacked and died with the plague, had shut himself up in his chamber, it was found that his son had for his amusement let up a kite from the roof of the house, and it was supposed that the kite-string had been touched by a bird, which bird was imagined to have come from an infected part of the city; the plague entered the house down the string of the kite, and the son's father became the victim."

There is originality in this. Accounts of birds destroyed by kites are usual: this, however, is the first time within our recollection, that we have heard of a bird pouncing upon a kite, and then carrying off an old gentleman.

"In another case, where the plague had entered a house kept in the strictest quarantine, a cat had been seen to spring into a basket of clothes, thence to leap into the window of the house in question. It was said, the clothes belonged to some family which probably had the plague; but at all events the cat was the only intruder which had violated the cordon, and was therefore the introducer of the disease.

"In a third instance, an Arab girl had hung a shirt out of the window to dry, the plague attacked the house, and I was told there could be no doubt but that somebody in passing the street had touched the shirt, and was thus the cause of the introduction of the malady. Often have I heard its introduction attributed to dogs! cats!! rats!!! and even flies!!!!"

Dr. Bowring proceeds to ask, "If the plague be thus introduceable, what quarantine regulations can guard against it?" As this question, in spite of their ingenuity, may prove rather puzzling to the Levantines, we beg leave to suggest one or two expedients. With respect to dogs, nothing can be easier than to put up Pickwickian notices addressed to the animals themselves, warning them not to trespass on the premises in quarantine on pain of prosecution. As again cats are in the habit of intruding when the window is open, we recommend the Levantines to adopt the simple expedient said to have been suggested to a certain noble lord, when he complained of the flies entering when his mouth was open,—viz. to shut the same. With respect to rats, we have still less scruple in dealing with them: they are for the most part Norwegians, and therefore aliens; they are neither an industrious nor indeed honest part of the population: they only contribute to swell the number of the petty depredators, who are too dexterous even for the new police: why not issue a general edict of proscription? that as they are said to have transported themselves hither of their own accord, they may be transported back again on compulsion. The flies, however, are the most insidious enemies. The Levant, it seems, from Dr. Bowring's account, is plentifully stored with peris, vampires, dgins, and ghosts: we apprehend, however, that the Levantines must deeply regret the circumstance, that the more ancient deities, who presided over the destruction of flies, are out of date,—that the Philistine Beel-

zebug, and more especially the Ζεὺς ἀσώματος of their ancestors, no longer exert their influence. If, however, it be true, as some aver, that these absent deities were in the habit of swallowing flies, we cannot seriously blame them for deserting their posts; a single mouthful of plague-flies must have given them a surfeit, and sown their divine intestines with such a profusion of plague-boils, as to require the utmost skill of Hippocrates to eradicate.

No chance then being left of supernatural aid, the only human means we can conscientiously recommend are flytraps. When, however, they have recourse to such severe expedients, let them not forget that the plague is rather a misfortune than a crime. Confinement in the fly-lazaretto should not be continued one moment longer than the necessity of the case strictly requires. The latent stage in a fly will not probably last half as long as in a man. Probably two days' quarantine, with no case of plague reported, would be amply sufficient to put them in pratique.

Dr. Bowring proceeds—

"I cannot avoid mentioning here, that M. Estienne, a late writer on plague, attributes its introduction into Leghorn to a mummy, which after twenty centuries of interment was unrolled at that place."

M. Estienne certainly deserves great credit for this discovery: we really do not think that any one was likely to have made it except himself. The truth, however, once divulged, every one wonders at his own stupidity in not finding it out before. Where indeed should the plague rage, if not in a catacomb? There imperfect ventilation breeds malaria; want of food produces a weak habit of body, predisposing to contagion; not to mention the extreme age of the mummies, the want of medical attendance, clean linen, and, more than all, of a quarantine establishment.

Such amusing absurdities, however, are not confined to the Levantine population. The old maxim, that wisdom is not of all hours, is corroborated by the proceedings of those sage and learned corporations—the Boards of Health. For instance, Mr. Holroyd gives us an account of the visit of two Beys, Hekekyan Effendi and Muktar Bey, to Alexandria, whilst the plague was raging:—

"The two Beys communicated with Alexandria, where the plague was raging previous to their sailing for Beyrout, and it appears they were not placed in quarantine upon their arrival in the latter port. They most completely communicated with Beyrout, and yet were not placed in quarantine on their return to Alexandria. And lastly, they most completely communicated with Deir El Kammar and other parts of Mount Lebanon, the inhabitants of which had daily intercourse with Beyrout after the existence of the plague was discovered, and previously to the establishment of the cordon. Fear therefore might have been reasonably entertained of the two Beys having received the infection of the plague, and of their giving it to others."

Again he writes—

“The quarantine of seven days at the Pines was not equally enforced—and only a little interest with the authorities was sufficient to avoid detention. A *teskeré*, or order from the government, procured through the medium of a consulate, was considered equivalent to seven days’ purification; and I was informed that the mules and muleteers which brought a noble lord and suite to Beyrout during the time of the plague were allowed, after having communicated most completely with the town, to pass the *cordon sanitaire*; the British consul having obtained a *teskeré* for them to proceed without the penalty of undergoing quarantine.”

Hence we presume the Board of Health would leave us to infer, that though ordinary men are subject to contagion, beys, noble lords, and government officials, are unsusceptible personages. There is an antiquated record in the annals of English history, of the sea having slighted the authority of a king. However contumacious the sea may have proved itself in ancient times, it seems the pestilence has advanced in civilization; it is too well-bred to think of annoying a Turkish bey or an English nobleman.

Another remarkable feature in the proceedings is, that when the plague is actually raging within a town, the quarantine is not relaxed; when the fortress is actually in the hands of the enemy, the sentinels man the outworks with the same scrupulous military exactness; they even, for some profound inscrutable reason, detain travellers from less infected towns, or even from those that are actually free from infection.

Mr. Holroyd writes—

“After some little delay I was allowed to proceed to the town, (Beyrout,) and ascertained that the plague had existed there a month; that during that period thirty persons had been attacked, and of these ten had died. It was reported that no plague had existed in the town for six days preceding the 10th of June. At this time the plague was existing at Alexandria, and merchandize and passengers from thence were put into the lazaret at Beyrout.

“I may mention, that at the time these sanatory regulations were in force at Beyrout, there was a quarantine upon vessels leaving this port and arriving at Alexandria, where the plague was committing still greater ravages. The period was twenty-one days for passengers arriving by steamers and men-of-war, and twenty-five for those who had come by vessels carrying merchandise.”

Hence we are led to conclude, that it was below the dignity of these incorporated sages to notice the insignificant fact, that every individual walking the streets of Alexandria, (even though cased in unsusceptible proof, and being in the habit of digging his anticontagionist cane into the dangerous bosoms of all who approached him,) was yet a fitter subject for the lazaretto than the newly-arrived strangers! The proceedings seem to us the same as if a lunacy commissioner, in order to pre-



vent a maniac from doing himself mischief, were to send his next neighbor to the asylum. When, however, we allude to commissioners of lunacy, let us not be misinterpreted. Let it not be supposed for a moment that there is any covert allusion to boards of health,—any insinuation that they have mentally transgressed the *cordon sanitaire*. The plan which we propose, is to issue a commission, not of lunacy, but merely of inquiry.

We cannot again withhold our censure from one portion of Dr. Bowring's pamphlet, where he endeavors to make us believe that certain interest-begotten prejudices—the love of power, patronage, or profit—have influenced the medical practitioners connected with boards of health to uphold the useless system of lazarets. Such imputations are, to say the least of them, uncharitable in the extreme, particularly since better and purer motives can be so easily suggested. Cannot Dr. Bowring, we ask, picture to his mind a physician of humane temperament, who may feel distressed at the idea of profiting by the bodily pains and sufferings of his fellow-creatures? What then can be more natural for such an one than to seek, not indeed to desert the patient, (for that would be cruel,) but to derive some portion at least of his income from a source less painful to his feelings—from the impatient?

A truce, however, to these digressions, and let us return to the more important points of the question. We have already brought forward facts and opinions sufficient to prove both the past inefficacy of the quarantine system, and the high improbability that any system of imprisonment, however wisely administered, should be productive of real benefit; inasmuch as the arguments of the defenders of the system appear to be based on a false foundation, viz. on the belief that the disease is highly contagious. We are bold enough to imagine, that if the only evil attending the present system were the cost of building and repairing lazarets, we have said enough to warrant the abolition of them. In order, however, to form anything approaching to a fair opinion of the whole system, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the other side of the picture,—at the many and great evils of which quarantine regulations are the cause, at the impediments they throw in the way of commerce, the intolerable vexations which they bring upon a number of individuals, and the infringements upon personal liberty which they impose.

Yet how often in the world is there occasion to observe, that when the fear of one particular evil has once seized upon the imagination, all other considerations, all reasonable computations of happiness, all attempts to compare one evil with another, and so to arrive at a really sensible conclusion, are altogether set aside! Not unfrequently even the bewildered alarmist, to avoid one evil, plunges into a greater, or to avoid the smaller, goes out of the way to incur a greater chance of the very evil he is anxious to escape.

Dr. Bowring affords the following summary of the evils produced by the quarantine system:—

"When honored by a mission from Her Majesty's government to inquire into the present state of our commercial relations in the East, my attention was naturally and necessarily called to those regulations which impede the free transit of merchandise, which levy enormous contributions upon commerce, which subject travellers to visitations and arrests the most capricious and the most despotic, and which have created in almost every state, tribunals holding unchecked and irresponsible authority over persons and property; exercising that authority in arbitrary waywardness, and allowing the sufferer no appeal against injury, no redress for wrong."

This is Dr. Bowring's description of the evils attending the quarantine system. If, however, we descend a little more into particulars, our readers will be able to form their own opinion of their nature and extent.

First, then, with respect to the health of the unfortunate victims of the quarantine system.

"Many of the lazarets are in singularly unhealthy situations. At Beyrout, I found not only that many persons who had arrived in good health had perished in the lazarets of the plague, but that many had died of dysenteries and other disorders, from which they were perfectly free when they entered. No plan could be devised more likely to create perilous or contagious elements, than bringing suffering and diseased people together; creating about them a deleterious atmosphere, and delivering them over to the annoyance of an Oriental quarantine. In the lazaret at Syra, for example, where the exactions are monstrous, and where lately there was not even a water-proof roof to shelter an invalid, I have seen a person come out of his imprisonment having had his garments devoured by rats, and his person disfigured by multitudinous vermin."

The secrecy of private correspondence is shamefully violated.

"Under the plea of a regard for the public health, all letters are opened, all travellers are arrested and imprisoned, all commodities are subjected to regulations the most unintelligible, costly and vexatious. It is not averred that a letter has ever introduced the plague; but obstruction, delay, violation of the secrecy of correspondence, and often destruction of the correspondence itself, are the consequences of the quarantine system."

Then there is the unmitigated, uncontrolled tyranny exercised by the men in authority.

"If there be a spot in the world placed beyond the control of public opinion, it is a lazaret. Believed, as it is, to be an invention for public security, the tyranny, the extortions, the injuries which are inflicted within it escape all animadversion. Discussion as to its organization, its laws, its judicature, seems wholly excluded."

Then there is the time wasted. According to Mr. Holroyd's account, even when there are no cases of plague on board, three weeks is about the usual time of quarantine,—in Corfu twenty-five days. If then an instance is supposed, which must often happen, of a vessel having to observe two or three quarantines in its voyage, how greatly must the expense be increased! what chance can a merchant have of calculating the time of arrival or return? As for travellers, such an interruption must, in the generality of cases, either put a stop to their progress, or, if they are unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of boards of health, they must perforce consent to receive at their hands the most unpleasant substitute that can easily be imagined for the contemplated pleasures of their tour.

Besides, there is another kind of injury, which has already been experienced, and is always to be apprehended from these sanatory regulations. It is not only a number of individuals who endure, or boards of health that inflict, this abominable and useless tyranny; it must be also remembered what a convenient engine a lazaret is in the hands of a government, how well adapted to carry into effect any sinister designs. If there be any jealousy of English commerce, what pretext so plausible, what instrument so effectual, for ruining our commercial interests? If an encroaching power, as for instance Russia, desires to bring an army to bear upon a certain point without alarming its victim or giving other powers a pretext for interfering,—if a foreign nation is gradually and systematically to be tutored into dependence,—if the subject is to be accustomed and insensibly habituated to the degradation of a despotic government, what so convenient as a quarantine establishment?

We shall close our evidence upon this point by transcribing the account of the actual effects of the quarantine at Alexandria in 1835.

It is thus described by Dr. Bowring:—

"Were I willing or able to awaken your sympathies by pictures of human suffering, were it necessary in the pursuit of truth to appeal to the excitable passions, I would endeavor to describe the horrors which the isolation of infected houses and other quarantine regulations brought with them into Egypt. Impotent, wholly impotent, to stop the progress of the disease, which raged, and raged more intensely as the measures which were taken to arrest it became more and more cruel and severe, they created an additional mass of misery beyond all power of calculation. The plague, no doubt, had its awful mission of desolation and death, but the quarantine let loose other murderous missionaries, more barbarous and pitiless: in the name of civilization they made men savages; in the name of humanity they inflicted hunger and thirst, intolerable suffering, frightful starvation. They spread distrust and terror where calmness and resignation existed before; they tore asunder, they uprooted all sympathies, all charities, when misery most demanded their aid and support. To acknowledge that a case of plague had broken out in a family, was to subject that family to imprisonment and uncontrolled

despotism. Hence the dead were flung into the public streets, or buried and allowed to putrefy in the dwellings where they died."

Now the plague is undoubtedly a terrible scourge, but are not lazarets also a terrible scourge? The time, money, correspondence, persons, health of a multitude of individuals, are all subjected to the most absolute tyranny. An instrument of foreign invasion, of despotism, and of international injury is placed at the disposal of governments; and in such cases as that of Alexandria, the most shocking horrors that can be presented to the imagination are the consequences. If then we were to allow for a moment, that the quarantine regulations are in most cases an effective preventive of the plague, yet even then we should refuse our concurrence in the imposition of a certain evil, almost, if not quite, as dreadful, merely on the chance (however great that chance might be) of removing what is in itself a contingent evil. Believing however, as we do, that with respect to its very objects the system is utterly inefficient, if not pernicious,—being persuaded also that there are other means, such as ventilation of houses, cleansing of streets, clearing of drains and sewers, prompt medical attendance, and a supply of wholesome food, which are universally allowed to have a strong effect in preventing and palliating the evils of the pestilence,—we cannot close this article without expressing our strongest and most earnest wishes that this useless, oppressive, and only not ridiculous because revolting and horrible system may be speedily abolished.

In order to arrive at this desirable end, we see no more effective plan which can be adopted than that of sending out a commission, selected chiefly from the medical profession, to collect full and complete information on the subject; for we cannot conceive that proceedings involving so much absurdity, and productive of such complicated evils, could long resist the effect produced by the report of a body of enlightened inquirers.

#### ARTICLE IV.

##### SKETCHES AND PORTRAITS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MAHOMEDAN DOMINION IN INDIA.

(Continued from page 107.)

From the Asiatic Journal, May, 1842.

THE confederates were highly elated by their victory near Ougein, and Murad was eager to follow up his success, and to advance immediately to Agra; but Aurungzebe checked his impatience by representing the necessity of first sounding the dispositions of the principal



nobles about the court, and ascertaining how far their assistance could be reckoned upon. The advices which he received from the capital were soon sufficiently encouraging on this point, and the allied army resumed its march to the northward.

In the meantime, Dara had been highly enraged at the news of the recent reverse of his arms. He attributed it, not without reason, to the treachery of his general, and determined no longer to entrust the care of his fortunes to a deputy, but to take the field in person. His father and his wisest counsellors strove in vain to dissuade him from this resolution. The former was well aware of Dara's unpopularity, and had little confidence in his military skill, and he was anxious that he should at least wait till he could be joined by his son Soliman, who was returning, flushed with victory, from Bengal. But though the old emperor ostensibly espoused the cause of Dara, and would probably have preferred his success to that of any of his competitors, he was really desirous that the dissensions between his children should be brought to an amicable issue. He foresaw that, to whatever side victory might incline in the impending contest, the result could not be otherwise than calamitous to himself. He must expect to behold the conqueror sacrificing his brothers to his security and resentment; and even for himself, deposition and perpetual imprisonment were the lightest fate he could hope for. As a last expedient to avert this doom, he proposed, in spite of his age and infirmities, to place himself at the head of the army, and march against the allied brothers.

It is probable that, if he had been permitted to take this step, he would have succeeded in restoring peace without a blow, and have averted, for a time, the impending ruin of his family; for, by this proof of his resumption of the imperial authority, he would have deprived his rebellious sons of every pretext for opposition, and either have shamed them into obedience, or have caused the desertion of their adherents. Dara, however, would not consent to an arrangement which from the almost uncontrolled direction of affairs, would replace him in a secondary station; he had, besides, an overweening confidence in himself, and was unwilling to admit any sharer in the glory which seemed to be within his reach. He refused, therefore, either to give up the command to his father, or to wait for the arrival of his own son, and having assembled a numerous and well-appointed army, consisting of 100,000 horse, with 20,000 foot, and eighty pieces of artillery, he set out in search of Aurungzebe and Murad. The two armies came in sight of each other about sixty miles from Agra, at the river Chambul, where Dara drew up his troops on the north bank, and strengthened his position with entrenchments. The allies encamped on the opposite side of the river, but their whole force was less than 40,000 strong, and it would have been the extreme of rashness to have attempted to force a passage with such disproportioned numbers. Aurungzebe, therefore, decamped in the night, leaving his tents standing to deceive the enemy, and had crossed the river some miles lower down before Dara became acquainted with his movements. The latter was now

compelled to abandon his entrenchments, and to return in all haste towards Agra, to prevent Aurungzebe from getting possession of that capital, where besides the person and treasures of the emperor, he would have found many partizans. By forced marches, he succeeded in this object, and arrived first at a place about five miles from Agra, then called Samaghur, but better known since by the name of Futteabad, or the Place of Victory, the Indian equivalent for the more euphonious Nicæa of the ancient Greeks. Here he encamped, and awaited the arrival of his brothers, who were not long in making their appearance.

The barren plain, selected by the rival competitors for empire as the arena on which their claims were to be decided, was now covered with a strange and motley population. Indian armies, at this period, were composed chiefly of foreign mercenaries, and in their ranks might frequently be found the representatives of most nations of both Europe and Asia. Arabs, Turks, Persians, Affghans, Tartars, and Rajpoots are enumerated among the races from which the troops of Dara were drawn, and the movements of so many myriads of horsemen (for almost every man was mounted,) and the endless varieties of form and feature, costume and arms, observable amongst them, must have constituted a very animated and interesting spectacle. The army of the confederates was composed of elements equally heterogeneous, but, owing to its having been enlisted farther to the south, it probably contained a larger proportion of Indians. One important advantage which it possessed consisted in the greater number of Europeans—Portuguese, English, French, Germans, and Dutch—whom the vicinity of the factories on the Malabar coast to the viceroalties of Aurungzebe and Murad, had enabled the latter to engage in their service. These adventurers were employed chiefly as artillerymen.

Ever since their junction, Aurungzebe had continued to treat his younger brother with the utmost respect and deference; but he had, nevertheless, by right of his superior experience and reputation, retained in his own hands the principal direction of the campaign, and he now, as usual, took upon himself the disposal of the troops for battle. He caused the heavy guns to be ranged in a line in front, joined together with chains, for the purpose of obstructing the advance of the enemy's horse, and immediately behind these he placed the camel artillery (camels carrying swivels on their backs,) and the match-lock men, whose fire was intended to annoy the assailants in their attempts to break through the first line of guns. At some distance in the rear, sufficient to enable them to charge at a gallop, were drawn up the cavalry, the main strength of the army, divided into three bodies, of which the right wing was commanded by Murad, and the left by Aurungzebe's son Mohammed, while he himself, mounted like Murad, on an elephant, took his station in the centre. Here and there among the troops were placed a few rocket-men, whose missiles, imperfect as they were, and better calculated to frighten than to hurt, will be found to have contributed more than any thing else to determine the fate of the day.

On the other side, Dara took his place in the centre, giving the command of the left wing, where most of the Rajpoots were posted, to Rustam Khan, a general of high reputation, and of the right to Khalil Khan.

The hostile armies confronted each other for nearly two days, and the battle did not commence till the third morning, when Dara directed Rustam Khan to charge the enemy's right wing, while he himself, mounted on an elephant, and surrounded by a squadron of cavalry, led on the main attack against the centre. As he was crossing the plain, his troops suffered much from the well-served artillery of the confederates, and showed some symptoms of wavering, but they were re-assured by the example of Dara, who continued to advance steadily, cheering his followers at the same time by words and gestures, till they reached the line of guns drawn up in front of the enemy. They were long unable to break through this barrier, and were repeatedly repulsed by the fire of the camel battery and musketeers, but returned as frequently to renew the attempt. While Aurungzebe was engaged in opposing these attacks, Murad on his right was still more hardily pressed. He had first to encounter a body of 3,000 Usbecks, who showered their arrows fast and thick, and singling out the person of Murad, whose position on his elephant made him a conspicuous object, they stuck the howdah, or castle, in which he sat, with his little son by his side, so full of arrows, that it was long afterwards preserved as a curiosity; and one who saw it, says it bristled like a porcupine's back. These marksmen of the desert retired only to make way for still more formidable assailants, the Rajpoots, who again displayed that frantic valor, which can only be explained by attributing it in part to the influence of opium, to the use of which the whole nation is much addicted. The line of guns, whether it did not extend so far in this direction, or could be easily turned at the extremity, does not seem to have presented any obstacle to the advance of the Rajpoots, or to have prevented them from rushing on the enemy with their usual impetuosity. Rajah Ram Sing, their leader, clothed with a saffron robe, and with a chaplet of pearls on his head, forced his way to Murad's elephant, hurled his pike at the prince, and was endeavoring, by threats, to make the driver cause the elephant to kneel down, when an arrow from Murad's bow, stretched him lifeless on the earth. His death served only to stimulate still more the fury of his followers, who fought "like lions" to avenge his death, and, notwithstanding the example of Murad, who, though covered with wounds and blood, pressed forward wherever the fight was thickest, his troops must have been overpowered by the united force of valor and numbers, but for the seasonable arrival of a reinforcement detached to his assistance from the left wing. Aurungzebe himself was too busily employed to be able to spare any troops from his own division, for Dara had at length surmounted the obstacles which had hitherto impeded him, and quickly dispersing the camels and musketeers, bore down upon the cavalry behind. A fierce conflict ensued; flights of arrows were first discharged, and the combatants then engaged hand to hand; but Dara's

troops, aided by the impetus of their onset, and having the further advantage of threefold numbers, succeeded ere long in dispersing their opponents. At this moment of danger, the coolness and intrepidity of Aurungzebe did not forsake him. Although his soldiers were scattered in confusion over the plain, and only a few hundred remained near him, he still presented a bold face to the enemy, and would not despair of the fortunes of the day. Calling to his men by name, and reminding them of their exploits in the Deckan, "God is with us," he exclaimed, "what hope is there in flight?" And to show how far such a course was from his own thoughts, he ordered chains to be brought to fasten the feet of his elephant. This strange pantomimic metaphor was not without its effect on the spectators, many of whom rallied around their undaunted chieftain, and enabled him to maintain his ground. This stage of the contest was signalized by another extraordinary act of Rajpoot daring. Rajah Roup Sing threw himself from his horse, and running up to Aurungzebe's elephant, began to cut the girths with his sword. Even at such a moment, Aurungzebe was magnanimous enough to admire the boldness of his assailant, and endeavored, though in vain, to save him from the fury of his men, by whom he was almost immediately cut to pieces.

In the mean time, Dara, though eager to engage Aurungzebe in person, had not yet been able to come up with him, owing to the difficulties of the ground, which, in this part of the plain, was much intersected by the trenches used in the East for the purpose of irrigation. He was, however, gradually approaching with an overwhelming force, when, fortunately for Aurungzebe, Murad, who had by this time succeeded in repelling the Rajpoots, found leisure to advance to his relief. Taking Dara in flank, he compelled that prince to abandon his meditated attack on Aurungzebe, and to attend to his own defence; but, notwithstanding this diversion, the advantage was still manifestly on the side of Dara, who would probably soon have made himself master of the field, but for an accident, which completely reversed the posture of affairs. The elephant on which Dara rode was struck by a rocket, and became so unmanageable, that Dara was obliged to throw himself from its back with the utmost precipitation, leaving even his arms and slippers behind. His sudden disappearance led to the belief that he was killed, and his soldiers, fancying that they had no longer either a leader or an object for fighting, were seized with consternation. The allied troops, on the other hand, highly exhilarated by the same cause, pressed eagerly forward on the scarcely resisting foe, now become careless of success, and only anxious for safety, and soon routed them irrecoverably. Dara himself, at the head of a few followers, was obliged to join in the general flight; and victory, which a moment before was hovering over his head, remained to crown his half-defeated antagonists.

The right wing of Dara's army had taken no part in the battle, either because it had been intended to act as a reserve, or owing to the disaffection of its commander, Khalil Khan. This nobleman had formerly been bastinadoed by Dara's order, and the indignity, though by no



means uncommon in the East, where corporal punishment is applied indiscriminately to school-boys and prime ministers, sunk deeply into his mind, and made him anxious for revenge. Immediately after the battle he joined Aurungzebe with the whole of his division.

The allies halted three days on the field before they resumed their march to Agra, of which city they took possession immediately; without, however, at first making any attempt on the citadel, which was occupied by the Emperor Shahjehan. Aurungzebe spent several days in negotiation with his father, but finding it impossible to allay his resentment, or to obtain his sanction to his rebellious proceedings, he was at last compelled to seize the citadel, and place the emperor's person under restraint. He then, in company with Murad, set out in pursuit of Dara, who had fled towards Lahore in hopes of obtaining the assistance of the governors of that and the adjoining provinces. Up to this time, Aurungzebe had preserved the same demeanor towards Murad as he had exhibited on their first meeting, behaving to him with the utmost submissiveness, and representing him to his followers as their sovereign. Immediately after the late battle, in which Murad had received several wounds, Aurungzebe hastened to congratulate him on his good fortune in having secured the empire, and wiping the dust and blood from his face, affected the deepest sympathy in his sufferings. Murad was now convalescent, and one day after they had left Agra, Aurungzebe invited him to supper in his tent, where he provided a sumptuous banquet, at which, in spite of his own religious scruples, the wines of Shiraz and Cabool were abundantly supplied. Murad had inherited from many of his ancestors a violent passion for the forbidden liquor, and indulged his propensity so freely on this occasion, that he was soon perfectly intoxicated. In this state he was found by Aurungzebe, who had availed himself of his habitual temperance as an excuse for retiring early from table, and being apprized of Murad's helpless condition, now re-entered the room, and found him lying on the floor. Spurning the body with his foot, he uttered an exclamation of disgust and contempt for the drunkard who aspired to be a king, and ordered him to be seized and bound, and conveyed the same night to Delhi on an elephant. Three other elephants were despatched at the same time, in different directions, to prevent the place of Murad's confinement from becoming known. From Delhi he was transferred to the strong fortress of Gwalior, now the capital of Scindia's territories, but then used as the principal state prison of the Mogul emperors. An attempt at escape, which he made two or three years afterwards, increased the apprehensions of Aurungzebe, already uneasy at Murad's popularity with the multitude, among whom songs were constantly circulated in praise of his valor and liberality. He, therefore, determined to destroy him; but, in order to silence the reproaches of his own conscience by an appearance of justice, he instigated the son of a merchant of Ahmedabad, who had been wrongfully put to death by Murad, to demand vengeance on the murderer. A public trial took place, in which Murad was capitally convicted, and he was executed in prison in pursuance of his sentence.

The conduct of Aurungzebe to Murad, in the transactions just related, has been almost unanimously considered as loading his character with infamy, and fixing on it indelibly the stains of hypocrisy and perfidy; his professions of disinterestedness and of attachment to his young brother are assumed to have been false from the beginning, and all the steps by which he finally reached the throne are regarded as the results of a premeditated scheme. Even if all this were true, it would still be possible to admire the consummate skill with which he executed a project so beset with difficulties, and to find excuses for his villainy in the difficulties of his position, which compelled him to use deceit in self-preservation. But we are not content to resort to these expedients. The failings of Aurungzebe were too numerous and too glaring to allow of his being metamorphosed into a hero by the utmost perversion of ingenuity, and we are not sufficiently infected with the malady, so aptly styled the *furor biographicus*, to make the attempt; but we feel bound to clear his reputation from unmerited obloquy, and trust that we shall be able to show that this portion of his history does not deserve all the virtuous indignation which it has excited, or at least that it does not afford ground for the specific charges alluded to above.

When Dara's threatening proceedings compelled his brothers to take up arms in their own defence, Aurungzebe was in no condition to start as a candidate for empire. The troops at his own disposal must certainly have been less than 100,000 in number, and even when he had been joined by the 20,000 under Meer Jumla's command, his whole army was still less than one-sixth of the forces which Dara or even Sujah could bring into the field. To expect, therefore, with his inadequate means, to overcome two such formidable rivals, one of whom, moreover, had possession of the capital, together with the imperial treasure and the person of the emperor, while the other drew his resources from the richest province of the empire, would have been madness, rather than boldness, and was quite inconsistent with a character in which prudence formed a predominant feature. Besides, Aurungzebe, though not devoid of ambition, was utterly indifferent to the luxury and splendor which, in the eyes of most men, constitute the chief attractions of a crown, and he was conscious of possessing resources within himself which made him independent of external circumstances, and would enable him to discover means of enjoyment in a private station. From early youth, he had practised the abstinence of an ascetic, often subsisting on the earnings of his own labors, and always contenting himself with the simplest food and clothing. Much of his time was spent in prayer, meditation, and recitations of the *Koran*. He had long talked of openly assuming the habit of a faqueer, and retiring altogether from the world, to spend the rest of his days in solitude and devotion, and it is not incredible that he may have thought seriously of carrying this design into effect, at a time when, if it were to be executed at all, it could no longer be deferred with safety. The sincerity of his intention need not be doubted, unless we are also prepared to deny the genuineness of his religious sentiments, which is sufficiently attested by the consistency

of his subsequent as well as his previous conduct, and which is certainly more easy to believe than that he should have constantly persisted in a course of self-privation and mortification. To us, indeed, the part of a hypocrite seems so difficult to play, and the advantages arising from it so very small in proportion to the inconveniences to which it subjects the unfortunate performer, that we almost question the existence of the *genus*, and whenever we see a man wearing the mask of religion over his moral deformity, we are always inclined to think that he is himself the principal dupe of his own deceptive arts.

Aurangzebe, however, felt that no submissiveness on his part would secure him from molestation by Dara, who had always evinced a particular dislike towards him, and had often sneeringly avowed his apprehensions of his "devout" brother. Aurangzebe, besides returning these feelings, was filled with horror at Dara's impiety, and no doubt expressed his real sentiments when he declared that he, as well as Sujah, was on that account unfit to reign. Nothing remained for him, therefore, but to embrace the cause of Murad, as the most unexceptionable of the three candidates for the throne, and the only one from whom he could hope for protection, and all his professions and promises to that prince may, in spite of his subsequent proceedings, have originally been perfectly sincere. Indeed, his behavior up to almost the last moment favors this supposition; but, when the rich, and as he had supposed, unattainable prize, the reward of so much personal toil and danger, was at length within his reach, he could not bring himself to resign it to another, whom he could not but see to be much less worthy of it: he had to choose between the most enviable and the most melancholy of earthly stations; between a regal palace and a hermit's cell; and it is not wonderful that his virtue was not proof against a temptation too severe for human weakness. But it does not follow that, because he yielded at last, he had, therefore, made no resistance; nor because ambition triumphed in this instance, that, therefore, ambition was ever the predominant passion of his soul; neither is it any aggravation of his guilt, that he formed virtuous resolutions, though he was unable to keep them. Yet thus it is that the world judges, commonly treating the consistent offender with more leniency than the man whose previously blameless life is at length sullied by a crime, and who may rest assured that, from that moment, every noble and generous action will be construed into an additional proof of his hypocrisy. It is scarcely possible to open any history of Aurangzebe without perceiving how much this has been the case with him.

If Aurangzebe can be acquitted of premeditated perfidy, his offence against Murad resolves itself into a simple breach of promise, for his subsequent treatment of that unfortunate prince, atrocious as it appears at first sight, was the necessary consequence of the first step, and is, moreover, capable of being excused on other grounds. When the sons of Shajehan started as rival candidates for the throne, each was aware that he was engaging in a struggle for life or death, and could expect no quarter from his opponents; but, on the other hand, he considered

that he would be at liberty, if he got them into his power, to consign them to the fate they intended for him. This was the relation which Dara, Sujah, and Murad bore to each other, and which Aurungzebe bore to the two former; and this would have been his relation to Murad also, if he had at once avowed himself his rival. His delay to do so, whether the result of treachery or of genuine, though transitory, disinterestedness, as it did not relieve him from the liabilities, so neither could it deprive him of the rights, of an open enemy, when he at length declared himself. After Murad became aware of Aurungzebe's rivalry, he would certainly have neglected no opportunity of destroying him, and in removing a danger which threatened his life, Aurungzebe was only obeying the law of self-preservation. The same plea may be urged in extenuation of the execution of Dara, as well as of the death of Soliman, if common report was correct in attributing that event also to the arts of Aurungzebe. To have spared their lives might have been more generous, but there is nothing in the course which was actually pursued to excite either astonishment or indignation. We may sympathize with the unfortunate victims, and deplore the necessity which so often converts Oriental princes into fratricides; but, before we plume ourselves on our superior humanity, let us consult our national annals, and, without going farther back, recollect how glorious Queen Bess murdered her cousin; and we may then, perhaps, be disposed to doubt whether the unnatural barbarity, which has so much shocked us, is a peculiarity of the Asiatic constitution.

In the course of these remarks, we have anticipated the melancholy end of Dara, and his son Soliman. We must now return to notice the events which led to those results, though, as we are not writing a history, but merely selecting a few circumstances which illustrate most strongly the character of Aurungzebe, or the spirit of his age, a very slight outline will be sufficient for our purpose.

At the time of the battle of Samaghur, Soliman was returning from Bengal, at the head of his victorious army; but the news of his father's defeat caused the immediate desertion of almost all his troops, and compelled him to take refuge with the Rajah of Sirinagur, a mountainous territory north-east of Delhi, at the foot of the Himalayas. Here he remained for two or three years, till Aurungzebe, by alternate promises and threats, prevailed on the rajah to give him up. When the unfortunate prince was brought into the presence of Aurungzebe, at a general assembly of the nobles, the sight of his youthful and handsome figure, his noble bearing, and the thoughts of his impending doom, drew tears from many of the spectators. Aurungzebe himself seemed touched, and when the prince entreated that he might not be compelled to swallow the decoction of poppies, which, according to common belief, was employed to gradually undermine the reason and constitution of imprisoned members of the imperial family, but might rather be put to death at once, he evinced a sympathy with his misfortunes, and endeavored to allay his apprehensions by promises of good treatment. Soliman was, however, removed to Gwalior; and as he soon after died in



prison, his death was of course imputed to his uncle ; nor is it easy to urge any thing in opposition to this natural suspicion, except that, as Aurungzebe seems generally to have been anxious, for the peace of his own conscience, to gloss over his worst actions with an appearance of justice, he would probably rather have devised some specious pretext for putting Soliman to death, than have resorted to secret assassination.

The fate of Dara was, if possible, still more melancholy. After his defeat at Samaghur, he fled in the direction of Lahore, where he expected to be able to raise an army ; but Aurungzebe pursued him too closely to allow time for this purpose, and he was compelled to fly towards Scinde. Aurungzebe was now recalled to Agra by the news that Sujah had repaired his late reverses, and was advancing from Bengal, and during his absence, Dara found means to collect a large body of troops, with which he marched to Ajmere. Here he was met by Aurungzebe, who had again returned, after defeating Sujah, and a battle ensued, in which Dara was completely beaten, and his army totally dispersed. The wretched prince, attended by his wives and the ladies of his harem, and without tents or baggage, now spent several days in traversing the desert in every direction, in search of a place of refuge, harrassed continually by bands of marauders, who hung upon his track, and suffering the extremes of thirst and fatigue. In the course of these wanderings, he was met by Bernier, then on his way to Delhi, whom, as he had no physician, he compelled to accompany him for three or four days, when he was obliged to leave him behind for want of the means of transport. Bernier was permitted one night to lodge within the walls of the caravanserai occupied by Dara and his family, and he mentions, as a proof of the distressed condition to which they were reduced, that, in spite of the habitual jealousy of Asiatics, Dara's wife was only protected from view by a screen fastened to the wheel of Bernier's waggon.

The wretched fugitives at length reached the territories of an Affghan chieftain, who had once been condemned by Shah Jehan to be trampled to death by an elephant, but had been spared at Dara's intercession. His ingratitude towards his benefactor makes it probable that this frightful punishment was no more than he deserved, for, after deceiving Dara for some days by a show of hospitality, he caused that unfortunate prince to be seized, and sent him bound to the camp of one of Aurungzebe's generals in the neighborhood, whence he was conveyed to Delhi. On his arrival there, he was paraded through the city, but no longer with the royal pomp with which the spectators had been accustomed to see him surrounded. His clothing consisted of a dirty vest and turban of coarse white cloth, and he was mounted on a sorry elephant covered with mean trappings, and in this manner, with his young son Sepe by his side, he was conducted through all the principal streets and bazaars. The people were moved to pity at the sight, and loudly cursed the vile wretch by whom Dara had been betrayed ; but their compassion, shown in tears and sighs, only accelerated the doom of its object. Aurungzebe appears at first to have designed merely to add his

brother to the number of captives at Gwalior, but this exhibition of popular sympathy having awakened his apprehensions for his own safety, he called an assembly of the nobles to decide on Dara's fate, and easily persuaded them to adjudge him to death as a blasphemer and an atheist. The execution of the sentence was committed to one of Dara's personal enemies, who, entering the prison with his assistants, found his victim, and his son Sepe, employed in cooking lentils for their meal. Dara attempted to defend himself with the knife which he held in his hand, but he was overpowered by his assailants, who, seizing him by the hands and feet, threw him down, while their leader cut his throat before the eyes of his trembling child. The head was immediately carried to Aurungzebe, who ordered the blood to be washed from the face, and then, attentively examining the features, burst into tears, commanding it to be removed, and buried in the sepulchre of his ancestor Humaioon.

Aurungzebe was now freed from every rival, with the exception of his brother Sujah. He himself had returned from the pursuit of Dara to oppose the progress of this prince, and after defeating him in a well-contested battle, left the further prosecution of the war to Meer Jumla, who had been long before released from his mock imprisonment. This enterprising general, after one or two hard campaigns, succeeded in expelling Sujah from Bengal, and compelling him to seek shelter from the Rajah of Arracan, by whom, however, he, with all his family, was ultimately massacred.

When Aurungzebe entered Agra, the place of his father's confinement, after his victory over Sujah, he would not permit any celebration of his success, and silenced the guns which had been prepared to salute him, declaring that it was not right to triumph in the presence of a father over the defeat of a son. This delicacy will, perhaps, be thought affected; but the whole of Aurungzebe's conduct towards his father evinced the same consideration for his feelings. The deposed emperor was strictly guarded, but he was subjected to no interference within the precincts of his palace, where he was permitted to maintain a large establishment, and allowed every indulgence compatible with his safe keeping. Aurungzebe even submitted with patience to his reproaches and ebullitions of ill-temper, permitted him to retain some crown jewels which he himself was very desirous of obtaining, and did not resent his refusal to give up a daughter of Dara, whom Aurungzebe wished to betroth to his own son. He persevered in his endeavors to soothe the old man, wrote him repeatedly the most respectful letters, and humored him by affecting to ask his advice on important affairs, till he finally succeeded in reinstating himself in his affection.

Seven years intervened between the deposition and the death of Shahjehan; but Aurungzebe did not wait for the latter event, nor even to complete the ruin of his brother, before he assumed the imperial title. Within a month after the imprisonment of Murad, he yielded, with feigned reluctance, to the entreaties of his courtiers, and on the 20th of August, 1658, caused himself to be proclaimed emperor of

Hindustan. His reign lasted nearly fifty years, but it would be impossible to compress within our narrow limits the manifold events of this extensive period, and we shall content ourselves with enumerating the almost incessant wars in which the emperor was engaged with the Affghans; with the kingdoms of Golconda and Bejapore, which terminated in the subversion of those states, and the extension of the Mogul empire to the southward as far as Tanjore; and with the newly-formed nation of the Mahrattas. Though we pass over these important matters, we must, however, find room to mention a quarrel with Persia, on account of the ridiculously trifling cause which nearly involved two great countries in the horrors of war, and we must not omit all notice of the insurrection of the Rajpoots, both on account of its fatal consequences, and of the light it throws on the worst parts of Aurungzebe's character.

The kings of Persia had always been rivals of the Mogul emperors, and had always jealously resented every pretension of superiority on their part. The chief business of the Persian ambassador at the Indian court seems to have consisted in asserting the equality of his master's dignity, and his endeavors to avoid any form or ceremony which might be construed into an admission of inferiority, often occasioned a trial of skill between him and the monarch to whom he was delegated. One subject of dispute was, whether the ambassador should present his credentials to the emperor himself, or to one of his ministers, by whom they should be placed in the imperial hands; and this momentous question was discussed with little less warmth than it has very recently excited between certain European potentates. Another was the prostration required from all who entered the imperial presence, and the expedients employed to extort this mark of respect were sometimes droll enough. Shahjehan, in particular, is said to have been so much provoked at the ambassador's obstinate refusal to comply with his wishes, that once, when the latter was expected at court, he ordered the great doors of the hall of audience to be closed, and only a low wicket to be left open, through which it was impossible to pass without bending the head towards the ground. The ambassador, however, disappointed his expectations by entering backwards, and when Shahjehan angrily demanded whether he mistook the apartment for an ass's stall, coolly replied that he might very well have done so, judging from the size of the door.

A neglect of punctilio was the origin of the breach which took place between Aurungzebe and his sensitive neighbor. Some rich presents, sent by him to the Persian king, were accompanied by a letter, in which, while he himself was styled "king of the world," his correspondent was addressed merely as Wali, or master of Iran. The Persian king took fire at the affront, and though Aurungzebe endeavored to apologize by attributing it to the mistake of his secretary, would hear of no excuse. He declared war, and, according to the most approved royal fashion, was about to cause the blood of some thousands of his subjects to be spilt for the cleansing of his own honor, when his death

fortunately occurred, and the dispute was amicably adjusted with his successor.

Aurangzebe was scarcely seated on the throne before he began to prove the sincerity of his religious professions, by scrupulously adopting for his rule of government what he believed to be the divine command. It had been the policy of his predecessors to conciliate their pagan subjects by placing them, in all respects, on an equality with Mahomedans, relieving them from all discriminating imposts, admitting them freely into the public service, and appointing them to the highest and most responsible offices of government. They had not even disdained to intermarry with the families of native princes, particularly with those of the chiefs of Rajpootana, and by these means they had not only succeeded in overcoming the natural hostility of the Hindoos, but had converted them into their most faithful and zealous partizans, whose aid might always be depended upon much more securely than that of the turbulent nobles of their own faith. Aurungzebe was too wise not to perceive the advantages of this policy, but he seldom hesitated between the counsels of expediency and bigotry, and he determined that his behavior towards the Hindoos should be regulated by the Koran alone. In the second year of his reign, he appointed an officer, whose duty it was to check the ostentatious display of idolatrous worship: soon afterwards, he abolished all taxes not expressly authorized by the Mahomedan law, and a few years later, he reduced by one-half the customs' duties payable by Mussulmans, without making any diminution in those of Hindoos. This last step would of itself have placed the latter in a very disadvantageous position, but the emperor's next measure was more avowedly directed against them. He sent circular orders to all public functionaries, to employ no more Hindoos, but to confer all offices on Mahomedans; and he finally revived the long-abolished poll-tax, which in India, as elsewhere, had on the first conquest of the country by the Mahomedans, been imposed on all those natives who refused to embrace the religion of the invaders.

These proceedings produced disaffection throughout the empire. The Rajpoots in particular broke out into open rebellion, which it required the presence of the emperor to repress, and which was renewed from time to time during the remainder of his reign, until the Rajpoots were effectually estranged from his dynasty, and the throne was deprived of its surest support. Aurungzebe's fanaticism produced consequences not less disastrous in the Deckan, where it not only engendered a religious feeling among the Mahrattas, which was readily converted into a national spirit, but made every Hindoo in the country a well-wisher of that restless people, so that, in spite of the incessant wars which the emperor waged against them, and the repeated successes he obtained over them, his death left them more formidable than ever, and impatient to retaliate on his successors the injuries they had suffered at his hands.



During the latter part of Aurungzebe's reign, the operations against the Mahratta, as well as against the kings of Golconda and Bejapore, were carried on under his own eye. In his sixty-fifth year, at an age when most men think only of quiet and repose, he entered the Deckan at the head of a powerful army, and during the remaining twenty-four years of his life, he was constantly in the field, until he finally retreated to breathe his last at Ahmednuggur. During great part of this time, he was himself generally stationary in his camp, while active hostilities were carried on by his lieutenants; but at the advanced age of eighty-one, he left his cantonments, and undertook in person a series of marches and sieges, in the course of which his life was often in danger, and he had frequently to suffer the severest inconveniences and privations, from heat, tempests, fatigue, and the want of water and provisions. It was at this period that the strength and activity of Aurungzebe's mind were most remarkably displayed. While bearing up against every hardship with a patience and fortitude which could not be surpassed by the stoutest of his soldiers, he could not find adequate employment for his faculties in the management of a large army and a difficult war. At the same time, "he alone conducted every branch of his government in the most minute detail; he planned campaigns, and issued instructions during their progress; drawings of forts were sent for him to fix on the points of attack; his letters embrace measures for keeping open the roads in the Affghan country, for quelling disturbances at Multan and Agra, and even for recovering possession of Candahar, and at the same time there is scarcely a detachment marches or a convoy moves in the Deckan, without some orders from his own hand. The appointment of the lowest revenue officer of a district, or the selection of a clerk in an office, is not beneath his attention; and the conduct of all these functionaries is watched by means of spies, and of prying inquiries from all corners, and they are constantly kept on the alert by admonitions founded on such information."\*

When, after his return to Ahmednuggur, Aurungzebe found that the hand of death was upon him, he wrote two letters to his sons, which, though often quoted, are so solemn and affecting, and afford so strong a proof of his habits of self-examination that we cannot refrain from extracting a few passages:—

"Health to thee (he writes to his son Azim), my heart is near thee. Old age is arrived; weakness subdues me, and strength has forsaken all my members. I came a stranger into this world, and a stranger I depart. I know nothing of myself, what I am, nor for what I am destined. The instant which passed in power has left only sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian and protector of the empire. My valuable time has been passed vainly. I had a patron in my own dwelling (conscience), but his glorious light was unseen by my dim sight. Life is not lasting; there is no vestige of departed breath, and all hopes from futurity are

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\* Elphinstone's History of India, vol. ii. p. 541.

lost. The fever has left me, but nothing of me remains but skin and bone. \* \* \* \* I have a dread for my salvation, and with what torments I may be punished. Though I have strong reliance on the mercies and bounty of God, yet, regarding my actions, fear will not quit me. \* \* \* \* Come then what may, I have launched my vessel on the waves."

In the other letter, the following expressions occur :—

"I depart a stranger, and lament my own insignificance. I carry with me the fruits of my sins and imperfections. I came here alone, and alone I depart. \* \* \* \* Wherever I look, I see nothing but the Divinity. \* \* \* \* Alas ! I know not myself. My back is bent with weakness, and my feet have lost the power of motion. The breath which rose is gone, and left not even hope behind it. I have committed numerous crimes, and know not with what punishment I may be seized. The agonies of death come upon me fast. No one has seen the departure of his own soul, but I see that mine is departing."

He expired on the 21st of February, 1707, in the eighty-ninth year of his life, and the fiftieth of his reign. He left a will behind him, containing among other things, some instructions about his funeral, the expense of which was not to exceed the sum of four rupees and a half (about ten shillings), and was to be paid from the price of caps which he had made and sold. These directions seem to have been carefully attended to, and Aurungzebe's mausoleum, which is still to be seen at Rouzah, about two miles from Ellora, is described as "a plain tomb, covered with green cloth, within a wooded screen of trellised laths not even painted."

In endeavoring to sum up the character of Aurungzebe, we are at first opposed by its apparent inconsistency. His sagacity, penetration, insight into character, and fertility in resources, are universally admitted ; and except upon one subject, he constantly evinced an independence of thought and freedom from prejudice, indicative of an enlarged and vigorous mind. He is also entitled to the still higher praise of conscientiousness and self-command. Excessive caution, degenerating into suspiciousness, prevented him from being generous, and occasional irritability sometimes led him into hasty actions ; but he never showed any symptoms of vindictiveness or malice, and mildness was undoubtedly the predominant feature of his disposition. That, in spite of so many estimable qualities, he should have sometimes yielded to the temptations of ambition and self-interest, is only a proof that he was human, but it is certainly strange that neither his powerful understanding, nor benevolence, nor justice, could withhold him from religious persecution, nor from the commission of some acts of cruelty and bad faith towards the holders of another creed. With all the requisites of a beneficent ruler, he persisted in a course which was visibly severing the bonds that held his empire together ; and without the provocation of passion, he deliberately prepared and carefully superintended schemes for the op-

pression of his unoffending subjects. If, however, we trace this conduct to its source, we shall perhaps be inclined to view it rather with compassion than abhorrence. Aurungzebe seems to have been one in whom the elements of a great character were spoiled by the influence of a vicious religion. He was anxious to do right, but with no other guide than the *Koran*, this very anxiety only led him the more hopelessly astray. The only authority to which he could refer bade him offer to infidels the alternative of tribute or death; and though Aurungzebe was too clear-sighted not to perceive the fatal consequences of such a proceeding, he was not to be deterred by its impolicy from taking any step enjoined by religion. He had formerly shown how little he consulted his own interests in such cases, by abolishing all taxes not authorized by the Mahomedan code; and it was doubtless from the same conscientious motive that he afterwards imposed the poll-tax on pagans, and subjected them to various other disabilities. Honest bigotry like this is, after all, only a conscientious adherence to error, and as such deserves, perhaps, as much admiration as contempt; but before we vent the latter feeling on Aurungzebe, we shall do well to compare his conduct with that of men who have had the advantage of better light than he enjoyed. His treatment of the Hindoos was much more lenient than that of the Huguenots by his contemporary, Louis XIV., and little, if at all, less so than that from which the Catholics of England and Ireland have been gradually relieved during the last half-century. His ideas on the subject of toleration appear, indeed, to have been much the same as those maintained in a very clever treatise, by a distinguished member of the House of Commons, and of the present administration of this country; and his practice, except in the single case of the execution of Sambajee, was marked with as much moderation as we could expect from the well known humanity of our enlightened compatriot. But a Mahomedan persecutor has an excuse which cannot be pleaded in behalf of his Christian rivals. He merely obeys the precepts of his religion, while they act in diametrical opposition to the spirit of theirs. Mahomedanism regards dissenters from its doctrines less as erring sinners, whom it would be a charity to reclaim, than as insolent offenders against God's majesty, whom it is the duty of all true believers to chastise, and who must not be suffered to persist in their evil courses without paying the appointed penalty of their obstinacy. Christianity, on the other hand, desires to make proselytes for their own sake only; bids us leave to God the vindication of his own honor, and affords us no ground for indulging our propensity to tyrannize over our fellow-men on pretence of doing Him service.

A wily nature, a turn for artifice and stratagem, and the habit of dissimulation, are often mistaken for perfidy, and as the former were undoubtedly among the characteristics of Aurungzebe, they have caused the latter to be likewise imputed to him. The charge is scarcely, however, supported by sufficient evidence. Several acts of bad faith are, indeed, related of him, but their circumstances are described with so much variation by different writers, as to throw great doubts on their authenticity. The result is still, however, to leave an impression un-

favorable to Aurungzebe, which it is impossible to remove, though it may be extenuated by the consideration, that Aurungzebe's alleged duplicity was almost invariably employed against his religious opponents ; and he may, perhaps have thought, like too many of a purer creed, that the end sanctified the means.

The same bane of his character—fanaticism—seems to have led Aurungzebe into, perhaps, the only instance of needless cruelty with which he is justly chargeable. When he had got the Mahratta chief, Sambajee, into his power, he offered him life and high rewards on condition of his embracing the Mussulman faith ; but when his captive answered him with blasphemous invectives against his prophet, he caused him to be decked in the garb of an Indian devotee, with a rattle and a cap and bells, tied backwards on a camel, and led in derision through the camp, after which his tongue was cut out for reviling Mahomet. He was then again offered life on the same terms as before, but on his contemptuous rejection of the offer, he was abandoned to the executioner ; his heart was cut out, and his limbs and body were torn asunder and thrown to the dogs. Without attempting to palliate this atrocious barbarity, we point to it as a proof of how much a mild and kindly nature may be inflamed by religious zeal. The transaction just related is at variance with the whole tenor of Aurungzebe's life, for his general unwillingness to inflict even merited punishment was so notorious, that it is specified by his best native biographer as one main cause of the disorders by which the empire was afflicted during the latter part of his reign. Bernier tells an amusing story of the good natured way in which he passed over an offence which most of his countrymen would have thought it impossible to punish too severely. Two young men were caught wandering about the gardens of the imperial harem, into which sacred retreat they were vehemently suspected of having been introduced, for no good purpose, by the emperor's sister. They were immediately taken before Aurungzebe, who asked them how they had entered. One, replying that he had got over the wall, was ordered to be sent back the way he came ; an injunction which the eunuchs interpreted according to their own fashion, throwing the poor wretch down headlong. The same direction was given respecting the other culprit, who acknowledged frankly that he had entered through the gate, Aurungzebe contenting himself in this case with punishing the eunuchs for not keeping better watch.

Several instances have been given in the preceding pages of Aurungzebe's courage, presence of mind, energy, and activity ; but we must add one more anecdote of his extraordinary mental vigor. In the midst of an illness so dangerous that his death was hourly expected, and all the speculators on that event were agitating the capital and the army with their intrigues, Aurungzebe caused himself to be carried, almost every day, into the hall of audience, to show himself to the nobles, and discredit the current reports of his health ; and once, immediately after recovering from a swoon, he admitted some of his chief officers to his presence, and with his own hand wrote a letter to the governor of the citadel in which his father was confined.



Aurangzebe retained on the throne the self-denial and austerity of his youth. His food consisted of herbs and pulse ; his drink was water, and his dress, except on public occasions, was seldom worth more than a few shillings. His passion for women was confined within the limits prescribed by his religion. He was a severe enemy of every kind of immorality, issued many edicts against all practices calculated to encourage it, and set an example to his courtiers by banishing from the palace the crowd of dancers, singers, and buffoons by whom it had been infested during the latter part of the preceding reign. On the other hand, he seems, in spite of some appearances to the contrary, to have been a patron of learning and learned men. He was well versed in Persian and Arabic literature, fond of poetry, and frequently composed verses himself ; and he founded schools and universities in many of his principal towns. His manners were remarkably gentle and affable, and his features wore an expression of benignity of which there is no reason to doubt the genuineness.

On the whole, notwithstanding the questionable aspect of some of his actions, we may boldly assert that few men, surrounded by equal difficulties, and exposed to equal temptations, have passed through so long a life so free from crime, or have given proof of the possession of so many great and sterling qualities ; though it must at the same time be admitted, that his excellencies were in a great measure neutralized by one unhappy failing. Bigotry was the source of most of Aurungzebe's errors, especially those of his latter years ; yet even this, notwithstanding its fatal influence on his conduct, will not be considered materially to depreciate his character, when we reflect that, in a Musulman, bigotry is nearly synonymous with devotion.

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## ARTICLE V.

### THE REIGN OF TERROR ; ITS CAUSES AND RESULTS.

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE Reign of Terror is one of those great events in the history of the world, which will awaken interest in all coming time. That period in the life of a powerful nation, when passion rode triumphant over reason, and the deep fountains of depravity were broken up and poured forth torrents of burning ruin ; when Infidelity tied the Bible to the tail of an ass and paraded it through the streets ; when Atheism would fain expel the Godhead from his own world, and laugh to scorn the religious sentiment of human nature—that period, when the just vengeance of Heaven broke some of the vials of its wrath and poured the contents on the guilty heads of those who blasphemed his name and despised his dominion, must be fraught with wholesome lessons to those who have anything to do in directing the affairs of nations.

Some of those lessons are well expressed in the last paragraph of this article, and, we trust, will be pondered deeply by all who read them. They have no insignificant bearing on our own times, our own people.

The subsequent descriptions of some of the leading men of the Revolution in France, as Marat, Danton, Robespierre, etc., are graphic, and the general principles of the article such as must be approved.—Ed.

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From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Souvenirs de La Terreur de 1788 à 1793*, par M. GEORGES DUVAL.  
(Recollections of the Reign of Terror, from 1788 to 1793, by M.  
GEORGES DUVAL.) Paris. 4 tomes. 1841-2.

"*Je raconte ce que j'ai vu.*"—"I relate that which I have seen!" With this avowal, M. G. Duval opens his recollections of the Reign of Terror. The announcement is certainly attractive. But M. Duval is one of those generous writers who are always better than their word; he not only relates what he has seen, but a great deal that it was utterly impossible for him to see, and, as revelations of the latter class are vouchsafed to us with the same detail and precision as the former, we are forced to acknowledge M. Georges Duval to be a person of that lively imagination, with which, "to moralize a song" is not always "to stoop to truth." The plain fact is that our author's hatred of the actors and events of the French Revolution is (not without reason) so intense, that where he cannot relate as a witness, he, by no means unfrequently, invents as a partisan. With all the naïveté of Herodotus, he gives us the particulars of interviews at which he was not present, and the exact dialogue of conversations which admitted of no eavesdropper. Besides this happy gift of invention, Nature has bestowed on M. Georges Duval a turn for banter and raillery; and even when relating circumstances in which he was a party concerned, his love of ironical humor and his benevolent desire to amuse the reader, lead him into sundry witty exaggerations and travesties, which, while they prove his agreeable qualities as a writer, detract from our faith in him as an historian.

These allowances made, there however remains to the volumes before us much to instruct the student in his survey of the men and the times of which they treat. M. Duval confesses in his Preface the indignation with which he "regards the numerous books that have been written under the fallacious title of Histories of the Revolution, being in truth nothing better than impudent apologies for that epoch of ruin, of blood, and of tears."

It is easy to conceive the feelings of irritation and disgust with which an honest man who had actually lived amidst the horrors of Paris in the Reign of Terror, who had seen the tumbrils passing his windows to the Barrière du Trône, who had beheld the infuriated mob butchering a gray-headed priest, and shouting round the head, borne on a pike, of some poor woman who had ventured to pity a benefactor,—must regard

the philosophizing excuses and argumentative dogmas which some would-be friend of liberty, and lover of the people, issues from the security of his closet.

It is unquestionably true, indeed, that in the vices of the old *régime* we must seek the causes of the revolutionary crimes. It is probably rather to nations than to individuals that we are to refer the awful menace, "The sins of the fathers are visited on the sons." But no less true is it to all, whom philosophical refinements have not besotted, that humanity itself is endangered if we allow the circumstances that conduce to guilt, to steal away our natural horror of the guilt itself. Rigidly speaking, all guilt is but the result of previous circumstance. To neglected education, to vicious example, we may trace the crimes which send the thief to the hulks and the murderer to the gibbet. But we do not therefore hold excused Jack Sheppard and Daniel Good. What education and example are to the man, government and legislation are to the people. We shall do right if we blame the causes which make a demon of the multitude, but most wrong if we regard the demon itself only as the suffering angel.

It is not our intention, however, to go over the beaten and hackneyed ground of the political events of that hateful time commemorated by M. Duval. We propose rather to cut a rapid and somewhat irregular path through the mighty field before us, in search only of those facts and principles which appear to us to suggest something new and not unimportant in the philosophy of history.

The era of modern civilization, as distinct from the feudal, begins in France with the large and determined policy of Cardinal Richelieu. And it is from this period that we are to date the primary causes of the Revolution of the eighteenth century.

A high churchman and an absolute monarchist, the two-fold object of Richelieu was carried out with the simple severity of a strong mind thoroughly in earnest. To reduce Dissent into the One Church—to subjugate aristocracy from the check upon monarchy to the ornament of a court; for these objects he lived, and these objects he accomplished, upon the whole, with rapid and singular success. He had the qualities necessary to his purpose. Had he been more virtuous he would have been crushed by the nobles—more vicious he would have scandalized the people. His ruthless severity, never capricious, though often cruel, was conducted on a broad and intelligible system: it never invaded the lives and properties of the masses; it more often secured their properties and lives, by terrible examples amongst the nobles, whose struggles were nearly always associated with the criminal designs of a civil war. In his aim at absolute monarchy he was far too comprehensive a statesman to meditate the erection of an oriental despotism, for he loved France even better than monarchy. He desired to make France secure and integral. For this he humiliated Austria—for this he dislodged the Huguenots from Rochelle (that harbor of the disaffected)—for this he crushed every subject powerful enough to disturb the peace

of the country.\* But in consolidating monarchy his policy tended to create subjects—not slaves. He favored commerce and trade. He gave greater security to justice, and more impartial regularity to law. He desired, as far as his wretched literary taste, and his literary jealousies yet more wretched, would permit, to encourage and circulate the refinements of intellectual cultivation. To him France is indebted for the academy, which, if not productive to literature, at least raised literature into honor. An eminently practical man, he was aware that the surest settlement of a state depends on the adequacy of its finances: and he bequeathed an immense treasure, and, with due allowance for the notions of the time, a sufficiently effective system of finance, as a legacy to that throne, which he had found the weakest, to leave the most powerful, in Christendom. The effects of Richelieu's policy were immediately apparent in the society of France, under the reign of Louis XIV. The descendants of the turbulent barons of the League became the courtiers of Versailles. The provincial castles were deserted, retainers had passed into peasants, the old ties between the highest and the lowest order were rent away. And there already yawned that wide gulf between the gay gentleman of Paris and his tenant harrassed for rent, which existed not between the noble and the vassal, whom the chace and the camp united.

With the struggles of the House of Valois had commenced that spirit of nationality which united all Frenchmen against the foreigner—with the complete ascendancy of the House of Valois-Bourbon commenced that disunion of classes which will always follow the establishment of Absolute Monarchy, when accompanied by the progress of a middle class and the decline of the noble.

The characteristics of their nation and their class were still retained by the *gentilhommes*, or "Wellborn;" while they underwent the modifications consequent on their change of position: they preserved the same light-hearted and daring gallantry, so distinct from the stubborn fortitude of the Anglo-Saxon, and the steady and stern valor of the Anglo-Norman. Corrupted by the life of a capital and a court, the love of pleasure degenerated into the passion for debauch; strictly honorable towards men according to the chivalric notions of honor, they deemed all meanness, duplicity, and ingratitude, justifiable in regard to women. *The sanctity of married life will invariably be found more or less respected in proportion to the ease or impracticability of divorce for offences against fidelity.* The Catholic church, by which divorce was forbidden, left to the husband no option but connivance at his dishonor, or the ridicule of impotently proclaiming it. The vanity of the

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\* And for this he effected a change which Le Clerc properly notices as of great importance in the consolidation of the monarchy. Hitherto the principal strongholds had been held by governors for life; he swept away at one stroke offices so dangerous in a time when the nobility could still struggle against the throne, and substituted governors whose tenure was too short to allow them to be other than the servants of the Executive.



French nobles, and that experience of the social system in which they moved, which they termed *savoir vivre*, or the knowledge of life, made them regard, as the height of ill-breeding, and the consummation of absurdity, that jealous regard for the chastity of their wives which is the attribute, in all nations, of men, to whom custom or law gives the power to preserve it—whether the Mahometan, who can drown, or the Protestant, who can divorce the delinquents. Pecuniary considerations, which are invariably the great cementers of established wrong, or conventional right, tended to reconcile the injured party to his wrong. Marriages were those of convenience; the daughters brought dowries (those who did not had no spouse but the Church); and the fortune of the wives, while it gave them a right to an insolent independence of conduct, consoled their husbands for the loss of hearts which they had never wooed. But the most marked distinction between the French aristocracy and the English, and the one which has operated the most fatally to their downfall, arose (and this has never been sufficiently considered) from the early extinction of the representative system. That safeguard of modern society, though always liable to great abuses, necessarily clumsy in its machinery, and perhaps hereafter, in some distant age, to be laid aside for modes of legislative government more paternal and less noisy, has this immense advantage,—it opens a healthful field for the energies and ambition of the great, and a field that can be only cultivated by familiar intercourse with their inferiors. An election brings all classes together, unites them in common links of passion and interest; there can be no dangerous and prolonged separation between classes where elections are popular and frequent. What the feudal system was in binding together the baron and the vassal, the electoral is in binding together the great proprietor and the agriculturist—the great merchant and the artisan—the rich and the poor: there is a link of iron between the most ambitious statesman and the meanest voter. It was just at the time when the Representative system was most needed in France, that is, in the dissolution of the old forms and usages which cemented the different ranks, that it was extinguished by the ambition of the Executive.

The education of men insensibly adapts itself to the objects of ambition open to their future career. The rich gentleman or the powerful noble in England has the one ambition before him—of PUBLIC LIFE—and to this a large proportion of the class are imperceptibly trained: hence, despite of much that may be false, and prejudiced, in the intellectual cultivation through which they pass, it is impossible but what the minds of the English aristocracy should become more manly, practical, business-like, and robust, than the members of a corresponding class in a country where public life, properly speaking, existed not—where ambition had no opening, except in the army or the saloon—where a graceful person, a charming manner, a happy *bon-mot*, were the best passports to a place at court, a celebrity in society, a rich marriage—nay, a colonelcy in the army. Hence, on the other hand, was formed that peculiar polish of civilization for which the French *noblesse* were remarkable, and for which the history of the world has probably no cor-

respondent example. Grace, manner, wit, conversation—all that could amuse, interest, fascinate their equals or superiors—these were, to the French patricians, what knowledge of business and the art of speaking, and the hard qualities of public life, were and are to the English. Habits consequent on such accomplishments were necessarily those of generosity and ostentation; in other words, of expense. The expense was supplied by the most grinding exactions on their tenantry, or the most flagrant jobs on the public resources—more and more reasons for the separation between ranks. It is astonishing how completely unfit these brilliant personages were for any other existence than that which they corrupted and adorned. While the army was entirely officered by the nobles, while the nobles alone seized or sold every place at the court, and filled the church with odious sinecures—their unpriestly *Abbés* monopolizing the benefices of dignitaries, and leading openly the lives of *roués*—the administration of the country, the power, the business of the state, were left, for the most part, without an effort, to the members of the *bourgeoisie*, or the bar. While in England the administration of affairs was more and more falling into the aristocratic hands which have since wielded it, in France the administration became more and more the monopoly of the *roturiers*. It was not from the highborn *fainéants* that such men as Colbert and Turgot could arise.\* The French gentleman, contented with the brilliant flutter of the butterfly, had none of the vulgar industry of the bee.

It was impossible that, as time went on and ripened reflection—it was impossible that such a class could long retain an established power in the state. Of the state they made no part, and they were only visible in legislation by the intrusion of privileges equally insulting to common sense, and obnoxious to common justice. Rapidly, too, they were wasting on unprofitable profusion, the sole foundation on which an aristocracy can rest—PROPERTY! When the baron can no longer awe by the number of his followers, the noble can only impose by the extent of his rent roll. It is true, that as a body the Aristocracy still shared with the Church the possession of the far larger portion of the lands; but agriculture declined, mortgages increased, and the lands rather served for the oppression of peasants, than for adequate resources to the extravagance of the lords. About the middle of the reign of Louis XV., along the Seine and along the Loire, dismantled chateaux, starving serfs, untilled fields, were the visible signs of a fastly falling order. Thus, in the following reign, the French seigneur became not only unpopular; he became despised. If a Leveller of our own time and land were to paint the English aristocracy according to his prejudice or opinion, he might describe them as hateful, but never certainly as despicable. Men never can despise the powerful. The power of the English aristocracy is every where and in every thing—power in wealth,

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\* Even in the Revolution itself, it was not among their Prelates and their Dukes that the privileged orders could find the energy and intellect of Defenders—it was left to a Maury and a Cazalès to represent the Nobles and the Church.

power in lands, power in the state, power in the affections they command from large classes not belonging to them; power in the intellect which enables them, in the open contests of party, to bear comparison with men of the highest attainments in inferior grades, and to justify by their talents the offices they aspire to from their birth. The English aristocracy have few privileges and much power; the French had many privileges and no power. Yet unquestionably the latter, with all their faults, were a sparkling, accomplished, and charming race. And it is impossible to contemplate their life as it is seen, still living and ever imperishable, in the countless Letters and Memoirs, which form the most unrivalled part of the French literature, without that admiration which is extorted from our taste in despite of our severer judgment. Though ruthless as seigneurs, they were affable as masters. Between the cavalier and the servant there was in reality the same familiar affection than we see in their old comedy. If insolent in prosperity, in adversity they were always gallant. Lauzun, almost a scoundrel in the court, is almost a hero in the prison. The exquisite polish of their breeding so contributed to the cheerfulness of the society in which they moved, so sought to give the pleasure and shun the pain, that they were scarcely wrong when they gave to manners the title of "the minor morals." Though but indifferently educated, they had an enlightened affection for letters and art. They were not good men, but they were certainly fine gentlemen.

In the mean while was growing up that middle class, fostered and encouraged by the policy of Louis XI. and the master intellect of Richelieu. From an early period the ambition of this class was visible; but as it could not show itself on the floors of a Parliament, in the English sense of the word,\* it thrust its way into the meaner openings afforded by the boudoir and the saloon. The comedy of Molière exhibits that desire of the *bourgeoisie* to ape the manners, to vie with the follies, and to court the company of the nobles, which was not a very prominent feature in English society till a much later period. The power to purchase titles, which were in fact annexed to certain lands, and which no less than 4,000 places or offices could confer, necessarily aided the *roturier* in a rivalry which the *gentilhomme* treated either with complaisant raillery or freezing disdain. In the course of this competition, probably more rankling bitterness was produced upon the aspirant class, than was engendered even by the legalized privileges of the superior. How many an honest bourgeois, after having enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of Monsieur Jourdain or George Dandin, would, in graver moments of his own actual life, think with deep re-

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\* The supreme courts of justice were called parliaments, as the inferior were called seignorial. The officers of the supreme courts, or parliaments, actually became so by purchase, and were not removable even for malpractices! Hence the noblesse of the gown. It may easily be imagined how despotic, how tyrannical, and how corrupt, were such administrators of the laws. A man indeed bought the right to break you on the wheel! and to take fees from your enemy for doing so!

sentiment upon the pitiable light in which the class thus satirized was regarded by the gay Dorantes and the gallant Clitandres! What! was the honest man, entertaining the natural ambition that his son should rise above the class in which he was born—was he to rear, with that object, his son to more elevated spheres solely to make him a cully and a butt; ridiculous, when desiring to be accomplished; the cuckold and slave of a noble wife who did him the honor to stain his name and waste his fortune. It was easy to say that the ambition was absurd and misplaced. But was it so in reality? What other openings from his own state were left to the man whom civilization had made too wealthy to remain contented in obscurity? Parliament did not exist. Even the bar had formed a nobility of its own. Posts at the court and distinctions in the army were only to be obtained by the noble. The son of a bourgeois might have the valor of a Bayard, but he must become a gentilhomme before he could be a captain. By a law even so late as the reign of Louis XV. four generations of nobility were necessary to qualify a man for the rank of a sub-lieutenant. If his hard-won gold could purchase an estate, with a marquisate attached to it, was the citizen despicable because he desired to enjoy what he had bought and paid for? Was there, in short, to be an eternal wall of odious distinction between his own class and that which scattered upon him the mud of Paris, from the wheels of carriages which were bearing the last louis' of their owners to the brothel and the gaming-house? a class not respectable for virtues, not formidable from intellect, and who had exchanged the sharp sword of their ancestors for the weapon, less powerful, and more irritating, of the polished sarcasm.

Thus insensibly all the habits of society co-operated with all the disparities of law, to engender and hoard up against the day of reckoning a profound sentiment of hatred on the part of the monied and middle class against the higher.

Meanwhile the state of the rural population was precisely that which was to be expected. The peasantry were sold like cattle with the soil; even, in many parts of the kingdom, personal servitude was abolished but a few years before the Revolution. All hereditary ties of affection were not only weakened by the absence and exactions of their lords, but utterly annihilated by the frequent transfer of property, according to marriages and sales. They had no education, but they had that gaiety and gregariousness of disposition which led them on every holiday to meet, to associate, and to pick up and to circulate in their vivacious talk many of the popular notions, that the abuses of law and the works of thinkers began to scatter throughout the world. The gossip of a holiday was often to them what a news-room is to the mechanics of England. There is no education more dangerous and more superficial than that which is oral. The Book alone can correct the Speech.

We have said that one object of Richelieu was the formation of absolute monarchy, the other that of an absolute church. As regards the first,—in forming its strength, he prepared the causes of its downfall. The endurance of a monarchy, where the growth of society is not abso-



lutely stopped, will always be found in proportion to its checks ; for the checks compress, and adapt and mould the monarchy from age to age, according to the altered wants and circumstances of the time. The annihilation of popular national assemblies, and of solid power in an aristocracy, left monarchy to all the excesses into which the impunity of power is sure to pass ; hateful prerogatives, wasteful ostentation, disordered finances, and subsequent weakness, were the inevitable results. The great Cardinal was not more permanently fortunate in the maintenance of his absolute church. For while all may allow that in the checks to monarchy exist its strength, it has never been sufficiently noticed and insisted upon, especially by French historians, *that as checks are to a monarchy, so dissent is to a church.* The destruction of what the Cardinal called heresies and schisms, left to the bulk of the population no option but Gallic Catholicism on the one hand, or absolute irreligion on the other. Now, in a country like England, which obtained from the Wit of France the distinction “of enjoying a thousand sects, and one sauce,”—the Christian religion happily proffers shades in worship, form, and faith to all varieties of enthusiasm, passion, character, belief. If a man is revolted by any abuses in the church, real or supposed, in the same street lives the dissenter ready to convert him, hard at hand rises the chapel open to his prayers. If some tenet in one faith startles his conscience, another form of worship equally founded on scriptural authority and promise satisfies the scruples and presents a refuge from infidelity or indifference. And this copious and wise diversity of permitted opinion, while beneficial to religion, is the best safeguard to the Establishment, inasmuch as the necessary effect of the competition is to preserve a certain wholesome vigilance in the heads of the church, an energy in education and learning, a care for general purity of life and morals,—while, though it may not obtain the reform of all abuses, it creates a public prepared to correct whatever may be obviously scandalous or excessive. But in France, after the expulsion of the Huguenots, the unity of the church was so great that the wide varieties of discontent had no practical opening but the school of the scoffer and the sceptic. True that some Dissenters, chiefly, of course, Calvinists, still survived all persecution—for tyranny can never wholly extirpate opinion—but their number was too scanty, their zeal too suppressed, to have any influence on the masses. Sullen and dissatisfied, they were rather dangerous as politicians than useful as sectarians. We do not find them counteracting the philosophers, but we find them, at the first explosion, rushing to the aid of the Revolution. Did the reason of one man oppose a doctrine, was the sense of another scandalized by the crime of a pastor, was the hearth of a peasant invaded by a libidinous monk, or the son of an honest trader corrupted by the example of a profligate abbé, not only the church, but religion itself, lost reverence and affection. And no more earnest and decorous clergy were at hand to support the tottering faith, and rescue the reason from incredulity. Where dissent flourishes, a man often secedes from an established church to become more religious than be-

fore ; where dissent is inactive and suppress, his secession from the church is the retirement from religion itself. Here an abuse drove the Episcopalian to Wesley, there the Catholic to Voltaire. And hence, as, in the absence of all check and all competition, abuses multiplied through every department of the church, so, rapidly and generally the entire mass of the population were ripened for that fearful state of contempt for all Christianity which ended in the frantic Atheism of Clootz, or the heathen Deism of Robespierre. Nor, in making the church supreme, was it in the power of man to make all its priesthood of one mind. To disqualify dissent was not to prevent schism. Accordingly the scandalous disputes between Jesuit and Jansenist, while producing none of the good that arises from dissent, produced all the evil that comes from division. They opened a breach to contempt, but no vent to dissatisfied opinion. We are convinced that it was to the confirmation of the one absolute church in France that we may trace the principal cause of the irreligious spirit which desecrated the land under the Reign of Terror.

Thus then the very policy of Richelieu, in its completeness and vigor, followed up as it was, in either object, by Louis XIV., prepared the downfall of the two institutions it had been devoted to establish. For in the nature of absolutism there is something inherently incompatible with the two agents of civilization,—industry and letters. There is nothing necessarily perishable in absolutism itself ; but it must find a society adapted to its existence. When Richelieu favored commerce, and encouraged letters ; when a middle class and a thinking class were permanently established ; two powers were called into active life utterly incompatible with that suppression of opinion which is the essence of absolute power. And therefore it was that, as M. Guizot well observes, at the close of the reign of Louis XIV., monarchy was as decrepit as the monarch. The splendid progress of art and mind which characterized that noble reign, announced that anomaly which always ends in gigantic innovation,—viz., a moving population and a stationary government.

But to return to our view of the anti-religious and republican spirit that was abroad, the intellect of the time naturally directed itself against the abuses of the time. Religion having ceased to maintain its holy and reverent influences in France, having left little or nothing except the mere husk and shell of a corrupt church, at once detested and despised, the intellect of the age became material and sceptic ; monarchy unchecked, and supporting its antiquated pretensions no longer by arms and treasure, but by the Lettre de Cachet and the Bastille, presented features which no one could defend, and which the intellect of the age attacked by the common consent of men. The masses were the last, perhaps, affected by these attacks. For amongst the intellectual, intellect must first find its audience. Accordingly in the educated (comprehending the highborn) classes, infidelity and liberalism found the earliest favor. The discontented courtier became naturally a believer in the *Contrat Social* ; the unbeneficed abbé was naturally more familiar with the Encyclopedists than the Fathers. Nay, more than

half the nobility were disaffected by the nature of their own position. For there was the most invidious distinction between the old noblesse and the new. To enjoy consideration, it was not enough to be a marquis; the question was, "had your ancestor been a marquis 200 years ago?" Legally, the new noble shared the privileges of the old; socially and morally he was still a *parvenu*—thrust from preferments and honors, mortified and galled by the contempt of the circle he had sought to enter, while obtaining the envy and the hatred of that which he had deserted. It was, in short, the unhappy condition of the French government and constitution to engender, as things of course, the two most irresistible foes, viz. *the wealth of commerce and the energy of intellect*. For these very powers, which are ever struggling for distinction, were the very powers to which all legitimate avenues of ambition were beset with difficulty and humiliation. The doctrines, thus fostered and necessitated, gradually and imperceptibly descended from the higher and more learned to the lower and less educated classes; and from the saloons of the royal Orleans, and the learned Malsherbes, and the respectable Bailly, passed those sentiments which never become finally dangerous and destructive till incorporated with the interests and animated by the passions of the popular body.

It will often happen that the qualities of individuals, in an attacked and imperilled party, will stave off, nay, perhaps, counteract and defeat the dangers by which they are surrounded. But as the storm gradually gathered round the throne, with which every sinister interest, whether of aristocracy or church, was connected, it became obvious that these qualities were not to be found in Louis XVI. His excellent heart, his sweet and amiable nature, were as wholly lost and thrown away in the turbulence of the time, as were the virtues somewhat similar of our own Henry the Sixth in the convulsions of a civil war. His domestic peculiarities—his innocent but mechanical tastes—his stolid, heavy countenance smeared with the smoke of his forge—even his first frigidity, his subsequent uxoriousness, to his queen—were all matters that, repeated through the infinite gossip of Paris, covered his very name with ridicule. His amiability of disposition, too often yielding in the wrong place, provoked insolence and disheartened loyalty. His aversion from blood had, on imminent occasions, the worst effect of cowardice; and while the man had all the meekness of a saint, the system he represented exposed him to all the odium of a tyrant. By a people contented with reforms, such a king would have been adored. For Louis XVI. was by nature a Reformer—and happy had it been for France had her population possessed half the virtues of her king. But amongst a people less desirous to reform than eager to destroy, the safety of the ruler depends little on the qualities that beget affection, unless he has also those which inspire awe. Louis was never more insecure than in those periods of his reign when he was most popular. To add to his dangers, his queen, more brilliant and more prominent, had contrived to be the most detested person in the kingdom. Though possessing many fine qualities, they were as little suited to the times as those

of her husband. A decorous gravity of life, coupled with mild firmness, might have won for her a respect which would have gone far to rally the middle classes around the throne ; but her imprudent levity daily and hourly exposed her to the coarsest suspicions, and her sarcastic humor, coupled with passionate haughtiness, multiplied the number of her personal enemies amongst those who could best have defended her from slander. Ignorant of the people and of the times, she was perpetually grating against both. Now bullying a minister as with the power of a Catharine, now going incognita in a hackney-coach to a public masked ball, as with the recklessness of a Messalina. Granting her to have been inviolably faithful to Louis, she contrived to hold him up to public scorn as a cuckold. Granting her to have been thoroughly attached to the people of her adoption, no belief was more common than that of her hatred to them as an alien. In stormy times, no matter what the great are, their fate depends upon what they are believed to be.

No popular revolution, according to Lord Bacon and to universal experience, was ever successful unless headed by the aristocracy ; the victims lead the procession that conducts them to the knife. Royalty, nobility, learning, and the clergy, appeared at the opening of the French Revolution as the leaders of the movement that had for its goal the bloodygrave of all. Unquestionably the commencement of the **DEATH MARCH**, that first assembly of the *tiers-état*, presented much to dazzle the sight and awake the hopes of the world. Whatever a mighty nation seemed to have best and noblest, all united in the course of the national reform, each party vying with the other in the surrender of unjust privilege and the study of the public good ! And the most touching feature in the whole is the evident and enthusiastic sincerity, the gallant and fearless earnestness of each party of the entire public. It was a fever of patriotism—yet here, unhappily, yea, in this very fever, an acute observer might have perceived, would arise the ultimate delirium, the violence, and the frenzy.

It was in reality an assembly of people who knew nothing about business—setting themselves down to transact the most complicated affairs in a fit of drunken inspiration. There were not twenty practical men in the whole number. The habits of society had been for ages against all practical experience. In England, since the revolution of 1688, the Representative System has accustomed the minds of every class, and every party which it embraces, to the consideration of political affairs—to the weighing of means and ends—to distinct and intelligible objects. Even the wildest chartist amongst us has a thorough perception of the ends he desires to effect : he wishes a broad democracy, and he sees clearly that annual parliaments and universal suffrage are the most direct means to the consummation of that wish. But the French patriots, ardent to destroy, had no experience of state affairs whereby to reconstruct ; their policy was a confused mass of heated theories, social dogmas, and political maxims, heaped chaotically together : “ English constitution ”—“ Athenian republic ”—“ Majesty of Roman virtues ”—“ Primitive simplicity of savage state ”—“ Aus-



tere morals"—"Rights of women"—"Universal peace"—"France, the armed regenerator of Europe!" Out of these, and a myriad of other incongruous medleys, rose the popular enthusiasm—what to end in but popular insanity? Experience affording no guide, religion no check, it was clear that all the strife of parties must merge in the sanguinary struggle of each for power; and that the predominant policy intended to create a government founded—such ran the jargon—"on Immutable Justice," would be but the adaptation of the shifts and expedients of the day to the passions of the populace. "There is but one step," roared Mirabeau from his stormy tribune, "from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock!" And on that step stood, from the taking of the Bastille till the fall of Robespierre, all the philosophers, legislators, philanthropists, dreamers; with the certainty that for him who lost the Capitol, there was no destiny but the Rock.

The two prominent figures in the early part of the revolution, Mirabeau and Lafayette, were the more suited to the exigencies of the moment, inasmuch as they formed a link between the decaying state and the advancing; both noble by birth, and both with certain definite notions of a limit to destruction, they served to soften the shock of the transition. There was something aristocratic even in the Revolution, so long as the white steed and lofty plume of Lafayette were visible amid the riot, rolling back the carnage; or while the dominant genius of Mirabeau kept in awe the inferior spirits who represented the Mob, the more faithfully from the absence of whatever was clear in the object, or rational in the pursuit.

The manners of the time underwent a change unparalleled in completeness and rapidity. A few years before, and even the Emperor of Austria shocked the nice etiquette of the court of France. Now it was enough to wear a crown, to be considered below the common dignity of man. Even in the first fair show of the Revolution, the day following the death of the Dauphin, while his remains were yet laid in state, while the royal parents were in the first anguish of grief,—the deputies from the *tiers-état*, burst (in spite of remonstrance carried into prayer) upon the presence of the unhappy king: "What!" sighed Louis, "is not one of these men a *Father*?" Already the lovers of liberty began to manifest their patriotism by the brutality of their manners; the politest nation in Christendom hastened to obtain the character of the filthiest and most savage. The type of that freedom which consisted in the pleasure of outraging others may be found in the anecdote of Danton, at the theatre. This abode of the once formal graces of France had always afforded a fair representation of the character of the time, partly in the nature of the spectacle, partly in the habits of the audience. In the midst of schemes for the overthrow of a throne, the leading republicans could still find time for equal energy in the intrigues of the *Coulisses*. When the play of "Charles IX.," the dramatic libel on kings, was forced upon the King's Company, the Political Revolution had made a vast stride. When, in the midst of the pit, a huge burly man sat sullen, intercepting the view of his neighbors, and shocking the

*bienséances* of polished life by wearing his hat nailed to his head—when the cry of displeasure arose, and that one man clapping the hat firmer on his head, shouted forth in his deep roar, “C’est moi Danton !”—and when the audience at once submitted to the sentiment that the one freeman had the right to annoy and insult all other freemen—the Social Revolution had gone far into the slough of the *Sans Culottes*.

And yet Danton himself was more genial, more even of the old French gentleman, than most of his compeers. His convivial qualities, his love of women, his very vices tended in some degree to humanize his manners. The true personation of the mobs, of what the French call still *le peuple*—(long may it be before that word can be justly translated into the noble Anglicism, THE PEOPLE)—was Marat. Let us take M. Duval’s description of *him*. Our narrator accepts an invitation to dine with Danton.

“On dinait bien chez Danton, one dined well with Danton. Politics were not always spoken; at his table one laughed often, and one was bored rarely. \* \* \* We passed from a very elegant saloon into a dining-room looking upon the Cour du Commerce. At this moment there entered a man. A man—here is his portrait. He was at most from four feet eight to four feet nine (French measure), his head a little inclined to the left shoulder, like Alexander the Great; the limbs were crooked, the complexion yellow and bilious, the face marked with the small-pox, the lips thin, the eyes gray and rolling continually in their orbits, the eyelashes red, and the white, so called, of the eyes nearly the same color, so that the pupil seemed to swim in blood. He moved his head restlessly to and fro, like a Greenland bear in his den at Jardin des Plantes.

“As to the accoutrements of the *ami du peuple*, behold him from head to foot: a hat à l’*andromane*, as one then called those hats low in the crown, with broad brims turned up, adorned with a huge tri-color cockade; an old coat worn out at the seams, striped stockings, red, white and blue, and bits of string in his shoes in the place of ribbons or buckles; plush breeches, a red waistcoat, turned over, and the neck all open, lank black hair plastered to the temples, with a little *queue* fastened with a leathern knot.

“‘Danton,’ said Marat, ‘from afar I have smelt the savor of your roast, and I have come to see if there is a corner for me at your feast.’

“‘Why not, if we crowd each other a little. I am sorry you did not let me know, that I might have ordered something more.’

“‘Pooh, your daily fare would suffice for me.’

“‘Well, but when one invites oneself to dinner amongst persons *comme il faut*, one generally presents oneself clad a little less unceremoniously.’

“‘Ah, with a laced frill, an embroidered coat, and one’s hair curled à l’*oiseau royal* eh! Thank you for nothing. Nature is at the cost of my toilet, and the friend of the *peuple* has no need of foreign ornaments.’

\* \* \* \* \* “‘But patriotism does not forbid a cravat or a collar.’

“‘I never wear them, as you well know.’

“ But at least a clean shirt and clean hands.’

“ I then perceived that Marat had in fact his hands as black as a smith’s on a Saturday night, and his shirt of the same hue as his hands. May it be said without offence to his memory,” &c.

Yes, this was Marat !—And in him appeared the friend of the populace (*peuple*), because the true son of the populace. This rickety, bilious, scrofulous, diseased victim of the neglect, the ailments, and the vices of his parents, represented in himself the squalid masses who formed the procession of Jourdain Couston, or filled the gloomy pandemonium of the Jacobin Club. But beneath all this external debasement moved the iron springs of an indomitable, dogged, frantic energy ; a spirit of blood and vengeance which made a virtue of crime, so honest was it, so sincere. Marat shrieking day after day for 300,000 heads—Marat emerging from cave and garret into a power that shook alike court and temple—the Arch Alecto starting from the rags and decrepitude in which the fury had been a while concealed—Marat was as willing to be the martyr as the hangman : those filthy hands would have spurned the gold that sullied the ruffles of the corrupt Danton. Nothing could soften, nothing humanize, but nothing could intimidate, nothing bribe. For a time Marat was the *peuple* and the *peuple* Marat.

Against such a spirit that now pervaded the great masses, what were all attempts at moderation and compromise. In vain has curiosity speculated upon what had been the results, had Mirabeau lived and struggled for the preservation of the monarchy. Monarchy had no materials for preservation left it. The weakness of the nobles, as an order, had become so manifest from the first, so thoroughly rotted away from amongst them was the spirit whether of cavalier or of patriot, that they had neither courage to defend themselves, nor the ambition to save their country. As the ancient warrior who having once lost his shield, felt spirit and valor gone, and took to his heels at once, so as soon as the nobles lost that mere appanage of power, their titles,—they began to entertain no higher aspirations than those of physical safety. The first wind that shook the trunk scattered the leaves. The ignoble prematurity of their emigration was the basest feature in the whole revolution, and the surest sign that the noblesse as a body had lost even the elements for the restoration of aristocracy. What then could Mirabeau have done for a throne surrounded by democratic institutions, for a head destined to be crowned by the *bonnet rouge* ? What man can protect, amidst the war of public passions, what public respect and public opinion have deserted ?

It was easy, we say, to see that where power had grown the monopoly of the assailants, there was no longer the hope of compromise with the assailed. That time passed when the moderate men incurred the guilt of cheering the populace on to the siege of the Bastille and the murder of its defenders. At a later period the Girondins vainly sought to be the Restorers of Reason ; in the midst of the frenzy they had encouraged, to weigh out drachms and scruples for the adjustment of

scales into which a heavier sword than that of Brennus was already thrown. The Girondins may be considered the representatives of the Middle Classes. Their leaders belonged principally to that order—they had their respectability, their honesty, their prejudices, and their fears. The Girondin Mayor of Paris, Péthion, riding amidst the riots, and weeping virtuous tears (he was *le vertueux Péthion*), because after having murdered their victim, the populace quietly withdrew at his paternal remonstrances—the orators, Vergniaud and Isnard, opposing conspiracies by sentence—Barbaroux and the fair Roland imagining a government of federalisms, that in fact would have divided France into small republics, under the control of the *bourgeoisie* and the lawyers—were equally the types of a class trained to respect for law, but thoroughly impotent at a time when law needs other force than its own. In such a crisis, an active Aristocracy has its defence in soldiers—a Democracy in mobs—a Middle Class has nothing but an exhorting mayor and a decorous orator!

We have said that the Girondins were the representatives of the Middle Class :—so far their position has been recognized. But here follows a truth of mighty importance which we do not remember to have seen sufficiently noticed. As long as they kept apart from the multitude they were safe and respected ; when they called in the multitude to their aid they rapidly became insecure and despised. We do not mean by keeping apart from the multitude that they neglected the legitimate means of popularity,—on the contrary, they were eminently popular until they connived at the popular excesses,—we mean simply their avoidance of using the multitude as an instrument to obtain power. In their first position, as men desiring reform, not violence, they carried the election of Péthion against Lafayette as mayor of Paris—they drove out the less liberal administration—they forced their own government, under Roland, Dumouriez, and Clavière, upon the king. The unhappy suspicions of Louis, and the intrigues of Dumouriez, who deserted his party, led to the dissolution of their ministry. They retired “with the regrets of the nation,” according to the declaration of the Assembly. Their position as yet was strong and noble ; with patience and moderation their return to power was sure. But they formed the resolution of defeated placemen—they began to excite the populace against the throne ;—not that they wished as yet France to be a republic—no, but that French monarchy might be their appanage and patent. They became traitors to law by their palterings with force—palterings, for they still affected attachment only to constitutional measures. They would trust to the petitions of the people ; nothing more legitimate !—but they suffered the petitioners to present themselves *armed* before the National Assembly ; nothing more fatal !—the speeches of Vergniaud while insidious became inflammatory : he would not call Louis a tyrant, but he *supposed a case* in which every one would call Louis traitor and tyrant both. Brissot, more bold, exclaimed that “one man paralyzed France !”—and that man her king. And all the while they set the populace on fire, they seemed to have little other



design in the conflagration than the roasting of their own eggs. Their ambition prevailed—a second and a more fatal time, they came into power; no longer as ministers of a king, but as delegates of a mob; no longer merely as representatives of the middle class, but as destroyers of the class above, and as mouth-pieces of the class below. The date of this second rule of the Girondins commences from the celebrated 10th of August, the day of the invasion and massacre of the Tuileries. M. Duval, who was a witness and actor, describes this scene with great effect and truth.

“Péthion, the mayor, had been at the chateau at midnight, and had assured the king that the menaced insurrection should be pacified. Scarcely had the king repeated this assurance to the guard, than the sound of the tocsin—the roll of the drum were heard. Instantly the great gate toward the Carrousel is closed. ‘To your posts!’ is the cry. They make us take our arms—then lay them down to pile them *en faisceau*. The greatest confusion reigns in all the courts—every where we hear the cannoniers of the guard venting imprecations on the king and queen, and declaring they will rather point their pieces against the chateau than against the *peuple*. A little before five in the morning Rœderer comes to us, and says: ‘Gentlemen, a troop of misled citizens menace this house and its inhabitants; if they resort to violence it is your duty to repel force by force. Here is the law, I will read it to you:’ and he takes a little book, bound in tri-color paper, reads us the law, puts up the little book again, and is off. A quarter of an hour after the king visits our posts—in a violet-colored coat, his hat under his arm, his sword by his side—he passes before our ranks, and addresses us *d’une voix altérée*: ‘Well, they come, I don’t know what they want, but my cause is that of good citizens; we will make a good front, eh? (*nous ferons bonne contenance, n’est pas?*) and in thus speaking to us he had the tears in his eyes, and his air and carriage were such as to take all courage from the intrepid. The queen also said a few words, scarcely articulate, struggling in vain to suppress her sobs. In this moment arrived the two hundred gentlemen (rather *gentilhommes*, men of noble birth,) who had kept in that part of the Louvre which now forms the museum. The queen presented them to us: ‘Messieurs, they are our friends, they will take orders, and show you how to die for your king.’ As if there were not enough of ill-seasoned imprudence in these words, a rumor was spread that the queen had said, ‘They will give—not take—orders.’ This was a falsehood, but it sufficed as a pretext for the disaffected, and instantly two battalions of the national guard who had just arrived, broke rank, and marched off to take position on the Carrousel with two cannon. There they stopped the fresh battalions arriving to the succor of the chateau, and forced them to take part in their revolt. From that moment expired all hope in the National Guard.

“Such was the sad and first effect of the apparition of these two hundred gentlemen. Most of them very aged, they seemed scarcely to bear the weight of the sword, which was their only weapon. Like the unhappy Louis, they had only snatched a few moments of repose upon benches and sofas, and their hair, like his, was in disorder. Nearly

all, in embroidered coats, satin waistcoats, and white silk stockings, a few only in uniform, their faces pale and haggard, they rather resembled men for whom sleep was necessary than champions for their imperilled king. God forbid that I should ridicule fidelity and devotion, but the truth is that their costume, so little appropriate to the occasion, their pretensions of exclusive loyalty made them regarded with so unfavorable an eye that their succor brought less utility than danger. And it was not with this handful of aged gentlemen, however honorable and loyal, that Pergamus could be saved—

‘Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.’

“To complete all, one of these personages thought fit in a swaggering tone to say to the National Guard, ‘Now, Messieurs of the National Guard, now is the moment to display courage.’—‘We shall not fail in *that*,’ cried an officer in an extreme rage, ‘but it is not by your side that we shall give the proof of it.’ And instantly he went off, and carried with him his company to join the cannon already pointed against the chateau.”

And yet, alas, “this handful of gentlemen” in satin vests, and court swords, and silk stockings, were all the last relics of that gallant chivalry, who had rushed against the lion of England to the cry of Mountjoie St. Denis, who had followed St. Louis to the Holy Land, who had tracked through the battle-field the white plume of Henri of Navarre, who had shaken the throne under Louis XIII., who had met the charge of Marlborough at Ramillies and Blenheim, who had filled with lance and banner that very space of the Carrousel when it first received its name, from the latest tournament held in France in the gorgeous youth of the fourteenth Louis! There now were the ashes and tinder of that aristocracy! What could a thousand Mirabeaus do to restore the departed glory; and what, without a nobility, amidst such a national guard, with such a mayoralty, invaded by such a populace, what hope for such a king! The rest is well known—Louis surrendered himself to the Assembly. This was the last day of nobility and royalty, the first of the unhallowed union between the middle class and the populace—the Dantonists who had led the movement, and the Girondins who had intrigued for it. In the midst of the pæans of the Marseillaise, and the shrieks of massacre, arose the dynasty of Vergniaud and the Talkers!

Truly, says M. Duval, (vol. iii. p. 242.)

“Scarcely had the sceptre, so long coveted, devolved on them, than their feebleness and hesitation made their dethronement certain. The massacres of September take place under their eyes, they are silent, or but falter out a feeble voice. From the installation of the Convention, the reigns of government float in their hands, and they remain impotent witnesses of the crimes of the commune, the Jacobins, the popular societies! Members of all the committees, possessing majorities in every commission, they know neither to foresee nor to prevent. If sometimes

they were roused into a sudden energy, it passed like a lightning, it vanished like a smoke. Gladly in a critical moment would they have adopted some vigorous measure, but it was enough to induce them to relinquish it, if the Commune appeared angry, or the roar of Danton was heard from the tribune. These were not the statesmen to intimidate the hardy conspirators with whom they had to contend."

Such are the hackneyed complaints against this ill-fated party: and yet it is rather just to blame the Girondins for the truckling to the masses by which they obtained power, than for the feebleness displayed when they had won it. In the latter instance the want of vigor was the proof of virtue. The principles most dear to them forbade the energy which was inherent in the Democracy of the Mountain. They were still the Representatives of what little was left of order, of law, of decorum, of education, of the MIDDLE CLASS in short:—their virtue forbade the vigor of butchers and assassins. And without a ruthless execution of criminals, in whom the public saw only patriots, they could not have punished crime. In a revolution, reasonable men must always appear to want vigor. He who shares the passions of the mob, ever seems most in earnest. But the school of Vergniaud and Isnard was one to make instruments of a populace, and to despise the very instruments they used. These sages of the closet had no more sympathy with the mob than Faustus with the fiend he had invoked. Already the Cordeliers and Jacobins, Danton and Robespierre, were combined for the destruction of the Girondins. Danton, aware of the sinister and jealous hatred even at this time conceived against him by Robespierre, indeed hesitated; but his indecision was brief. He saw the impossibility of allying the unscrupulous principle on which rested his power, his popularity, his safety, with the scholastic formula of the Girondins. "No," he said justly, "the moderates will not trust me, and I should lose myself in confiding in them." And from that moment, uniting with his serpent foe, Maximilien the Incorruptible, he planned the ruin of the Girondins,—and went blindfold to his own grave.

It was on seeing the dangers that surrounded them, on feeling that the sole power of the state was rapidly passing into the hands of the mob of Paris, that the Girondins began seriously to put into practice a theory that they had long before discussed and approved in the saloons of Madame Roland. With more of that statesmanship which belongs to thought, if less of that which develops itself in action, than the rival parties, they had the intelligence to foresee that France was too vast a territory for prolonged duration to one single republic. A sound and effective central government is not compatible with a turbulent democracy, extending through an immense territory. But if France could be divided into districts, each district a republic—if out of the provinces of the defunct monarchy a republican federacy could be formed—each state thus constituted could obtain submission for the laws it enacted.—The power in each, now that aristocracy was extinguished, must gradually and quietly settle in the middle classes—the mob of Paris would

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cease to command the destinies of the nation—one republic would counterbalance the other. No scheme could be better for the restraint of pure democracy, none better suited to the domination of the middle classes. These views were powerfully cherished and enforced by certain Protestants of the party, who probably foresaw the establishment of their faith in some of the departments over which they might preside. Gradually the principal leaders of the party were brought to the same policy; and preparations were being made to effect it, when the Girondins fell: this very policy being one main cause of their ruin, because they forgot one slight reason against ever having entertained it—namely, that it was impracticable; impracticable because unpopular; for in a popular revolution, what that is unpopular can succeed!\*

No sooner did Robespierre publicly arraign and denounce this “phantom of federacy,” than the whole populace became furious against the insult of being parcelled out and frittered away. And with justice, not only as a populace, but as a people. At that moment, surrounded by the armed powers of Europe, had the integrity of France been once lost—had the national spirit been exchanged for the departmental—had the legions of Christendom found, instead of a mighty community animated by one passion, a nest of little republics squabbling with each other, and settling the affairs of their several municipalities—the independence of France had been gone for ever. And the sense of this it was, that gave value and zeal to that bloody phrase now originated as a battle-cry by Robespierre: “*La République Une et Indivisible!*”

Much must be excused in the Girondins. If much to be blamed, for much also they are to be admired, for much pitied; but their fall was necessary to the nation. Girondism would have rotted the Nation itself away.

With them passed the dynasty of the Middle Class, and rose that of the Mob—the true reign of Terror. The tone of manners became still more gross and revolting. The words “Fraternity or Death,” written upon all the prisons, gave the exact idea of the ferocious philanthropy which then denounced as an aristocrat any one who used the pronoun *you* instead of *thou*. Then Atheism, the rankest and most intolerable, grew at once the safest and the most fashionable creed. Whatever was most ignorant, most absurd, most brutal in human folly, ascended into despotism: Naturally;—for it was the most ignorant and the most passionate class, in a moment of general frenzy, that ruled all France. But force and passion are never enthroned utterly in vain. Amidst all the crimes of the period, one virtue of immense importance when acting upon large communities was unquestionable—PATRIOTISM. The principle of nationality endangered by the Girondins blazed up with increased fire and indomitable vigor. The foreign enemy was on the frontiers; and the

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\* Many historians have, it is true, disputed the justice of this charge against the Girondins, and have considered their scheme for Federacy to be indeed a Phantom.—M. Duval gives very curious and minute details on the *reality* of their project, and it is entirely conformable to the character and objects of their party.



same spirit that rendered life intolerable to the peaceful civilian, made the fierce soldier irresistible. The new leaders of the state, that is, the chiefs of the Mountain, who had supplanted the Girondins, carried into full action not only the vices, but equally this one virtue of the Mob. It is literally startling to see the sudden and brilliant contrast which their energetic policy presented to the vacillation of their predecessors. These butchers, so atrocious in the city, were magnificent as statesmen and heroes, the moment their minds flew to the borders of invaded France. There, the iron will of Robespierre, the savage genius of St Just, the reckless daring of Danton, changed at once from vices into virtues.

We hear it often said that the French republic would not have been so disastrous a failure in the experiments of liberty, had it not been for the frenzy produced by the invasion of the allies. On the contrary, to that invasion alone, France owed its re-entrance into civilization. Left to waste all the strength of the new passions upon internal contests, to proscriptions would have succeeded civil war; and the wild democracy of old Corcyra would have been a heaven to the Pandemonium of a society to the evil spirit of which there would have been no vent. The superior sagacity of Mr. Pitt was never more displayed than in his reluctance to enter into the war *forced on him at last*; a reluctance for which the Royalists never forgave him. From wrong into right—from the hell of Paris into the day-light of truth and liberty—broke the youth of France in the just and holy cause of Independence and Self-Defence. From the bosom of the Mountain, Fourteen Armies poured the spirit that never fails to conquer against the lukewarm hirelings of invading sovereigns. From the fires of the Mountain flashed the enthusiastic heroism of Jourdan, Hoche, Pichegru, and Moreau. Liberty common to all—promotion the right of each—every soldier was a hero:—no matter the rawness of the recruits, the inexperience of the generals,—it was as the strife of the young man against the old, of vigor against decrepitude, when a whole population, drunk with liberty, marched against the time-worn sovereignties of the sober world. Well may M. Duval exclaim,

“ Oh, if the convention could be considered only in the light of defenders from the foreigner, how noble its part in history !”

Meanwhile at Paris three great factions were struggling for power.—The impracticable enthusiasts of brotherhood and atheism under Cloutz, Chaumette, and Hébert; the Cordeliers, under Danton and Desmoulins; the Jacobins, under Robespierre. The time for the first was gone by. No sooner had the vigorous measures of the Mountain arrayed the ardor of France against the whole of Europe, than poor Baron Cloutz's declamations upon Universal Love, upon the superiority of Philanthropy to Patriotism, were not only impertinent but treasonable. These men (the Atheist-Philanthropists) had nothing in their minds or their policy that could command more than momentary suc-

cess ; they appear for the most part to have been honest in their belief in the wickedness and absurdity that made up their creed, but their very fanaticism was the proof of their inability to govern. They were to the more practical and robust demagogue, whether of Robespierre or Danton, what the Socialists of our day are to the Chartists. Most of them desired the entire abolition of private property, "*La richesse nuit à la santé et conduit rarement à la vertu.*" The tribunes might applaud these sentiments, but how were they to be practiced ? Such doctrines preluded the Procession (under the management of Chaumette) of the Goddess of Reason. Was it possible that a faction, declaring the sole Deity of the Universe was an abstract word, represented by an immodest Harlot, could exist long in any community however besotted ? The most striking feature in that face was the man ordained to convert it into a great and awful tragedy,—Maximilien Robespierre. He, the formal, the moral, the precise ; he, the educated, thoughtful cynic ; with what hate and scorn must he have regarded such a spectacle of human folly ! M. Duval describes him graphically.

"Among the numerous deputies, resting in disdain on their curule chairs, I will cite Robespierre. He took off, replaced, his spectacles, wiping the glasses, beat a tattoo with his feet, shrugged his shoulders, yawned, took notes, and from time to time whispered to St. Just seated by his side. I have not seen the notes that passed between them, but I am free to think that they furnished the exordium of the famous report on the faction of Atheists which St. Just recited four months later at the tribune, and which served as a footstool for Chaumette to ascend the scaffold."

A faction so characterized was but the representative of the ignorance and folly of the mob ; it could obviously not secure its interests or wield its passions ; it had not one element of duration, one quality for the acquisition of solid power. And every observer must have seen that the real strife for the mastery of France lay between Robespierre and Danton. Of these two men, amongst most historians, especially in England, Danton is the favorite. There is indeed to a vulgar gaze, something almost captivating in this Mirabeau of the Mob, despite his horrible excesses. He was free from all personal vindictiveness, he was not naturally cruel ; he spilt, as M. Duval well observes, blood in torrents, but always for a purpose and from policy ; he could not be sanguinary in detail ; he had no cowardice in him, no envy. About his character was a large rough good nature ; he was affectionate and loyal to those he loved (for he did love and he was loved, this master butcher who could order the massacre of 2000 prisoners in cold blood.) He had no religion, even of atheism ; for atheism is not, like scepticism, lukewarm and hesitating, but is ardent and intolerant in its creed ; he laughed at the Goddess of Reason : he had therefore no vestige of hypocrisy or cant. Frankly he confessed his total infidelity, candidly he owned his theories of Revolution, "things not made with rose-

water," in which (as he said) the boldest scoundrel was the most successful actor. He was profligate, lustful, and corrupt in money matters, but he was all these so undisguisedly, that the vulgar, who like a frank villain, ranked them amongst his merits. On the other hand, Robespierre was a personal coward, and hence arose, perhaps, all his crimes. He, too, certainly was not by nature cruel, nor even vindictive, whatever has been said to the contrary; for it is a fact that he took no notice of many of his early personal enemies when their lives were in his power; but he never spared one man who could be an obstacle to his ambition, or who could endanger his safety. He, like Danton, was sanguinary only on a system, but his system was one of private fear as well as public interest. He was essentially an egotist. Danton lived for the circle, not from faith in its interests, but from his joyous temper; Robespierre sat wrapped in himself. The same cause that made Maximilien cruel, made him treacherous: for personal cowardice, combined with moral energy, (which last Robespierre possessed to the highest possible degree,) works through craft what the bolder villainy achieves through violence.

But then Robespierre had faith in something, and Danton in nothing. Robespierre believed in Liberty, in Virtue, in a Deity, in the People, in the Revolution itself. Danton regarded all with the same careless and hardy *insouciance*. With him, Virtue was a convention, a Deity a word, the People, Liberty, and Revolution,—all pretences for ambition—counters in the game of knaves. He got wearied of the Reign of Terror, partly because he saw it made subservient to the personal egotism of Robespierre, partly because he was a man who lived for the day, and he was newly married, had amassed a fortune, and was fond of his villa.\* But he wanted that earnestness and faith of purpose which could alone have enabled him to carry on the movement into order and mercy. He toyed with the time; he was wholly incapable to construct, though so marvellously fitted to destroy. With all his talents, which, though of a coarse quality, were considerable, he was a child, when compared to the concentrated will, and indefatigable industry, and patient intellect of Robespierre.† And therefore, in looking calmly and dispassionately at the two men, the profound observer must feel, that if, placed in those times, he had been constrained to take his choice between Robespierre and Danton, had been forced to rest his last hopes of the Revolution, of Humanity, of Civilized Institutions, upon one or

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\* "They say," observed a patriot to Danton. "that your zeal is abated now you are rich; that you toiled to advance the Revolution till it had made your fortune; that now your fortune is made you would arrest it. This is not said of Robespierre, always poor and always zealous. Why is this?" "Because," answered Danton, without denying the charge, "I love gold, and Robespierre only blood."

† Danton felt this even while affecting to call Robespierre *lache*, and pretending to despise him. Latterly he shrunk from all contest with him, all association with Robespierre's foes, and could not defend from Maximilien's grasp even his own friends. It is noticeable that, throughout the Revolution, Robespierre was the only man who could protect his creatures. No one but himself could dare to lay hands on those he appeared to favor. This was an immense advantage over all his rivals.

the other, Danton would not have been his election. The more, amidst that chaos of motives and of actors, we regard the prominent individuals, the more we must perceive that the only INTELLIGENCE of the time was Maximilien Robespierre. He had objects and purposes beyond the hour; he was ever looking forward to the time when the Reign of Blood was to cease; he only desired to destroy his enemies in order to call into being the new state of things in which he could reduce to system the theories he cherished. He was engaged with David on designs for benevolent institutions a few days before he perished; he was drawing up notes for a code of laws in which his earliest dream of the abolition of capital punishments might be realized, while struggling foot to foot with Barras and Tollen for his head or their own. He firmly believed in all the principles he professed;—a hypocrite in his conduct to men, but an enthusiast in his faith in dogmas.

In times of convulsion two qualities are necessary, forethought to design, courage to act. Only one man in modern revolutions ever perhaps united these in the perfection necessary to complete personal success, and that man was Cromwell. In the French Revolution, Danton had more of the last, Robespierre incalculably more of the first. Historians compare Danton to a lion, and in all his qualities, noble or savage, he had much of the brute. Soul in him seemed extinct. Robespierre, with all his atrocities, still had the calculation, reason, and belief of a Man. And the Man beat the Lion.

But when Danton fell, Robespierre, to survive, had no option but the choice of Augustus after the proscriptions. If the excitement arising from terror was to be prolonged, what could feed it after the death of Danton, except his own? He might have made the tragedy end with that signal catastrophe; but if the interest was to go on, if another act was to be added, all that could engage the audience was the fall of Maximilien Robespierre.

We have seen, that as the Revolution advanced step after step, it preyed upon class after class, which it dragged up into power. As Vergniaud said eloquently, "Like Saturn, it devoured its own children." The head of Louis was destined from the moment the crowd shouted to behold it circled with the *bonnet rouge*; the nobility were predestined the moment they merged themselves with the commons; the middle class were invaded, pillaged, decimated, as soon as their dynasty fell with the Girondins. And now that the Empire of the Populace was founded, the populace began to find the fiend they had raised fixing its fangs and talons on themselves. Sated with the blood of nobles, priests, and scholars, the Guillotine had begun to reek with the gore of carpenters, shoemakers, masons, cobblers; and the eyes of the Populace opened when they saw *themselves* the prey of their own ferocity. The shops were shut up as the tumbrils passed to the scaffold—Paris was sickened of the Reign of Blood.

Amidst acclamations that came from a human hope, Robespierre had proclaimed the existence of a Deity; for men, believing or not in God, believed that, the worship of a God once established, something of



mercy and good will to man would mingle with the creed. In the presence of the FATHER, the son's hand would surely drop the blade lifted against the brother. But no; the Deity proclaimed by Robespierre had brought no mitigation of crime and slaughter amongst mankind. Like the gods of Epicurus, the Being a Robespierre could invoke seemed to disdain regard of the affairs of earth. And they who had wept hot tears to hear the eloquent periods in which this would-be Prophet, this Master of the Ceremonies to Heaven, introduced the new worship, began now to ask themselves whether indeed Maximilien Robespierre was the man to bestow religion upon the world. Egotist in every thing, it might be said that Robespierre sought to turn even the Almighty to his own advantage. He had invoked the Heaven to crush the atheists as political enemies, not to curb atheism as a moral evil.

At this time Robespierre was a spectacle of absorbing and awful interest. His constitution, always sickly, was sinking fast under his vigilance and his terror. He seldom slept, he never reposed. Devoured by the acrid humors of his system, his face became livid, his eyes streaked with blood. Hour after hour anonymous letters threatened him with the hand of the assassin; conspiracies gathered rapidly around him. Men, insignificant while Danton lived, took the strength of dragons from the blood of that awful head. He reigned but by his hold over the club of the Jacobins, and the hearts of the women! a strange subject for female enthusiasm! but that usually follows power and will. And there was something too of mystery in this cold, austere being—young in years, with the hoary cunning and hard heart of age; resisting all temptation, except that of governing mankind; and shaking Europe from a chamber over a cabinet-maker's shop.

The singular and ruthless determination of purpose which Robespierre had hitherto shown began to desert him. His energies, no longer concentrated upon the downfall of single rivals, wandered wild and indecisive over that vast field of enmity and peril which spread before his gaze. In proportion as he lost in vigor of action, he improved in eloquence of word. The common horror in which his character is held, makes us unjust to his talents. And it requires all the charity of abstract criticism to praise the orator while sickening at the man. But it would be difficult to find any where in the modern literature of the rostrum finer passages than some of his principal speeches contain. The address, delivered to the Convention, in vindication of the Deity, is full of beauties in language, and justice of thought. But it is natural that those who read should be so revolted at the want of harmony between the orator and the subject—at the character of the butcher arrogating that of the theologian,—the Nero assuming the Numa, that even the finest passages shock the moral taste too much to win justice from the intellectual. Robespierre vindicating, in the midst of massacre, the existence of a God of mercy, is like our own Richard III. issuing his Proclamation against Vice after the murder of his nephews. The sentiments professed by either may be admirable in themselves, but they only serve to deepen the general abhorrence of the character they

contrast. No man ever had so complete a command over an assembly, from the mere force of mind and thought, as Robespierre long enjoyed over the Convention, and to the last over the Jacobin Club. For, unlike most successful orators, he owed nothing to physical advantages : a wretched person, mean features, even the fire of the eyes concealed by glasses, a discordant voice, hoarse and indistinct in the low tones, shrill and grating in the higher, the words and the thoughts had nothing to set them off. It was this *nimis eloquentia*, this faculty so prodigiously improved, which helped to ruin him ; for he was eminently a vain man, and like vain men, he attached undue importance to means that obtained momentary applause. Yes ! he would speak, he would denounce, he would prove, he would trust his cause to his eloquence ! He thought of words at the moment when nothing could have saved him but deeds. And of all his efforts, never one equal in eloquence to his last speech at the Convention ! Had it been delivered by a man whose history commanded admiration instead of loathing, it would have been cited as a master-piece of lucid argument, subtle thought, and fiery and earnest passion ; for in words Robespierre had passion, and his cold dogmas ring out as living principles. But the spirit of the audience was gone, the speech was out of place and season. As a sermon from Dr. Chalmers on the hustings, as Milton's Defence of Unlicensed Printing in a council of war with the enemy at the gates,—was a long tirade of arguments or complaints in an assembly of men who knew that in six days France must be the executioner of Robespierre, or his slave. And the time lost in preparing the harangue, would have—But no, whether in words or deeds his hour was past : the sense of humanity was at length awakened, and the last representative of the Populace fell amidst its hoots and curses to make way for the Eternal Successor of Civil Convulsion,—MILITARY RULE. When Napoleon first pointed his cannon against the populace, the final moral was given to that tale of a world's shame and wonder ; and the multitude prepared the crown for the man who delivered them from themselves !

In looking at this distance of time over the great revolution of France, —even if we consent to make for its follies and its crimes all the excuses prescribed to us,—if we emancipate ourselves from the prejudices (so let them be called) with which human nature must regard the revolting incidents and details,—we must still find it a matter of grave astonishment, that so violent a convulsion should have produced such insignificant benefit. To those who read history with the eyes of Mignet and of Thiers (the great masters of the school so well entitled the *Fatalist*) history may interest, but it never warns—once grant that events are the things of destiny, and what signify the faults or virtues of the actors. This is indeed to make history an almanac, and to place the horoscope of nations under the fabulous influence of the stars. But they who see in the chronicles of a state, matter to make succeeding times profit by the disaster and emulate the triumph, must ever

ask themselves that question, on the answer to which, so much to dethrone Law or to legalize Force must rest. "What has France gained by her Revolution?" And we think it might be satisfactorily shown, that whatever benefit France has derived from the Revolution itself is a wretched recompence for the crimes through which she waded to obtain it. Do not let us be misunderstood. We grant, at once, that if we compare the state of the people and the nature of the laws, in 1785, with their existence in 1842, there is in great and vital respects a considerable improvement; that improvement, however, is not to be ascribed to the Revolution, *but to the spirit that preceded the Revolution, and could have sufficed for all beneficial changes, WITHOUT IT.* Until, by the siege of the Bastille, the Populace were permitted to take the law in their own hands, there was no fear for the safe progress of Opinion; and the events of 1789—94 would have changed their character, and been known by the name, not of Revolution, but Reform. Popular principles had only to be temperate to be permanently successful. The king was prepared to yield; the state of the finances placed him and his hostile court at the irresistible command of the Assembly; the nobles, the church, and the men of letters, were on the whole pervaded by the spirit of the time. Nothing could have prevented the most lasting compromise of all interests, had, what is properly Revolution, namely Illegal Violence, not usurped the place of Constitutional Improvement. At this period, the temper of the times, so far from being yet sanguinary, was for the extinction of capital punishment. We repeat and insist upon the truth that the Movement had only to abstain from violence in order to have carried reform to the highest point which the liberty and enlightenment of the Age could have desired: the moment that movement passed into revolution; the moment LAW, instead of being *corrected*, was *resisted*; the moment the populace were permitted to indulge passion and to taste blood; the moment, in fact, Force began,—Reform ceased. We concede all that the apologists for the excesses of the Revolution have demanded. We allow the unhappy influences of Marie Antoinette and the courtiers, the impolitic intrigues of the emigrants, and the unjustifiable aggression of the allies. But these are but the ordinary obstacles with which liberty has to contend in all stages of conflict and transition. And never, perhaps, had liberty advantages so great as those which France possessed, and threw away; viz., a population of one mind, and a king whose heart was with his country. Desèze, in his defence of Louis XVI. before the Assembly, thus summed up, and not a voice could contradict: "At the age of twenty, Louis, in ascending the throne, carried with him the example of moral excellence—of justice and economy. The people wished the abolition of an onerous impost—Louis destroyed it;—the abolition of servitude—Louis abolished it. The people asked reforms—he made them;—their rights—he restored them;—their liberty—he gave it. No one can deny to Louis the glory of having been in advance of the people by his sacrifices, and it is him whom they propose to—Citizens! I will not conclude the sentence

—I pause before that History—which, remember, shall judge your judgment—and her's is the verdict that endures for centuries."

Yes, no man denied this praise to Louis, and what hopes would such a king have afforded to a People, wise to ask and patient to abide ! What better chief has been gained for liberty—in Robespierre, in Napoleon, in Louis XVIII., in Charles X., in Louis-Philippe ? Without a revolution, unless the mere assembling of the *Tiers-Etat* is so to be called, without, in short (and to avoid misconception,) violence, and convulsion, France, under Louis XVI., and his noble son (tortured to death by the cobbler, Simon,) would have had a Representative Assembly on the broadest basis, a Government managed with the severest economy, a Press carried on by the freest regulations,—and more than all, the hearty sympathy and love of every land where Civilization can free the limbs or elevate the mind. Has she ever had them since ?—has she got them now ?

Unquestionably the abolition of privileges, the purification of the church, the amendment of the laws, have been great boons to France, but those were predestined from the first meeting of the *Tiers-Etat*. For those, no massacres, no guillotine, no regicide, no reign of terror, no revolution (such as we mean by the revolution of France,) were required. It was not for those *real* benefits to France that her streets were to swim with blood. Revolutions so sanguinary are to be palliated only (excused they never can be,) either by such results as secure permanent and practical constitutional liberty to the masses, or a thorough social regeneration in the moral life of the citizens. With regard to the last, we must touch delicately on invidious ground. It is true that the gay prodigality, the witty gallantries, the polished vices of the old French gentleman, are exchanged for the proud exclusiveness of the Carlist malcontents of the Faubourg St. Germain ; the ancient noblesse are no doubt improved and sobered by reverses, and poverty has heightened their Gallic vanity into something of Spanish pride. But are the vices themselves extinct, or have they not merely changed their place of residence ; to be found under a less graceful garb, amongst the new aristocracy of wealth, the gaudy parvenus of the Chaussée d'Antin ? If we are to regard Literature as the glass of the manners and morals of the time, what terrible corruption—more dangerous because more grave and thoughtful than the light licenses of the old Crebillons and Marivaux,—pollutes those pictures of modern life which the astonishing variety and affluent genius of their Novelists exhibit to taint the young and to shock the old ! Turn to the Stage, and how innocent seem the pleasantries of Figaro, to the deliberate depravity of *Angelo* and *Terèse*. We do not in this accuse the authors. Authors take the coloring of their times. It is no blame to a writer to paint the manners of the age ; if the manners are dissolute, the age alone must bear the odium. Admirably, indeed, in one of her last novels, has Madame Dudevant (G. Sand) described and reprobated the prevalent vices of the youth of Paris,—an egotistical and morbid desire to make a name, by short paths, and without labor ; a craving for excitement,



usually gratified by the seduction of your friend's wife ; and ending in the pistol or the charcoal-dish, upon the loss of a mistress or the ruin of a speculation. Certainly we must allow for exaggeration, and we must not judge of all society by its surface. But still he must indeed be an Optimist more credulous than Candide, who can affirm that out of the slime and gore of 1794, any really pure and virtuous regeneration of morals and society has arisen to shame the sober honesty of the German or the more sullen rectitude of the Englishman. Let us turn from the Social view of the question to the Legislative.

The chief popular feature in the constitution of modern France, as characteristic of her first revolution, is the annihilation of the aristocracy of birth. The noblesse never recovered the first shock. The restoration of the Bourbons could not revive the seignories. The abolition of an Hereditary Chamber, and the prevalent division of lands, which are the last results of the old revolutionary spirit, have effectually destroyed, as a power, the intermediate body existing in other countries between the people and the throne. But this absence of aristocracy has been attended with no real popular benefits ; the third-rate men of letters, the second-rate lawyers, who have assumed the lead of affairs, have done little enough to advance liberty, but much to confirm the public indifference to high honor and commanding integrity ; while the division of property, in banishing or greatly diminishing a resident gentry, in crippling capital and barring speculation, has, with very partial exceptions, actually left Agriculture scarcely, if at all, advanced from the period 1786—88, in which Arthur Young published his Statistics. Governments in vain have tried to foster the art of Triptolemus. Writers on its theory have in vain recommended reforms—n vain have model-farms been established, for the system forbids the motives to its progress. The peasant jogs after his old rude plough—the ox crawls behind the old *traineau*—the fields still blossom with the weed—the soil still hungers for manure. In 1842, France produces little more grain than it did in 1788, while the population has increased nearly 8,000,000. Speculators may declaim as they please on the cause—the cause is evident to common sense : viz., the absence of an aristocracy interested in the improvement of their lands, and with adequate capital for the improvement. Thus the most democratic, perhaps, the sole democratic change attributable to the Revolution, is far from having produced the true democratic results ; a greater incitement to industry—more copious employment for the many. But enlarging our views from details, may it not generally be said, that the Revolution, so far from permanently advancing, threw back, popular principles throughout Europe ; and that to the Revolution must be ascribed the worst defects in the system of existing France, whether political or moral. For in the political, the first grievous error that strikes us at this day, is the exceeding narrowness of the electoral body ; an evil that may be said to operate against the tranquillity of society itself, for it tends to create an immense and powerful class *who have no stake whatever in the constitution*—who are ripe, therefore, for any aggres-

sion upon the existing state of things—and ready for war because unrepresented in peace ;—while, regarded on the more popular side of the question, it may fairly be said that it is not representation, it is oligarchy which vests the franchise in the hands of some 150,000 persons out of a population of 30,000,000. And yet, to the Revolution only is this defect to be ascribed ; for throughout the French public, there is still so lively and painful a recollection of the atrocities committed under a system of universal suffrage, that extension of the suffrage is not even a popular question. And we remember to have heard the late Armand Carrel (the most illustrious, perhaps, of the popular party,) declare that the greatest curse inflicted upon France, would be a constituent body as large as that which, in England, liberal politicians consider as unwisely contracted. Had the Reform gone on, and the Revolution never occurred ; had Louis XVI. been left on the throne, and treated with respect as the sovereign of a free people ; had all the energy of the leaders of the day been devoted to the amelioration of law, not the competition of force, France would already have acquired that political sagacity which never comes but from patient and progressive experience. She would never then have fallen into the ludicrous error, which every school-boy scoffs in England, of instituting the ballot-box in the Representative Chamber, and demanding for trustees the secrecy which destroys the whole responsibility of the trust. She would never have left at the disposal of the Crown, means of corruption so extensive, that at this moment there are more places to give away than there are voters to apply for them !

Perhaps the two greatest evils of the Revolution were, first, that it created that habit of impatience which the best thinkers of France lament as the prevalent characteristic of their countrymen in this age—an impatience equally lamentable in public and individual existence. To succeed at once, or at once to destroy—such is the maxim that makes the assassin and the suicide. The second evil was the habit of indifference to moral character, which could not but be engendered by a demagoguery succeeded by a soldiery ; and to this we owe the exhibition among French statesmen of a laxity of honor and truth, a corruption in pecuniary affairs, and an equivocation in the transaction of business, unparalleled in Europe, and demoralizing to the whole nation. At this moment France has scarcely one guarantee, either for permanent government or liberal institutions. The representative chamber is so confined, that it never represents public opinion ; and the electoral chamber, from its constitution, is tainted with the servility of courtiers, and has never that interest against despotism which belongs to aristocracy. Even the press, to which the French have, from the instinct of weakness elsewhere, attached such affectionate importance, is so feebly guarded by harmonizing institutions, that, while in a popular crisis it can inflame passions better appeased, in ordinary times it is exposed to persecutions, the virulence and impunity of which are a scandal both to the people and the crown. If we compare the real safeguards for liberty, the real strata and foundations for good government possessed

now by the French, *with those at their disposal in 1789*, far from having gained, they have incalculably lost. And at this moment no man can foresee whether, ten years hence, France may not again be a democracy without education, or a despotism under a conqueror. War is her first passion still : and the king who leads her to war, will, if defeated, be dethroned ; if successful, become absolute.

A twofold moral then arises from the contemplation of the Reign of Terror ; the moral to rulers, and that to the people. A terrible warning is it to a monarchy that does not in time partake its responsibility with constitutional assemblies ; to a government that does not regard laws as its right arm, finance as its left ; to a nobility that do not link themselves with the commons, not suddenly and violently, but through all the slow and imperceptible links of social life ; to a priesthood that forgets the duties which command reverence and attract love. A lesson is it also to rulers no less in resistance than concession ; to concede early what is just, but to resist to the last what is iniquitous. The horrors of the Revolution were owing as much to the latter cowardice of all who should have opposed, as to the early obstinacy of all who should have foreseen and forestalled. A warning equally grave, and if possible more important, is it to the people, that one step gained by law leads to practical and enduring liberty far sooner than a thousand gained by Force ; that excesses in the power they attack never justify excesses in the power they would establish ; that revenge is not only as criminal in a people as an individual, but that it is as impolitic and foolish. The greatest errors, and those most fatal to our happiness, which we as private men commit in life, are those which we commit through vindictive passions. We acknowledge this truth as persons, let us enforce it as a people. Above all, perhaps, this revolution teaches communities that to *institutions* alone liberty can be confided, and that institutions to be permanent must not too materially differ from the ancient habits they seek to reform. The indifference to institutions is still a characteristic of our neighbors. Gallant to overthrow, unsteady to construct, the error of their first revolution pervaded their last ; and after a movement almost unparalleled for energy and humanity (for such must the events of the Three days ever be considered), they were contented with a dynasty and a parchment charter, without one single *institution* to render the objects for which they fought the heritage of their children. They have obtained a dexterous and an able king ; they have won neither reform for their Laws, representation for their Chamber, nor liberty for their Press.

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## ARTICLE VI.

## COLLIERS AND COLLIERIES.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WE know comparatively little of the misery and wretchedness which exist, even in the midst of the most civilized and Christian nations under heaven. Occasionally, in the providence of God, some benevolent spirit is roused up to look, like Howard, into the recesses of crime and woe, and to astound the world by his researches.

To Lord Ashley the age is indebted for revelations of physical and moral obliquity, that could scarcely have been dreamed of as attaching to human kind. England mourns over the slavery of these United States, and we weep with her, but, at home, in her own collieries, she has found and exposed to our view, scenes of suffering and of iniquity not surpassed by the worst inflictions of slavery, and causing the tears to course down our cheeks in drops as large, at least, as those which flow at the recital of the negro's wrongs.

The view given, in the following article, of the ignorance, vice, sufferings, and utter degradation of the colliers—men, women and children,—is truly shocking; and we cannot but believe that those, who have been so forward to knock off the chains from the slave, will not hesitate a moment, to enact such regulations for the collieries, as to put an end to the inflictions to which even mere children of both sexes are cruelly subjected.

Whose blood is not chilled at the recital of these woes? The awful explosion of May, 1812, and the in-break of the sea in July, 1837, dooming hundreds to awful deaths, are portrayed with tragic effect.—ED.

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From the Quarterly Review, June, 1842.

1. *Report of the Commissioners for Inquiring into the Condition of Children employed in Mines, &c., with two Appendices of Evidence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 3 vols. Folio. pp. 2022. London. 1842.
2. *History of Fossil Fuel, the Coal-trade and Colliers, &c.* London. 8vo. 1841. Second Edition.
3. *Speech of Lord Ashley in the House of Commons on the 7th June, 1842, on moving for leave to bring in a Bill to make regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Collieries.* London. 8vo. pp. 58.

On this our fair earth, with its canopy of air and cincture of waters, the prying mind of man observes a host of animated forms, which, with every apparent capacity for liberty and power of change, seem each in its kind to be tethered to its own region by invisible influences of such potency that to transgress them is to die. A certain zone is allotted to



each of the four-footed races ; a certain range and altitude to the bird ; and a certain stratum of waters to the finny tribe ; the surface and the caverns of the ocean have each their inhabitants, ever embraced by the same common element, yet ever remaining strangers to each other. Something of the same complexity and economy is visible in the ordering of that great moral universe, which is made visible here through the agency of man ; who, whatever may be the capacity of the individual for intellectual advancement, has his brotherhood with his humbler companions of earth ; and, like them, is chained to those regions where he can alone procure the conditions of physical existence. Practically, we always find, and have ever found, large sections of our race exhibiting grades and differences of action and suffering ; so that we are compelled to acknowledge that that which is to sustain and perfect the social fabric, considered as a whole, is not one in form and shape, not found in one spot, but scattered over the earth, acquired by a variety of efforts under varying circumstances, but everywhere, and under all its varieties, taxing all the faculties of mind and body in the individual, that the great destinies of the race may be fulfilled.

Here, however, the parallel between the physical world and the social ceases. The author of both has ordained, in the former, that so long as each tribe of animals plays its appointed part, so essential to the great organism of nature, all its capacities for enjoyment shall be satisfied. To man alone he has intrusted the perilous duty of guarding his own happiness. Labor for sustenance is his lot, in common with all flesh ; variety in the kind, and intensity in the degree of labor, is a necessary inheritance, on which the very existence of the social and moral system hinges. But whether or not he shall vindicate, in the midst of this, his nobler nature and destinies, depends greatly upon himself, and also in no small degree on the society in which his lot is cast.

Here, by three ponderous folios, we have disclosed to us—in our own land, and within our own ken—modes of existence, thoughts, feelings, actions, sufferings, virtues and vices, which are as strange and as new as the wildest dreams of fiction. The earth seems now for the first time to have heaved from its entrails another race, to astonish and to move us to reflection and to sympathy.

Here we find tens of thousands of our countrymen living apart from the rest of the world—intermarrying—having habits, manners, and almost a language peculiar to themselves—the circumstances surrounding their existence stamping and moulding mind and body with gigantic power. The common accidents of daily life are literally multiplied to this race of men a hundred-fold ; while they are subject to others which have no parallel on earth. It is not, then, a matter for wonder that their minds should borrow from the rocks and caverns they inhabit something of the hardness of the one and something of the awful “power of darkness” of the other ; and that their hearts and emotions should exhibit the fierceness of the elements amidst which they dwell.

It is mainly to Lord Ashley, who has headed this great movement for the moral improvement of the working classes, that we are indebted

for these volumes, issued apparently for the purpose of letting the public know the true condition of the mining population, and so forcing, by the weight of opinion and individual co-operation, society at large to attempt an amelioration.

The legislature of past years has undoubtedly been to blame in taking no cognizance of such a state of things as is now exhibited. But are they blameless who employ these men, and reap the benefit of labors which have induced a premature old age in their service? Have they, with so much in their power, fulfilled their duties—have they considered how to strengthen the connection of the master and the hireling by other ties than those of gain? Has our Church, clerical and lay, been diligent in civilizing these rough natures? Have proprietors, enriched by the development of minerals, enabled the Church to increase her functionaries in proportion to the growth of new populations? These are questions which must be asked, and answered, before the burden of change is laid on a few, which should be borne by many. We feel that this benefit must be conferred by all; and the power of the state must be propped by the self-denial of the owner—and the mild, untiring energies of the Church must be aided by the kindly influences of neighborhood—before it can be hoped that such a race as the miners can be brought to abandon their rooted prejudices and brutal indulgences. Living in the midst of dangers—and on that account supplied with higher wages, and with much leisure to spend them—they unite in their characters all that could flow from sources which render man at once reckless and self-indulgent—a hideous combination, when unleavened by religion and the daily influences of society—little likely to be removed by Acts of Parliament alone, and never if Acts of Parliament find none but official hands to aid in enforcing them.

It is essential, before we attempt a rapid sketch of the lives of the hewers of coal, that the reader should establish in his own mind some standard by which to test their actual condition; for a very unjust estimate will be formed if he forgets to divide what is from what is not essential to their lot. Each and every profession and calling has its dangers, which are peculiar to it, and to a certain degree inseparable from it; and hence the comparison must not be made between one class and another, so much as between what each class is, and what it ought to be.

There are many states more deadly than that of the miner, and very many where the amount of poverty and suffering is at least equal, if not greater. The army, in the discharge of its ennobling duties at home and abroad, exhibits a greater mortality. Many sections of our artisans and manufacturers are in these respects fully as deeply smitten—luxury and pampering sends as many to the workhouse as privation and want. In the economy of the universe, life seems of infinitely small account, as compared with duties discharged: these have no direct reference to time, but to that duration of which time is but a fragment; these are as compatible with fewness of years as with length of days—and the award is pronounced to be not more for him who has toiled the whole

day in the moral vineyard, than for them who had the opportunity of laboring but one hour. The simple test of each man's condition is whether he has all that is requisite for the due discharge of his duties in the sphere in which his lot is cast. "Are his moral and physical energies duly fostered and directed? or are they abused and clouded by the insatiable avarice of those who employ him, crushed by their power, or converted from a service of freedom to slavery?" Let us take this criterion, and judge.

The moment that a new colliery is to be *won* (i. e. established), the face of the country is changed—numerous ugly cottages spring up like a crop of mushrooms—long rows of waggons, laden with ill-assorted furniture, are seen approaching, and with them the pitmen and their families. This is the signal for the departure of the gentry, unless they are content to remain amidst "the offscouring of a peculiar, a mischievous and unlettered race," (p. 519, App. 1,) to see their district assume a funereal color—"black with dense volumes of rolling smoke," and echoing with the clatter of endless strings of coal-waggons.

Thus, morally and physically insulated, the collier becomes gregarious and clannish, and is rarely seen by any save those who traffic with him. A stranger, to obtain a view must go for the express purpose, and at some hour either before they descend or when they emerge from the pit, when he cannot fail to be struck with the gaunt and sinewy form, the black grisly aspect, and peculiar costume of this singular race, who stalk across the fields, clothed in a short jacket and trousers of flannel, with a candle stuck in the hat, and a pipe in the mouth.

A more intimate knowledge of his peculiarities is a difficult task, requiring much tact and a circuitous approach. "A prominent feature of his character," says a commissioner, "is deep-rooted suspicion of his employer—his master (he thinks) can have no desire to benefit him:" a trait which has arisen from the practice of the proprietor rarely being the worker of the mine; while the lessee has little interest in common with the men beyond the bond by which he is to obtain the most return of labor for the least expenditure. The lessee contracts with the "butty" or *viewer* to bring up the coal; and he and his "doggey"\* hire the gang of pitmen, furnish them with tools, pay their wages, and superintend their work.

The entrance to most mines is by means of a well or shaft, varying in diameter from seven to fifteen feet, the sides of which ought to be, and generally are, lined with wood, iron or brick-work, for a certain extent. They are of amazing depths in the region of the Tyne—and comparatively shallow in Staffordshire and Yorkshire. The shaft of Monkwearmouth Colliery would contain the Monument eight times piled on itself. Up and down this shaft the men are daily sent by means of machinery; each journey averaging from two to three min-

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\* This is a sobriquet given to the foreman, by a race who are individually better known to each other by similar appellations than by their proper names.

utes in the profound mine just mentioned ; while in shallower shafts, of 600 feet, about a hundred men can be let down in one hour. The sensations in a similar attempt by a stranger as described are awful. The motion as the "skip" (or basket of four) descends, is not in itself disagreeable—the light diminishing gradually until there is total darkness : when arrived at the bottom, "all that could be seen of the heavens up the shaft seemed to be of the size of a sugar basin" (p. 8)—and this in a comparatively shallow mine. And now a new world is opened :—there are roads branching out for miles in every direction, some straight, broad and even, others undulating and steep, others narrow, propped by huge pillars ; the whole illuminated, and exhibiting black, big-boned figures, half-naked, working amid the clatter of carriages, the incessant movements of horses, and the rapid pace of *hurriers*, the roar of furnaces, and the groaning and plunging of steam-engines. Perhaps in no community is there such an amount of restless and violent muscular activity, and it is literally incessant ; for though the main body of the workers ascend daily, still the economy of the mine requires constant superintendence on the spot. The community consists of men and boys—and, in some, of women, horses and asses. Rats and mice find their way in the provender ; and cats are brought down to keep these in check. The cricket is chirping everywhere ; the midge, and sundry varieties of insects, are found. The chief, if not the sole, of the vegetable tribes, are fungi, such as mushrooms, which multiply near the manure.

The temperature of these regions is always warm, and in many mines oppressively hot, so that, even when there is no exertion, abundant perspiration flows from the body ; this accounts for the nudity of the miner ; who, however, in well ventilated mines, is very sensible of the changes in the atmosphere above-ground. There is a great variety in the accommodations, and we request the reader to bear this constantly in his mind. Where the seam of coal is large, as in Staffordshire, the underground works are such as to afford every facility of movement and posture ; while in the West Riding of Yorkshire, one of the sub-commissioners describes his exploration of some of the passages in words betokening a very lively reminiscence of his journey : "I had to creep on my hands and knees the whole distance, the height being barely 20 inches, and then I went still lower on my breast, and crawled like a turtle to get up to the headings." In others, Mr. Scriven was "hurried," *i. e.* pushed, by a miner, on a flat board mounted on four wheels, or in a corve (*i. e.* basket) "with his head hanging out over the back, and his legs over the front, in momentary anticipation of being scalped by the roof, or of meeting with a broken head from a pendant rock." These passages are of great length ; for "at the Booth Pit (he says) I walked, rode, and crept 1800 yards to one of the nearest faces." (App. II. p. 62.) In many pits the drainage is bad, so that the men work in water—which in some is brackish—and in the Monkwearmouth Colliery produces boils on the skin of freshmen. There is, or ought to be, a most careful system of ventilation, otherwise the whole com-



munity are in imminent peril ; and this is effected by means of another shaft placed within a short distance of the first, and connected with it by a passage, in shallow mines ; or by dividing the longer shaft of the deeper ones into two or three perpendicular segments, and keeping up a large fire in one, so that the rarefied air in this, sucks up the colder air which descends the others, and is made by means of doors to go into every part of the mine before it makes its exit. Thus the noxious gases, carbonic acid, or "choke damp," and the carburetted hydrogen or wild-fire, "fire damp," "sulphur," are diluted and carried off. The generation of these gases is, in the northern mines, incessant and rapid, so that one ventilating door neglected for five minutes is sufficient to cause an explosion. (App. I., p. 125.) Such is the habitation for twelve hours of each day, therefore, for half the years of his life, of the miner. Everything is adverse to him. His own ignorance and vice, too often the avarice of his employer, the light, which in winter is darkness to him from Sunday to Sunday, earth, air, fire, and water combine, and are ready to burst the chains which art has forged for them, and overwhelm him in the twinkling of an eye ; nevertheless, one Commissioner says :

"The assemblage at dinner, which is in a large hall cut out in the coal, is the most lively, uproarious, and jovial I have ever seen."—p. 8.

And another—

"Certainly, the miners are a set of brave men. As a class, the collier is exceedingly reckless and foolhardy."

Let us now obtain a general idea of the miner at his work, as represented by several of the Sub-commissioners. The *coal-viewer* is the chief man of the colliery : as his duties consist in planning and conducting the great operations of the mine, he is supposed to be a person of great talents and acquirements as an engineer ; and therefore entitled to the distinguished position he holds in society. The *under-viewer* has to settle and superintend the accounts of the workpeople.

The *overmen* and deputy-overmen may be said to be the mining police, —watchers over the due discharge of the work and the safety of the mine. The overman has risen from the lowest station of his craft by talent and conduct, to his present situation, yielding perhaps £100 a year. His is the general superintendence of the pit, while the deputy-overmen, his lieutenants, see that his orders are carried into effect : the latter measures off the quantity of work to each hewer : to the "putter," or lad who removes what has been hewed, they assign the number of "tubs" to be taken from this or that hewer : they make out the accounts of the work of men and boys, and pay on reckoning-days : they are distributed over various parts of the mine during the working hour, for the purpose of ordering and controlling. It is their duty, when the main body of workmen have left the mine after their day's work, to see

that all is right in the pit ; to move the proppings and timbers, so as to ensure safety from falling in of the roof, &c. &c. At one o'clock in the morning the overman himself goes down to ascertain that the deputies have done their duty, and that the state of the noxious gases is safe.

The *trapper*, a child of eight years of age, awakened by his mother at half-past two, A. M., puts on his clothes by the ever-blazing fire of a collier's cottage, fills his tin-bottle with coffee, and starts with a lump of bread for the pit :—he is let down the shaft, and walking in the bowels of the earth for more than a mile along the horse-way, he reaches the *barrow-way*, used by the young men and boys who push their trams with the tubs on rails to the *flats*—a debateable land, where the horse and barrow-way meet, and where the coals are transferred to the “rolley,” or horse-carriage, to be ultimately delivered at the shaft by means of the quadruped, instead of the biped who had hitherto brought them from the hewer. The child takes his place on one of the barrow-ways, in a small hole scooped out for him of the size of a chimney-nook : his duty is to sit by the side of the “door or trap,” which closes the way, and to open it the moment he hears the *putter* running up his tub : for twelve hours he squats down with the door-string in his hand, without light and without daring to move from the spot. “He sits solitary, and has no one to talk to him, for in the pit the whole of the people, men and boys, are as busy as in a sea-fight. His father may have given him for the first week or two a candle, but the boy's daily wages of tenpence is soon not thought enough to spare three halfpence for light. He may take to his coffee-bottle and bread, but should he fall asleep, a smart cut with the “yard-wand” from a deputy overman never fails to rouse him—a mild punishment as compared with that which the putter would have inflicted had he found the door closed, and his tram stopped : “*I got my hammers twice*,” means, I was twice so beaten. (App. I. p. 583.) Thus the young creature soon learns practically that on him depend the lives of the whole community : on the closing of the door the ventilation of the mine hinges. At four o'clock a cry of “Loose, loose!” is shouted down the shaft, and carried on by signal voices for “many miles” through the roads and passages, to the very extremity of the mine. The trapper hears it, but must wait until the last putter has passed with his tram, and then he pursues his journey to the foot of the shaft, waits his turn for ascent, and returning to his father's cottage, finds a dinner of potatoes and bacon, a large fire, and, it is hoped, a quiet home : he is then thoroughly washed in hot water and put to bed. He avoids a game with his coevals, lest he should fall asleep next day at his trap. The Saturday after “pay-Friday” is a holiday at the pit, which is spent by him in sleep till nine, and then in picking up horse-manure on the highways for his father's garden. Sunday is, in many places at least, devoted to his school, and to his church, to his walk with his playmates, and to his “good dinner,” and his bed ; and then comes Monday and the pit. After a few years he is promoted *honoris causâ*, from the barrow to the horse-way, where he now keeps the trap, but without additional pay. The doors on the rolley-way

being heavier, require an increase of strength, supplied to him by increase of years. He is now more out of the way of the "yard wand;" instead of which, any laxity or sleepiness is visited by a slash from the driver's thong—or, in the event of remonstrance or impertinence, a blow from his fist.

In the course of time the trapper becomes himself a *driver*. He now descends the shaft at four, A. M., and finds his horse ready caparisoned for him by the horse-keeper; so that he has only to hook him to the carriage or rolley, and to attach two similar machines to the first; "rejoicing in his horse, his carriage, his whip, and, most of all, in the candle by his side," he starts to the termination of the horse-way, where he is to receive loaded tubs from the "putter:" these he mounts on his "rolleys," and, thus charged, he delivers them at the shaft: should he meet an empty train, the driver must give way to him; or should he find a sleeping trapper, "he luxuriates in his new-born power." (App. I., p. 131.) So is his first journey made; but before the day's work is over he will have thus traversed about thirty miles of ground, sitting on the limber of his rolley.

The *driver* in time becomes a "*putter*," a signal promotion in every way—his position in honor and emolument being greatly enhanced—his salary depending on his exertions, and his rank next to that of the *hewer*. He arrives with the drivers and trappers at the same early hour of the morning, and takes his tram, or small four-wheeled sledge, one which he places the empty tub, and proceeds to the spot indicated by the deputy overman, where a "*hewer*," who has already been working two hours, has collected a heap of coal. By his help the tub is soon filled with six cwt.—the whole weight of carriage and all now being eight cwt., he has to "hurry" or "put" this to the "flats," or junction between the horse and barrow ways; and this is accomplished by his pushing forward, flinging himself into an elongated and stooping posture—both for the sake of the purchase and power he thereby gains, and to get through these galleries of three to four feet high without scalping himself: sometimes he pushes with his head—which he first pads by stuffing his "loggers," or footless stockings, into his cap. Every tub is marked down by the young man at the flats; and his rank and his profit urge his exertions: he has no time to eat. The *hewer* has had two hours' start of him, and is away early, leaving him alone to fill his own tub and do his own work: in his absence he holds the first rank among the workers in the mine. At last the signal is given, and "Loose, loose!" being heard, the *putter* walks to the shaft, waits his turn, may have a word or two with the "onsetter," who loads the "cage" or "basket" for ascent, and soon finds himself at home, washed to the waist, and seated before his plentiful meal of potatoes and bacon. The exertions he has made secure speedy sleep, from which he is roused only by the "callman's" rap at his window, to begin the duties of another day. His wages depend on the distance he goes and the number of tubs he brings. If the tram be 90 yards—as ascertained by the deputy-overman's "yard-wand,"—to and fro is one journey. When

he performs this twenty-one times he scores 16*d.*, having traversed 2 miles and 260 yards. If the putter is not equal to the tram he has an assistant or "half-marrow;" if he needs less aid he takes "a foal," or small boy, as helper, and the wages are proportionally divided. In some districts there is an abstract sort of a miner, who is portioned into eight parts, (p. 157) thus :

A boy of 10 years is two-eighths, and earns 10 <i>s.</i> per month.			
"	13 years is three-eighths,	"	15 <i>s.</i>
"	15 years is one-half,	"	20 <i>s.</i>
A girl at 16 years is one-half,	"	20 <i>s.</i>	"
A boy at 18 years is three-fourths,	"	30 <i>s.</i>	"

The *hewer* or *holer* is generally twenty-one years of age or upwards. He goes to the pit at two in the morning, having breakfasted, and learns from the deputy-overman what is to be done. He strips to the waist in some mines, but in others, even where women and girls are employed, he works quite naked. Some "undergo," that is, begin excavating, by squatting on their hams : while in other places they lie on their backs or sides, and fling in their whole weight into the blow they strike with their "pick:" to bring down the harder mass they use gunpowder and a drill. When he has worked about two hours the "putters" come to clear away the coal : he must be careful that the tub is full measure, or he forfeits it ; also that there is nothing but coal in it, or he is fined : finally he appends an iron ticket to each tram, that his work may be put to his credit. He has usually done his day's work by eleven ; and he has to find his powder, his picks, and his candles, so that, with these expenses and his fines, he earns about £50 a-year (in the Durham Districts.)

Besides these chief inhabitants of the mines there are masons, and carpenters, and furnace-men ; in a word, this subterraneous world must be as complete in itself as a ship-of-war. A father with his three sons can earn 2*l.* 10*s.* a-week ; his own labor as hewer will average 23*s.* ; the putter will earn 20*s.* ; the rolley-driver 7*s.*, and the trapper 5*s.* ; besides which he has a certain quantity of coal brought to his door, and the rent of his cottage is trifling.

We have seen how rapidly a collier village springs up, and, according to one commissioner, how speedily the houses of the neighboring gentry become untenanted ; but another, (Dr. Mitchell,) thinks the tall chimneys of the coal-works enhance the beauties of the plains of Warwickshire ; and certainly no one who has once witnessed the glowing furnaces, as seen in the depths of night, will easily forget the sight. The village community consists of colliers, venders of beer, and small dealers exclusively. The cottages are whitewashed and plastered, and the roof slated. The degree of neatness within is of course dependent on the individual ; but there are abundant descriptions which bear testimony to the virtue of cleanliness, towards which the large coal-fire and hot water are great helps. These villages are of course run up at a minimum of expense by the landlord, and therefore are seldom pictu-



resque. Even in an agricultural district, a collier's cottage may be readily known by a heap of rubbish and filth without, and a fierce bulldog within doors.

In such a village Dr. Mitchell enumerates a population of 5000 souls, with thirty beer-shops, but without a church or chapel, save the meeting house of the indefatigable Wesleyan, who, let it be noted, has hitherto been, in many of these regions, the only Protestant missionary.

"The Methodists," says Mr. Leifchild, "have chiefly, and in several instances exclusively, undertaken the charge of providing religious instruction in the collieries. Considerable moral amelioration has ensued through their agency, for which they merit, and have received from nearly all parties, their meed of praise."—*Report on Northumberland and North Durham*. App. I. p. 533.

Romanism in many, though not in all, parts of its empire, has flung its all-grasping discipline among such a race, dived with them into the earth, and intercepted, with its matin or its even song, the miner as he emerges from or descends into his perilous place of labor; but our Protestant system has ever been defective in its machinery, as well as curtailed in its resources; and, moreover, the upper classes of Englishmen, speaking generally, have scarcely yet learnt to be the companions of the poorer orders of society, however meritorious their claims as distributors of charity. These reports prove that the Wesleyan has followed them in every village, and gone from cottage to cottage to leave in person his tracts and his discipline. Hence the English colliers, where they have any religion at all, are Methodists.

The collier generally has a love for some gaudy furniture, "which is," as Mr. Scriven remarks, "ill-assorted to the rest of his gear."

"In every house may be seen an eight-day clock, a chest of drawers, with brass handles and ornaments, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; a four-post bed, with large coverlet, composed of squares of printed calico; bright saucepans, and other tin-ware, displayed on the walls."—*Dr. Mitchell*, p. 137.

There are public ovens for common use in the village. The collier is often fond of his garden, which is an allotment in some neighboring field. It is said that the love of flowers may still be remarked in the number of nosegays which are worn on Sunday even at Newcastle. The best garment is denominated "the posy jacket," from the huge posy which used to be held indispensable on gala-days.

"At the village of South Hetton," says Dr. Mitchell, "a miner, with much pleasure, showed his little garden, and expatiated on the beauties of his flowers. Mr. Potter, the viewer, stated that at the prize-shows the miner often competed successfully with the gentlemen's gardeners."—p. 137.

This is a pleasing feature—but those of a worse sort predominate in the portrait drawn by the commissioners. According to these gentlemen, the colliers are, as a class, rude, given to drunkenness and gambling, turbulent, quite illiterate, and not seldom sunk in the depths of ignorance of all save their mine.

"We want," says Mr. Somers, surgeon of Bedworth, in Warwickshire, "the Temperance Society among us very much. They drink very much here. The colliers are very ignorant; few can read or write. It is much better among the ribbon-weavers. The colliers, who earn the most money, do not keep their families better than the rest who earn less."—App. i. p. 107.

"A good many go to public houses on Saturday night and get drunk. Some spend all their money, and the next week *clam* for it; that is, go without victuals, or get what they can from their companions in the pit. Their wives and families must do what they can, and are regularly starved. We have always a good dinner on Sundays. We have teetotalers, but very few; none of them miners. We could not follow the work up without beer. If one of that sort were to attempt to come amongst us, we should soon take him to the canal."—*Charles Bleaden's Evidence*—*Ibid.* p. 67.

Drunkenness is unfortunately fostered in every way, by the laxity in giving licences to beer-shops. The wages are paid at a public-house, or at a truck-shop, quite as bad; sick societies are carried on in similar places. The wages given in pound notes and gold at the end of the fortnight require to be converted into silver: many a publican takes care to have on the occasion "two or three hundred pounds' worth," and much is left behind in payment for drink. The men, women, and children, are all contaminated by this vice, with its dreadful consequences to health, economy, and morals. In Lancashire, where the scale of "humanity" is terribly low, Mr. Halliwell of Wigan, says, that the ale-houses are thronged on Saturday nights by quite young boys, who return to them in crowds on Sunday morning as soon as the doors are open. "I say that every collier gets drunk on Saturday, if he can afford it." Fighting and breaches of the peace are, of course, the natural immediate consequences: the results are, starvation and rags for the body; and for the mind, brutal passions and their baleful effects.—*Vide App. II. p. 185.*

"What are their amusements?" In answer to this, Mr. Palmer, the surgeon, entered into a statement of the number of bull-dogs kept by the miners, and the cruel sports in which they were employed; but as the magistrates within the last six years have suppressed such proceedings, they may be allowed to sink into oblivion. He next dwells on their singing and dancing the double-shuffle to the music of the fiddle or hurdygurdy. The noise of the shoes is the source of delight; and the hobnail of the colliers affords great advantage. "Sometimes in summer they will sit all round the door of the public-house, in a great circle, all on their hams, every man his bull-dog between his knees;

and in this position they will drink and smoke." (App. I. p. 63.) The same gentleman furnishes an anecdote which is very characteristic of this tribe :

"There is a Scotch dealer in Birmingham, who sends his people all round the country with muslins and shawls. When a collier has contracted a debt which he shows no inclination to discharge, the dealer sends a formal sort of paper, and gets it served on the collier as a writ. If this does not produce the money, by and by comes another paper, called a 'writ of horning and caption,' (a term of Scotch law,) and giving notice of formidable consequences. The collier now becomes alarmed at such proceedings, and ceases to be a debtor."—App. I. p. 64.

His practice and belief in the art and mystery of physic are very remarkable. One half of the children die before they are three years old, mostly poisoned, according to the evidence of Mr. Cooper, of Bils-ton, and Mr. Webb, of Bankhouse, with the great collier nostrums of opium and gin, so that the practitioner is rarely called except "in extremis."—App. I. p. 30.

In one instance the surgeon happened to take up a "pick," with which a comrade had half killed his fellow. A grave collier had placed the weapon in the room with the sick, in order to watch if the blood on the iron rusted, in which case, he avowed, the wound would canker. This trait will recall to the reader the sympathetic cures of the middle ages, when ointments were applied to the weapon to heal the wounds of the knight. Sir Kenelm Digby, at a period much nearer our own days, gives a similar recipe.

The mode of recovering a man suffocated with choke-damp, is to bury his neck and shoulders in a recently-dug hole. The remedy is a little more rude, but perhaps not less successful, than the application, *secundum artem*, of cold water and air, by the licensed practitioner.

Besides intemperance, the collier is a gambler, of that species which delights in cock and dog-fighting, bowling, card-playing, and chuck-penny. Instances are not wanting of a whole month's wages of a father and his sons being staked on a cock, dog, or favorite bowler. There is much expense incurred by the constant training of cocks. Drunkenness is said, however, not to be habitual, but a periodical vice ; but these periods, besides hebdomadal, include every occasion for joy or grief, as at births, marriages, and deaths, where the doctor concerned is "always pressingly and considerably invited to partake of the good things purchased by the money which should have gone in payment of his services."—App. I. p. 729.

In the West Riding (Report, p. 163,) "the family breakfast is bread, milk, or porridge ; the luncheon, huge lumps of bread, and often bits of cheese or bacon, in the pit ; a hot meal when they come home at five or six ; and often porridge, or bread and milk again, at supper."

A striking contrast with the above is the state of the East of Scotland miner. He has hard work in an ill-ventilated mine; no butcher's meat, but instead, oatmeal-porridge or oat-cake. "Even the hewer does not enjoy the luxury of small beer; and the children invariably drink the water in the pit." They are represented as dirty and ragged, and exhibiting "at a glance the attributes of a population neglected and abandoned to a course of life which has blunted the commonest perceptions of human comfort.—*R. H. Franks' Report*, App. I. p. 396.

In Ireland their appearance was very healthy: they said they worked hard, and must live well; they used bread instead of potatoes; had meat twice or thrice a week; "changed their clothes once a week;" and the commissioner "fancies" that they washed once a week.—*Report*, 173.

In our English and Welsh mines the labor gives ample remuneration, and there is a very general concurrence as to the quantity and quality of food being sufficient and good. The exceptions are oftener to be traced to the improvident or intemperate habits of the family than to the pressure of unmerited want, or any other tangible source. On the whole, the English miner, though more severely worked, is better paid than any class of operatives but the highest-grade artisan, and is better off than the agricultural laborer. With his large wages and sensual appetite, he is often both a gross and a dainty feeder; "the first in the market for a dish of green peas and a young goose or duck."

Mr. Sub-commissioner Waring contrasts the cases of two boys; the one cursed with a "drunken father" and "an improvident slattern of a mother," the other "cared for." The former, Hervey, and the latter, aid each other as putters in dragging daily a corve with two cwt. of coal, fifty or sixty times, a distance of 160 yards. Hervey earns for this 2s. 6d., and the other 3s. a-week. "Hervey, after his day's work, gets whatever he can catch at home; has gone without food for two or three days." His appearance is stunted, starveling, and melancholy; "has never in his life possessed a pair of stockings." The other boy's careful parents "feed him well, and keep whole garments on his back; and though two years younger than Hervey, he is a head taller."—p. 172.

With respect to clothing and external appearance, the collier is described as being rather anxious about the stiffness of his well-starched shirt-collar and his "ruffles," though in some districts his favorite dress is black. The women are remarkable for their smartness on holidays; and, conscious of having been quite disguised when below, often, however profligate in fact, carry themselves above ground like modest persons.

The race is everywhere broadly distinguished from the rural population of the district; but the distinguishing features are far from being the same everywhere. Dr. Mitchell says that the artist would do well to study in the pits of Shropshire for models not to be surpassed by the antique. In some other of our English counties, where the seams are high, as in Warwickshire, the miner is "as big as a heavy dragon."



In every place the "*torso*" of the *hewer* is, from the nature of the work, wonderfully developed. But Mr. Wm. Morrison, the medical attendant of the Lambton collieries, gives a description, of which the parallel must be sought for in the Byzantine historian's account of the Huns :

"The outward man distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is diminutive ; his figure misshapen and disproportionate ; his legs much bowed ; his chest prominent, and greatly developed. His brows are overhanging, and the forehead retreats ; the cheek-bones are prominent, and the cheek hollow. I have seen agricultural laborers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even the distressed stocking-weaver, to whom the term '*jolly*' might not unaptly be applied, but I never saw a '*jolly collier*.'"—*App. I. p. 662.*

All the colliers, however, have some points in common. The intense muscular exertion, and the constant perspiration in the heat of the mine, render obesity an impossibility ; and this discipline, it is agreed on all hands, makes them recover most astonishingly from the effects of accidents, wounds, and operations. Moreover, some features above described are common to all classes of the population which are early overworked, and may be seen in hideous perfection among women who, in Italy, France, Germany, and Greece, labor in the fields. They become old and care-worn at a very young age.

With regard to the mental peculiarities of the colliers, it certainly appears that they are not a reading community ; and this gentleman, (Mr. Morrison,) adds quaintly enough, "that much cannot be expected from men who are so long engaged in very hard work daily, and possess but very indifferent educations, if it be remembered how many educated persons will not open a book for days together without the reasonable excuse of the pitman." The young child may daily earn from 10*d.* to 18*d.* to add to the wages of his father ; and this is a great sum to forego for study in the school instead of labor in the mine : hence the expediency of the hour carries the day ; even in the most intelligent districts of Scotland, in the midst of the peasantry that produced and appreciated Robert Burns, we find the authors of the "*New Statistical Account*" stating the great and growing reluctance among the colliers to spare their children time for any schooling :\* thus the young collier boy becomes the ignorant and powerful savage in good time. The term we have applied is used not as a synonyme for ferocity so much as of incivilization ; for no one can read these reports without coming to the conclusion that there is a large fund of kindly human nature in this neglected race. "They will dispense charity largely," says Mr. Morrison, "but indiscreetly. A person with a clean white apron and three small children at his side, singing a hymn in a pit village, will be loaded with alms."—*App. I. p. 729.*

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\* See, for instance, "*New Statistical account of Ayrshire*," p. 763.

Their notion of acuteness is that of all ignorant people, namely, tricking, which, if practised on a superior in the face of the whole community, is sure to meet with vast applause; yet, though petty frauds are common, it is not so as to positive theft. "A person residing near a colliery may never lose anything of great value." p. 729. There is, in fact, a remarkable absence of great crimes, though little is to be said as to chastity or peacefulness; and able-bodied pauperism is unknown.

Whenever from any causes, says a commissioner, the collier is "un-chained," the police are on the alert for scenes of riot and fight. "I have seen a dozen pitch-battles of a Christmas morning," says another witness (Lancashire). And if our limits permitted, we could give a brief account of their strike and turn-out in 1832, affording a fine canvass for all the peculiarities which characterize a people so constituted in the thews and sinews of body and mind.

Where the Wesleyans have labored with most success, the pitmen themselves are fond of being preachers and holders-forth; and in several mines swearing is punished by fine or the withdrawal of their beer, which the non-jurors divide among themselves.

The state of women is the true test of civilization in every community. We shall see how degraded she is in those districts, where she is exposed to all the dangers of the mines and the still greater hazards entailed by the scenes she is forced to witness. But in others, where she is left at home, there is still much room for amendment.

The general ignorance may be exhibited in a very few touches.

*Ann Eggley*, aged 18:—"I am sure I don't know how to spell my name. I don't know my letters. I went a little to a Sunday-school, but soon gave it over. I walk about and get fresh air on Sundays. I never go to church or chapel. I never heard of Christ at all; nobody has ever told me about him, nor have my father and mother ever taught me to pray. I know no prayer—I never pray—I have been taught nothing about such things."—*App.*, Part I. p. 252.

This, reader, is in Yorkshire, in Messrs. Thorpe's colliery.

*Eliza Coats*, aged 11:—"I do nought on Sundays. I don't know where I shall go if I am a bad girl. I never heard of Jesus Christ. I think God made the world, but I don't know where God is."—*Ibid.*

*Wm. Cruchilow*, aged 16:—"I can read the Bible—go to school five nights in the week. I don't know anything of Moses. Never heard of France. I don't know what America is. Never heard of Scotland nor Ireland. Can't tell how many weeks there are in a year. There are twelve pence in a shilling, and twenty shillings in a pound. There are eight pints in a gallon of ale."

*Edward Whitehead*, aged 15:—"I go to church three times on Sundays. I do not know where Birmingham is, nor where London is. I never heard of Ireland; I have seen Irishmen."

*Wm. Butler*, aged 19:—"I go to church on Sundays. I read the Testament, and sometimes in the Bible, but no other book. I can say my catechism. We sometimes work a few hours at a time. When there

is no sale, we get no money, but only ale when we leave at eleven. I generally get drunk on such occasions."

These three are specimens from Warwickshire. The next is Yorkshire again.

*Peter Dale*, aged 12:—"I have been to Sunday-school, and can read nicely in a spelling-book [he had been to school about two years]. Jesus Christ was God's son; he wasn't born at all; he was nailed to a cross; he came to save sinners; sinners are bad men, that dranked, and swared, and lied. I think there are sinners on earth now. If I am a good boy, and try to please him, I shall go to Jesus—if not, I shall go to hell. I don't know what disciples were, unless they did nothing wrong; can't tell who the apostles were. Four times five is twenty; five times six is twenty-eight. I never heard what's the biggest town in England. Scotland is a town, isn't it, sir? I go to chapel as well as school; I never go larking on Sundays."—*App.*, Part I. p. 250.

These form not remarkable examples; we could fill pages with the like; they exhibit what is to be found in masses: still there are many exceptions, and, as we shall show presently, many more spots might be made exceptions to this dense and awful darkness, if society, and especially the owners of collieries, would do more generally what many of them have done; themselves superintend the bodily and mental condition of those whose whole nature is devoted for their interests. For these poor people themselves, an hour struck from their sleep, after twelve to sixteen hours' hard work, to be spent in a school, is a hardship, and may be an apology for ignorance; and perhaps a little fresh air and sunshine on a Sunday will be more valued by such a worker than the purer light and moral atmosphere that is revealed in the meeting-house or church. These facts concern us as much as they weigh on them.

But we must say a little more as to the physical nature and effects of the employment. It must be remembered that the comfort of the miner depends on the space, drainage, and ventilation of his "house;" that as to space, in the thin-seam coal-mines no more is excavated than is absolutely requisite; and that if the passages were to be enlarged, by destroying the hard and even rocky beds containing the coal, the mine would not pay, but must, with all its inhabitants, be abandoned; at least this is the excuse urged for working many wretched places.

"The Mines in Shropshire are too low for men to do such work; some are no more than eighteen or twenty inches. The boys crawl on their hands and knees."—*Report*, p. 67.

Of course it requires some ingenuity to drag a basket containing several hundred weight of coal through such a passage; "hence they are harnessed, by means of a girdle and chain, to the carriage." The labor is very severe; and often maims and cuts the flesh. Dr Mitch-

ell says all this is borne by the children in general with "great fortitude and resignation." But much of the evidence is such as follows :

*John Pearce*, aged 12, says :—" About a year and a half ago I took to the girdle and chain. I don't like it ; it hurts me ; it rubs off my skin : I crawled on hands and feet ; I often knocked my back against the top of the pit, and it was very sore. When I went home at night I often sat down to rest me by the way, I was so tired. The work made me look much older than I was. I thought if I kept at this work I should be nothing at all, and so I went to the bank to work. I think it great hurt to a boy to draw the same as a horse draws. A great many boys find that they are unable, and give over drawing with girdle and chain. It is hard, very hard, Sir."

*Robert North*, aged 16 ;—" Went into the pit at seven years of age to fill the skips. I drew about twelve months ; when I drew by the girdle and chain my skin was broken, and the blood ran down ; I durst not say anything ; if we said anything, they, the butty, and the reeve who works under him, would take a stick and beat us. Men could not do the work, and they compelled us."

"I wish," says the Sub-commissioner J. M. Fellowes, to call the attention of the Board to the pits about Brampton. The seams are so thin that several have only a two-feet head-way to all the workings ; they are worked altogether by boys from eight to twelve years of age, on all fours, with a dog-belt and chain ; the passages being neither ironed nor wooded, and often an inch or two thick in mud. In Mr. Barnes' pit these poor boys have to drag the barrows with 1 cwt. of coal or slack sixty times a day sixty yards, and the empty barrows back, without once straightening their backs, unless they choose to stand under the shaft and run the risk of having their heads broken by a coal falling."—*Report*, p. 71.

The effect of such exertions at such an age and in such a place is not so surprising as it is shocking. "Out of five children that I examined three were not only bow-legged, but their arms were similarly bowed, and the body far from being well developed."—*J. M. Fellowes*, *App.*, Part II. p. 254.

The remedy is the substitution of machinery, especially as it has been proved to have been successful in Derbyshire, where, Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, of Alfreton, says, "he should consider it inhuman to put boys to such work." The seams, he adds, are thirty-one inches, and are worked by a wheel and rope, "which mode we found quite convenient." It is, we presume, chiefly in small pits, or those of owners with little capital—or where the property is in the hands of *trustees*—that these—shall we term them—atrocities are still perpetrated : Dr. Mitchell, at least, seems to believe that the large capitalists have generally abolished the girdle and chain and substituted the railroad and the "dan," or carriage.

Another aggravation of the natural hardships of a miner's life is apprenticeship. The "butties" of Staffordshire are represented as ransacking the workhouses of Walsall, Wolverhampton, Dudley, &c. &c., for stout boys of eight or nine years of age, who are bound to them.



for twelve years, and give up all their wages to these taskmasters. While the boy's companions are earning fourteen shillings a week, he gets nothing, and is sent into places where no other person will go. This state of slavery destroys in him all independence of spirit: he soon becomes vicious, degraded, reckless.

The treatment of these lads by the men and bigger boys about them is what might be expected from a race inured to toil and effort, with strong passions, and strong muscles, and in a savage state. Mr. Scriven's account of one apprentice would seem exaggerated were it not supported by examples of equal atrocity. "He was often struck with the pick;" and Mr. Scriven ascertained that the scar he saw must have been a legacy from this instrument, "which had pierced the large muscles, and must all but have penetrated to the hip-joint. The skin of the spine was scarred over, from being rubbed off in the narrow passages, through which he had been compelled to draw the coals. He ran away, after having been obliged to eat candles and sleep in the *wastes*, but ultimately found employment and good treatment from another quarter."—*Report*, p. 43. We find many instances of reckless brutality. "A coal is sent at their heads—a gash on the head made with a pick—an eye knocked out—ribs broken;"—or "the ass-stick, as big as my thumb," is applied, in short, the discipline, as they are pleased to term it, is Spartan. It is pleaded that such discipline is necessary to the safety of the mine—that it is not *excessive*—that, if it were, the parents and relations of the children would resent it or remove them; lastly, which we see no reason to doubt, that it is against the wishes and positive injunctions of the proprietors, and the "butties" turn off those proved to exercise it.

The punishment for theft is unmerciful. The culprit's head is placed between the legs of one of the biggest boys, and each boy in the pit, and in the instance quoted there were twenty, inflicted twelve strokes on the loins and rump with a cat, which was beaten to a jelly. The doctor said he could not survive, but he did. "It is a general punishment, for the oldest colliers bore testimony to the custom, and thought it quite justifiable."—*Report*, p. 44.

If there was anything which could tinge with a deeper hue these scenes and deeds, it would be the possibility that all such evils might be inflicted on women; and so they are in the following districts, which we purposely name: 1. West Riding of York, southern part; 2. Bradford and Leeds; 3. Halifax; 4. Lancashire; 5. South Wales; 6. East of Scotland.

In the last of these provinces the whole state of the mine as to care, ventilation, draining, and as to employment of women, reads so miserably, that we fain would hope the account overdrawn.

Mr. Scriven in his Report writes thus of the employment of women:—

"There is no distinction whatever in their coming up and going down the shaft—in the mode of hurrying or thrusting—in the weight of corves

—or in the distances they are hurried—in wages or dress: indeed it is impossible to distinguish either in the darkness of the gates (i. e. ways) in which they labor, or in the cabins, before the broad light of day, an atom of difference between one sex and another.”—*App. II. p. 73.*

The commissioner found, after inspecting Messrs. Waterhouse's pit, at Huddersfield, and when hoisted in a corve to the bank with another human being—that it was a girl. She, like the rest, was naked, save “the rag which hung round her waist, which was once called a shift.”

“Mary Barrett, aged 14, at Messrs. Spencer's, says:—I work always without stockings, shoes, or trousers. I wear nothing but a shift. I have to go up to the headings with the men. *They are all naked there. I am got well used to that.*”

Patience Kershaw, aged 17:—“The bald place on my head is made by thrusting the corves.”—*Ibid. p. 80.*

Benjamin Berry:—“I have known two drawers (at Mr. Lancaster's, Worsley), a lad and a lass, one of them three-eighths and the other one-half, draw 800 yards on the level with rails each way ten times without rails, that is, 30,400 yards =  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles nearly. The lad was 17 and the wench 14.”—*Ibid. p. 215.*

Peter Gaskell, of the same mine.

“Prefers women to boys as drawers. They are better to manage, and keep better time: they will fight, and shriek, and do every thing but let anybody pass them.”—*Ibid. p. 217.*

Of Ellison Jack, a girl 11 years old, a coal-bearer at Loan Head, in the immediate neighborhood of the “Modern Athens,” Mr. Franks, a sub-commissioner, gives the following account:

“She has first to ascend a nine-ladder pit to the first rest:—even to which a shaft is sunk to draw up the basket or tubs of coals filled by the bearers. She then takes her creel (a basket formed to the back, not unlike a cockle-shell flattened towards the neck, so as to allow lumps of coal to rest on the back of the neck and shoulders), and pursues her journey to the wall-face, or, as it is here called, the room of work. She then lays down her basket, into which the coal is rolled—and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burden on her back—the tugs or straps are placed over the forehead, and the body bent in a semi-circular form, in order to stiffen the arch. Large lumps of coal are then placed on the neck, and she then commences her journey with her burden to the pit bottom, first hanging her lamp to the cloth crossing her head.”—*Report, p. 92.*

This *one* journey is mounting a succession of ladders, each eighteen feet high, from mainroad to mainroad, till she comes to the pit bottom, where her load is to be cast. The height ascended and the distance of the road, added together, exceed the height of St. Paul's; and it not unfrequently happens that the tugs break, and the load falls on those females who are to follow.

But we will not multiply these spectacles of human misery and degradation; and to whom can they be traced? Is the contractor alone in fault?—is the proprietor scatheless? Or shall we blame the parents and relations, by whose avarice and improvidence, according to Mr. Sub-commissioner Scriven (p. 74, *App. I.*) in almost every instance, these females are thus subjected to moral and physical evils of the worst kind? On both sides the guilt is great—very great—but surely vastly greater in him who has not even the excuse of poverty for receiving “the thirty pieces of silver.” The example of discontinuing this hateful practice has, however, been set in what we must consider as the very worst district. No sooner did the abomination come to the knowledge of the Duke of Buccleuch than his grace commanded its utter abolition in all his collieries; and the same course was immediately followed by the family of Dundas of Arniston, and others of his neighbors:—

“Until the last eight months,” says William Hunter, overman in a colliery at Arniston, “women and lassies were wrought below in these works, when Mr. Alexander Moxton, our manager, issued an order to exclude them from going below, having some months prior given intimation of the same. Women always did the lifting or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings; nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to work in places where no man nor even lad could be got to labor in: they work in bad roads up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double; they are below till the last hour of pregnancy; they have swelled ankles and haunches, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, a lingering existence. Many of the daughters of miners are now at respectable service. I have two who are in families at Leith, and who are much delighted with the change.”—*Ibid.* p. 94.

No wonder! And we trust many more proprietors will now be encouraged to follow such examples, especially as it can be proved to the able-bodied husband and father that there is no necessity for him to lose anything at all by a change so beneficial to his wife and children.

The Duke of Buccleuch’s manager, Mr. James Wright, says:—

“I feel confident that the exclusion of females will advantage the collier in a physical point of view, and that it will force the alteration of the economy of the mines. Owners will be compelled to alter their system. They will ventilate better, make better roads, and so change the system as to enable men who now work only three or four days a-week to discover their own interest in regularly employing themselves. *Since young children and females have been excluded from his Grace’s mines, we have never had occasion to increase the price of coal.*”

In Mr. Ramsay of Barnton’s mines women and very young children have, for the last four years, been excluded. See the results:

“Men labor here, on an average, from eleven to twelve days in the  
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fortnight ; whereas, when they depend on their wives and children, they rarely wrought nine. Colliers are now stationary : the women themselves are opposed to moving since they have felt the benefit of home."—App. I. p. 400.

We might quote abundance more to the like effect : several witnesses dwell in a very touching manner on the consequences of the mother and elder daughters of a family being in the pit, while the infants are surrendered to strange hands. What can be looked for under such circumstances as to early education ? It would be a mockery to use the term at all. But while there is a general concurrence as to the extent of the mischief, and the possibility of stopping it, some apparently well-disposed managers urge the necessity of proceeding gradually. A warning, they say, of perhaps two years must be given, in order that families may prepare for a change in many of their arrangements, and especially that young girls may have time to make some preparations for entering on duties and services of a new description. Others, again, dwell on the difficulties arising from the obstinate self-will and prejudice of the collier-clan on this subject. For example, Mr. Wilson of Bantaskine, a proprietor and manager, says :

"There is no power at present existing in the masters to prevent children being carried down. Those who attempt the improvement of miners need much patience : long-rooted neglect has rendered them excessively clannish, and they unite in secret to discomfit any proposed new arrangement. They hold secret conclaves in mines, and make rules and regulations which are injurious and absurd."—App. I. p. 400.

We should have thought that what had been done by one proprietor might have seemed feasible to another. But it must be remembered that many of the mines are owned by persons of moderate, and perhaps encumbered estate ; and when the attempt has been made by the less rich proprietor to exclude children under a certain age and females from the mine, he has been in peril of "losing his best workmen." (App. I. p. 400.) Hence the eagerness of Mr. Wilson and others that this wholesome measure should be initiated by government, and made compulsory on all—so precluding the possibility of the collier's finding another slave-market whither to transport himself with his wife and children when his own has dared to denounce his traffic in their flesh and blood.

We may here again cite the respectable manager of the Duke of Buccleuch's collieries :

"I would be against the interference of legislature in any case but where it is absolutely necessary, but here I conceive it to be their imperative duty. If a measure were passed enacting that no females were to be employed in our pits at all, no boys allowed to go down under twelve years of age, and only then if they can both read and write—in all cases the work limited each day to ten hours—if such a measure



were to pass, I do not know a greater boon that could be conferred, not only on the mining population, but on the proprietors of Scotland. The latter have a deep interest in the matter, and many of them are willing to do everything in their power to ameliorate the condition of the collier population on their properties; but others are indifferent, and however much individuals may do as individuals, no measure can be effectual which does not extend over the whole."—App. I. p. 407.

The evidence of Sir George Grant Suttie, Bart., is equally forcible :

"I have no control over the colliers in my employment. I beg leave to state to you that the employment of women in the mines of Scotland is one of the reasons which tend to depreciate the character and habits of the collier population, and that to remedy this evil a legislative enactment is required."—App. I. p. 470.

He adds, that though the gains of the colliers are double that of the agricultural population, yet their comforts are less, as indicated by their houses---for the wife is absent---and frequently the father remains idle the greater part of the week, while the mother and the children are in the pit.

We have cited all the districts in Great Britain that employ women in mines. The rest, amounting to "fifteen", do not permit this degradation; while Ireland is distinguished not only by the absence of this hateful characteristic, but also for not employing children at all :

"I visited the five principal establishments (in the county of Kilkenny and in Queen's County,) and found that no children or females of any age, and but very few young persons, were employed. I inspected about a dozen of the different shafts worked by contractors, and found *none but men employed*: indeed, I was informed that none but strong, able young men would be of any use in the pits, the labor being severe. I did not see any apparently under eighteen years of age. Even the hurriers were strong young men who go along the narrow low passages of seldom more than three feet, the body stretched out: they draw the sledges on which wooden boxes containing coals are placed, by a girdle round the loins, and a long chain fastened to the sledge going between their legs. It was matter of wonderment to me how these "hurriers," many of whom were stout men, upwards of six feet high, could manage to get along these very narrow passages at such a rate as they do, considering the excessive labor and difficulty I myself found in proceeding along about 130 yards in each of the pits: in many places there was just room for me to crawl through."—App. I. p. 872.

It would be unfair if we were to omit, however, the reasons advanced in favor of letting children at a *very young* age descend into the mines. They are briefly these:—1. That in many mines the seams are too thin to be worked by any but very young boys. 2. That unless sent down very young a boy could not learn how to work. 3. That many parents could not support the children unless this were allowed.

4. That accidents are so frequent as to make it anything but rare for a wife and a mother to become a widow, and therefore wholly dependent on her children's exertions for subsistence : to prevent such from availing themselves of them would be to pass a sentence of absolute starvation :—for instance, in one small village (Banton in Scotland) there are forty widows kept from applying to the Kirk Session by the earnings of their children. (App. I. p. 486.) 5. That at present there are twelve years of boys' labor—supposing them to enter at eight and not to become hewers till they be twenty years of age. If you forbid the entrance into the mine till the boy is ten years old, there will only be ten years of boy's labor. The effect will be tantamount to diminishing the number of boys, so that where twelve used to find employment only ten would now do so.

The reader must judge of the weight of the above arguments, which afford a fine scope for the ingenuity of the expediency-monger and the casuist, as to whether the displacement of capital, and therefore of labor, might not lead to greater misery than that which is sought to be avoided :—whether the shutting-up the small-seamed collieries, which are often the best coal—and which, or some of them, can only be wrought by very young creatures—would not enhance the price of a commodity, on due supply of which, it may be readily shown, the life of the community at large hinges more entirely than on anything save food. In a word, a fine mesh of tangled argument may be spun by any logical head imbued with Paley's principle of "the greatest happiness to the greatest number," a principle, by the way, which to see in its details demands an omniscient being, and to carry out, an almighty one. We leave all this to the reader, who, to use another phrase of Paley's, "*can afford to keep a conscience.*"

We proceed to another point. The influence of man on his fellow-men may or may not be kindly ; but that of the physical circumstances which surround the miner is quite appalling ; and even through the stiff and bald detail of the Sub-commissioners there are touches of reality which transcend all imagination. "The life of a collier," says one of these gentlemen, "is of great danger both for man and child—a collier is never safe after he is swung off to be let down the pit." He is in danger, in the first place, from fire in its most frightful form, assuming a character which the sublime language of Milton can scarcely depict—

Floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.

When the ventilation of a colliery has been allowed to become bad, a quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas accumulates in the "wastes," and ignites on the first approach of any light, save the blessed Davy-lamp : the whole mine is instantly filled with terrific flashes of lightning, the expanding fluid driving before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up everything—scorching some to a cinder, burying others under enormous rocks and fragments shaken from the roofs and passages—and then, thundering up the shaft, wastes its volcanic fury in a thick discharge of dust, stones, and the mangled limbs of men and horses.

One of these explosions took place at the moment that some of the miners were swinging down into the pit: the force of the wind blew them back into the air. One or two fell on the bank, and were saved; but the rest were again precipitated into the shaft.

The author of the "History of Fossil Fuel" has given a minute account of a catastrophe, of which the main points are the following.

In the forenoon of the 25th May, 1812, 121 men were in the Felling Colliery, when a terrible explosion was heard; a slight earthquake was felt half a mile round; a cloud of dust rose high into the air, and, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in thick showers at the distance of a mile and a half, causing a darkness like twilight over the village of Heworth.

As soon as the explosion was heard, a crowd of the relations of the colliers rushed to the pit. The men worked the "gin" with astonishing expedition, and, letting down the rope, rescued 32 persons, of whom three (boys) died in a few hours. An eye-witness, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, says that the shrieks, wringing of hands, and howling were indescribable: they who had their friends restored to them seemed to suffer as much from excess of joy as they had lately done by grief. But these were the few. Several attempts were made to rescue those who did not appear: within a few hours eight or nine bold men descended into the pit-bottom, but found that the entrance into the workings, or galleries, was impeded by an upright *column* of smoke, which convinced them that the mine was on fire. It was in vain that the "viewers" assured the people that all hope was at an end; and that the only thing left was to extinguish the ignited coals by closing up the mine itself. Each proposition to this effect was met with yells of "Murder!" from the kindred, followed by symptoms of determined resistance. Two or three days elapsed, while the widows and orphans never ceased to hover about the pit-mouth in the hope to hear some cry for succour—but all silent as death; and at length the shaft was permitted to be hermetically closed. It was re-opened on the 8th of July, on which day a great concourse assembled to witness this service of danger—some curious only, but the greater part came, with streaming eyes and broken hearts, to seek a father, a son, or husband—constables were appointed to keep off the crowd—and two surgeons were on the spot, in case of accidents. Eight men at a time descended, who remained four hours in, and eight hours out of the mine. When the first shift of men came up, a message was sent for coffins; those which had been prepared were sent in cart loads through the village of Low Felling. As soon as the cart was seen, the women rushed out of their houses with shrieks which were heard to a great distance. The bodies were found most of them marked by fire—some scorched, and dry as mummies. In one place twenty were crammed in ghastly confusion—some torn to pieces—while others appeared unscathed, and in attitude as if overpowered by sleep. It was only by some article of clothing—a shoe—or by some token, as a tobacco-box—that many friends could recognise the corpse. A neat pyramid, nine feet high, bearing the names and ages

of eighty-nine sufferers, is placed over one huge grave in Heworth chapel yard.

One would think that the memory of one such catastrophe would suffice as a warning against all carelessness. The same book, however, gives a long succession of equally horrid events; and yet all the sub-commissioners were struck with the recklessness of the miners—one was obliged, for his own preservation, to knock the Davy lamp out of the hands of his guide, who chose in a most suspicious place to trim it, by exposing the flame without the protecting wirework to the gas. Another, on whom probably a practical joke was played, seems to have been much horrified at the miners, "who, by way of amusement, would inflate the mouth with a sufficient quantity to produce a stream, by contracting the lips, and setting fire to it, as from an Argand burner, to the great glee of others who looked on."—(*Report*, p. 137.) Another of these gentlemen was bid to walk with his candle exactly opposite his breast; for above him was a layer of wildfire, and below another of choke-damp, the intermediate stratum being alone respirable, the specific gravities of each determining its position. It is mostly in the northern mines that these gases abound in such quantities, that nothing but the fullest ventilation could permit their being worked at all. Some of the mines of Scotland are, however, just sufficiently aired to prevent actual explosion—no thought being given to render the atmosphere incapable of producing chronic disease, and so shortening life. Perhaps the *argumentum ad crumenam* may have more weight than that *ad hominem*: it is proved that economy of material is much greater where the mine is thoroughly ventilated than where it is not, as there, in consequence of dampness, the wood work and machinery rot away "in half the time." On the same principle of sheer economy, leaving all the mere humanity part out of the question as a trifle, we may be allowed to express a little surprise at the inconsistency of expending £150,000 in sinking a shaft, paying enormous sums for machinery, and the furnishing and draining a mine—and though fully aware that the whole may be blown to pieces if a trap-door be left open "five minutes"—yet confiding that risk to the care and good sense of children aged from five to seven years!!—(See *Report*, p. 147.)

"Dr. Walsh has thus described two of the less common harbingers of choke-damp and fire-damp, those ministers of death, whose approach is frequently as insidious as it is destructive. 'At one time, an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers; and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment: at another, it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case; and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in an instant.'"—*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 256.

Another of the awful effects produced by the element is when the



the mine, that is, the coal itself takes fire. Once ignited, it will go on burning for years, nay centuries—as witness Wednesbury in Stafford, or Dudley in Worcestershire, where

“Smoke may be seen distinctly issuing at more places than one, and it is stated that in one of the wells the water is sufficiently hot to be used for washing and culinary purposes. Smoke and steam issue from the crevices on both sides of the road, and holding the hand to the place, the stones are felt warm, as also the steam issuing. This part of the town is built over a pit, from which the good coal has been long extracted, and what is now on fire is the slack or small coal left behind. If a shaft were attempted to be opened, the flames would burst forth.”  
—(*Dr. Mitchell, App. I., p. 4.*)

The combustion is generally spontaneous, but it may and has arisen through carelessness—or wilfulness, as in 1833 in one of Lord Fitzwilliam’s collieries.

Many of the mines not only have encroached on the penetralia of earth, but have been extended under the beds of rivers or of the ocean itself; and we find in our own time not a few instances where the waters have broken loose and filled them.

“A catastrophe which occurred in consequence of a sudden irruption of water into the pits at East Ardsley, near Wakefield, in June, 1809, when ten individuals perished, has been made the subject of a Drama, by the Rev. J. Plumptre, B. D., Vicar of Great Gransden, Herts, entitled ‘Kendrew, or the Coal Mine.’ The author says in his preface, that, ‘having visited a coal-mine, at the Heaton Colliery, near Newcastle, in the summer of 1799, he adopted that as the foundation of his scenery; and endeavored so to construct his piece, that, should it ever be performed, the audience might have an opportunity of having the interior of a coal-mine, to which we are indebted for so much comfort, as it were, presented and realized to them.’ It is not likely, however, that the drama was ever recited on the stage: the first act opens with a scene representing the top of the shaft, with drawing machinery, &c., and a pitman singing a song, of which the following is the first verse:—

“ ‘Although the poor collier is dirty and grim,  
The world yet derives great advantage from him :  
Whilst you sit in your houses secure from the storm,  
His labor contributes to make you so warm.’

“It will be readily conceived that the sound and appearance of an instantaneous rushing of a large body of water into the workings must be awful indeed to those engulfed therein—particularly when the lights are mostly or entirely extinguished! One of the earliest boyish impressions which the writer retains is connected with an event of this nature, which occurred in a Yorkshire colliery in the beginning of the year 1805. The bottom of a large dam suddenly gave way, and poured its contents into the mine beneath: one of the colliers, recording the deliverance of himself and fellows in verse, the mediocrity of which was relieved by the real impressiveness of the occurrence, thus sang:—

“ ‘ It early in the morning was our troubles did begin :  
 Near two o'clock, we understand, the waters rushed in ;  
 Then many waded in the deep in such a wretched plight,  
 Their case it dreary was indeed—they had no kind of light !  
 To hear the cries, and see the tears on this occasion shed,  
 The tragic scene, it was enough to cause the heart to bleed :  
 But the all-seeing eye of God, from whom we draw our breath,  
 Behelü, and by his Providence preserved us all from death, ’ ”

—*History of Fossil Fuel*, pp. 250, 251.

In Mr. Curwen's great pit at Workington, which was carried two miles under the sea, it was observed by the men that the mine had been oozing salt water for some time, and some of them got away, but in the night, the “ single night ” of the 28th July, 1837, the sea broke in, and none were ever found to tell how it happened. The bodies even were never recovered—and so the funeral service was read over the pit-mouth. The spot where the water broke in was discernable in the sea by the blackness of the waves. The mine had been worked fifty years, and its excavations took two hours and a half to be filled.—(*Report*, p. 145.)

In June, 1833, Mr. Montgomery, banker in Irvine, while fishing in the Garnock, observed a gurgling motion in its current, which, though first mistaken by him for salmon-leaps, soon led to the suspicion of its true cause, and, accordingly the neighboring headsmen of the mine was warned—he, however, was at first slow to believe—but the men below heard the gurgling of the waters—and were only dragged out, pursued by the waves, when these had risen up to their necks. At first the river ran smooth, but rapidly ; but on the following afternoon a portion of the mine sunk, and the stream disappeared, leaving its bed dry for a mile. The pressure in the pits became so great from the whole workings of the mines, which extended over “ many miles,” being filled, that the air, pent up between the waters and the crust of overlying earth, burst through, “ and many acres of ground were to be seen all at once bubbling up like the boiling of a cauldron.” Immense quantities of sand and water were thrown up for five hours, and fell like showers of rain. “ In a short time the whole of Bartonholme, Longford, Snodgrass, and Nethermain, were laid under water, by which calamity from five to six hundred persons were deprived of employment, and the extensive colliery-works so injured as to preclude all hope of their ever being restored to their former state.—(*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 250.)

But there is a class of accidents far more frequent than these awful visitations of elemental agents. The descent into shafts is, in the richer mines, managed by steam machinery—in the less wealthy by the “ gin ” or wheel worked by a horse—and in the poorest by a wheel worked by hand, such as that used in drawing water from wells. In all these the frightful accident has occurred of the load being “ wound over,” and the men pitched down the shaft. This happened in one instance from the little boy whom the proprietors employ at 7s. a week—in order to save the additional 23s., which would have to be paid to a man fit for such a duty—neglecting to stop the steam-engine in time, his attention

being attracted by a "mouse on the hearth!"—(*Report*, p. 144.) The motive of economy is that assigned in the Evidence; and it states the exact saving as above.

Another class of accidents arises from carelessness and want of due inspection as to the ropes and tackle of descent. Then again the shaft, which should be well lined, is in the poorer mines but negligently protected; and a small stone loosened from its side, or flung from the pit-mouth, suffices, with the impetus of descent, to kill. The corves, which ought to be shedded over, are often open. The pit-mouths which should be surrounded by a wall, so as to hinder people falling down them at night, are not unfrequently unguarded—not so much from the fault of the proprietors, as because the people will steal the bricks for their own use. There are some painful descriptions scattered among the Reports, of deaths arising from falling in of the roofs, when economy tempts to remove the pillars that have supported them. Sometimes, after such operations, a very unexpected mode of filling up these galleries takes place spontaneously—the floors are pressed up towards the roof—or, as one of the witnesses terms it, "the earth is on the move." There are innumerable sources of danger to the *drivers*, from accidents peculiar to them; and, finally, there is no peril common to any other adventurous profession from which the miner is exempt.

The historian of "Fossil Fuel" has a note (p. 291) which we cannot but quote:

"There is, indeed, no class of persons, sailors themselves not excepted, who have greater reason to live in constant readiness to encounter sudden death, than the colliers who work in some of our deep and impure mines. The following is a striking illustration of the prevalence of pious sentiments under circumstances of excruciating trial: In one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death; one of the boys was found dead with a Bible by his side, and a tin box such as colliers use; within the lid he had contrived to engrave with the point of a nail this last message to his parent and brother: 'Fret not, my dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God, more than ever I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother.'"—p. 291.

The miners, while "undergoing," tap the seam with their picks, to ascertain if it rings clear or sounds cracked. In doubtful cases, Dr. Mitchell describes them as quitting their work, *lighting their pipes*, and holding a consultation; others flying precipitately from the falling masses which would, and often do, crush them. They usually have good warning of such catastrophes by "the groaning of the earth," but often enough neglect the awful voice. The hewer may be seen lying at full length cutting away; and though provided with all the timber ready at hand to prop up and render his work safe, neglecting the means which are to prevent eight or ten tons of coal falling in any instant on him. Is it wonderful, then, that men living amid such constant dangers should

be callous, or what appears callous to a sub-commissioner; startled at three or four urchins jumping, with fearless certainty of foot and eye, from the bank into a corve about to descend; or that occasionally some lad of an engine-keeper, having been well thrashed by a hewer, should so manage the machinery as to let his enemy in the corve drop with the velocity of descending lead down the shaft, of course with imminent risk of life from breakage of the rope to which the man clings? The minds of such people become familiarized with death, and the ever-recurring accidents are speedily forgotten:

"There would be more feeling a hundred times," says the Chief Constable at Oldham, "if a policeman were to kill a dog in the streets than about killing a collier. They are quite an uneducated set of people, who go to cockpits, and races, and fights, and many are gamblers and drinkers. There are so many killed, that it becomes quite customary to expect such things. In a day or two's time even a man's wife and children seem to have forgotten it. The chiefest talk is just at the moment, until the body gets home, and then people feel, 'Oh, it is only a collier!'"—(*Report*, p. 144.)

In Scotland there are no coroners to investigate the causes and modes of accidental deaths, and the instances known, yet neglected, are quite frightful. Mary Sneddon says, "Brother Robert was killed on the 21st January last. He was brought home, coffined, and buried in Bo'ness kirkyard. No one came to inquire how he was killed; they never do in this place." Mr. James Hunter, overseer to Alloa colliery, states that "the sheriff sometimes comes down. He did in the last case after the death of John Patteson, which was occasioned by being overwound at the pit-head; he looked at the ropes and examined their strength, and then walked away, and no further notice was taken. This is the common practice." (p. 150.) The commissioners remark two things—the great difficulty of obtaining from the surgeons any register of accidents, and the constant endeavor in the proprietors, managers, and overseers of mines, to lay the blame on the foolhardiness of the miners. If a chain broke, and half a dozen men were precipitated to the bottom of a shaft, "they should have examined the rope or chain before they descended," is the excuse; which is about as just and as valid as if in railway travelling it were considered the duty and business of the passengers to inspect the carriages and trains by which they are to be conveyed. In well-regulated mines, however, it is the especial business of one person to inspect the head-gear. This should be the case in all. A mining police is wanted.

With respect to the general effect of mining labor on the human frame, this Report states in conclusion, that the work in a well-regulated coal-mine is not only not injurious but healthful, developing and expanding the body into forms, which one of the sub-commissioners compares to the finest models of ancient sculpture. In Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and in great part of Yorkshire, the men are described as strong and powerful, "living like fighting-cocks;"



presenting "in the broad and stalwart frame of the swarthy collier, as he stalks home, all grime and muscle, a striking contrast with the puny, pallid, starveling little weaver, with his dirty white apron and feminine look."—(*Report*, p. 163.)

Whatever the imagination may picture as to the interior of a mine, the reality turns out to be far from frightful, where this speculation is conscientiously worked; that is to say, where the passages are sufficiently high not to keep the body bent, the air sufficiently pure to sustain health amid the gigantic efforts the miner must make, the temperature salubrious, and all other appurtenances fit and matching. This is what a mine should be, and what many ought to be, and could be, if the eye of public opinion and the hand of the law were directed aright. But this they are not; and so we have descriptions of people working in passages like drains: yet even here we should beware of drawing too broad conclusions—true words may paint falsely. A person working twelve hours a-day up to his knees in wet and muck would speedily die above ground; but the uniform temperature of the mine, with even inefficient ventilation, removes very much of the dangers of what reads like constant exposure to wet. On the whole, it is rather to the overwork than to any thing else, that most of the constitutional damages to the frame may be traced—although a bad atmosphere will of course largely complicate the result.

Where the work is excessive, and beyond the physical powers, it retards puberty, shortens manhood, and brings on premature old age; and the instances are numerous of this exhausting labor in young children, who are too tired to do any thing but sleep. "One man remembers he has many a time dropt to sleep with the meat in his mouth."—"Mothers say that their children come home so stiff and tired that they are obliged to lift them into bed"—"are too tired to speak"—"fall asleep before they can eat their suppers." There are instances detailed where a curved spine and abscesses of the hip-joint did not shield the worker from labor—diseases which exhaustion and a wet mine would readily induce. (*Report*, p. 177.) At p. 179, the witness says, "I have often seen them lying on the floor fast asleep; then they fall asleep in the pit, and are killed by waggons running over them."

The first direct effect of over-work is exhibited in the extraordinary development of the muscles; "those of the back stand out like ropes." The collier-boys were therefore found greatly superior to those of other callings in this respect. The immediate consequence of development in one set of organs is diminution in another; and hence, with few exceptions, the colliers are described as a "stunted race:" the exceptions are Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Ireland. A third effect of over-work is early decay of the organ over-worked—in the collier, therefore, of the muscular system.

"After they are turned forty-five or fifty, they walk home from their work like cripples, stiffly stalking along, often leaning on sticks. Where the lowness of the gates induces a very bent posture, I have observed an

inward curvature of the spine; and chicken-breasted children are very common in low, thin coal mines."—(*Report*, p. 185.)

This decrepitude is common, however, to many other classes than miners: indeed any tribe of mechanics may be known by their forms as modified by their trade.

Diseases of the heart and lungs are rife among colliers—the former as the result of over-action, the latter from that and the vitiated and heated air of certain mines. In East Lothian, Dr. Alison says pulmonary disease begins between the ages of twenty and thirty, and gradually increasing, carries off the collier, if he be spared by other disorders. "Want of proper ventilation is the cause: no part requires more looking to than East Lothian. The men die off like rotten sheep." (*Report*, p. 189.) Another pulmonary disease, almost peculiar to colliers, is "black spit," or "spurious melanosis." The symptoms are, according to Dr. Alison, "emaciation, constant shortness of breath, quick pulse, occasional stitches, copious expectoration, mostly perfectly black, of the color and consistence of blacking, a hacking cough. It is never cured." (p. 190.) It is said that there are no consumptive nor red-faced (apoplectic?) colliers. The cheap-worked mines are certainly the graves of men. When they are well ventilated, on the other hand, it is remarked that children who are ill above ground, recover in the equable warmth below: the half-starved cotton-spinner, driven thither by his necessities, often emerges with gain of health and flesh.

All these varied circumstances and modified results must be candidly considered. As we said at the outset, there are great evils and dangers in many other callings, which might perhaps, if reported on by a set of gentlemen, however honest and sincere, appear actually crammed with mere misery and oppression, yet which are not *de facto* inconsistent with a fair average of well-being. Many trades, and professions too, are undoubtedly unfavorable to length of days. The colliers are not cut off nearly so soon as some other classes, yet they, generally speaking, are a short-lived people. At forty they are incapable of work in Shropshire and Staffordshire—"are regular old men, as much as some at eighty;" at fifty in Warwickshire. In Derbyshire the collier is aged at forty; and the loader between twenty-eight and thirty. (p. 192.) And so it is wherever we track them. As a race, they may be said to be extinct at fifty-five. There are only half as many old men above seventy among colliers as among agriculturists; and twice as many deaths by accidents. Yet, with all this, the collier is fond of his colliery, preferring it to every other calling; and, if he quit his mine for a time, speedily returns to it. The spirit of adventure, and rough enjoyment, and independence, makes him gamble with life.

We cannot conclude without one or two examples more of the good that may be done by the proprietor, where he seriously turns his thoughts to the condition of his miners. And, first, look at the collier population of Alloa, amounting to 1,100, as affected by the kind exertions of their landlord, the late Earl of Mar. He gave them the means

of education, improved their cottages, encouraged gardening, prohibited the wives working in the mines; "and so," says Mr. John Craich, "raised their character in a wonderful degree." The provident society of the Alloa Colliery has at present 1200*l.* in the bank!

The present Earl of Elgin had for many years before his father's death the management of the property in Scotland; and under his eye an improved system appears to have been established in the collieries. James Grier, manager, says "that twenty-five years ago few persons thought themselves safe near the spot after dark; now a more sober set of workmen are not to be found in Scotland."—*App.* I. p. 497.

Another witness says:

"With respect to the moral condition of the collier I can affirm they are much better than they were twenty years ago: formerly their food and clothing were of the commonest description, but now a collier's family, if careful, eat of the best and most wholesome food, and have the clothing of the first-rate merchant of twenty years ago."

It is particularly satisfactory to quote such examples from Scotland, where certainly they were and are most needed: but we are bound to say that the settlement of the legislative question as to mines and miners, must be infinitely more difficult as regards that than any other part of the empire. The evils of the want of a liberal and uniform Poor Law for Scotland are becoming every day more and more terrible; and till that gigantic mischief is remedied, it will avail little to attempt regulations as to particular classes of the lower population there.

To return to England—let us hear one of these Sub-commissioners:—

"The worst of all the many adversities which beset the mental and moral progress of the working classes, is the indifference towards them of the higher orders of society. It is a fearful thing to see how exempt the employers of labor often hold themselves from moral obligations of every description towards those from whose industry their own fortunes spring. Even they who contribute at all to the education or moral improvement of their workmen do so, in nineteen cases out of twenty, merely by money, and without personal pains and superintendence of their own."—*Mr. Symons, App.* I. p. 201.

How the reverse of such a feeling has operated, the following account will prove:—Mrs. Stansfield, of Flocton, and her family, large proprietors both of mines and land, erected a room 56 feet long as a Sunday-school, and covered its walls with maps and pictures, and placed a piano in it. At nine on each Sunday morning a bell heard in the neighboring village summons about sixty-four children, who prepare, by prayer and psalmody, for reading catechisms and hearing Scripture: after these preliminaries they are taken to the church, about half-a-mile off; and a similar exercise is repeated in the evening. Tickets, bearing a value of 1*d.* or 2*d.* a-dozen, are given for attendance at school and

chapel; and four of these can be obtained each Sunday. From these funds all the girls but the youngest purchase their bible, prayer, and hymn-books.

The first Sunday in August an examination takes place, to which the parents are invited: it is termed *the feast of August*, and is anticipated by all with delight.

From the elder girls of the school eight are selected; who, on each Wednesday, are joined by twenty young men and lads, and are formed into a singing class. Some have attained great proficiency: Mr. Symons says that, at a concert given by Mr. Milnes Stansfield, he saw Sarah Wood and seven other girls, who had spent the whole day in toilsome labor in the mine, performing some of the most difficult pieces of Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Haydn's *Masses*, with zest and skill. "They had been practised only a few months, once or twice a-week, and they sang that most chromatic oratorio admirably, with some of the first chorus-singers in Yorkshire."

"Mr. Briggs, the partner of Mrs. Stansfield, and Mr. Milnes Stansfield, her son, have, in addition to these means of mental culture for the children, opened a gymnasium and cricket-ground for the men. Twice a-week they are admitted by means of tickets; and the scene presented by the commingling of all ages and both sexes for the purpose of recreation strongly corroborated the impression I had formed of the good-heartedness (in spite of the ignorance) of the collier population. Nor is the kindly and grateful feeling which exist on the part of the work-people of Messrs. Stansfield and Briggs towards their employers by any means confined to the playground:—it exists most warmly throughout the village."—*Ibid.* p. 203.

A slight trait, incidentally placed in a foot-note, will perhaps bring the whole scene more vividly before the reader than the description by Mr. Symons of the contention for prizes—these Titans, in the various games of bell-race, jumping in sacks, throwing weights, running, leaping over poles, &c.—"*An individual of great strength is appointed to act as constable*, whose office is to enforce the laws, to turn out strangers entering without tickets, or any members misconducting themselves, and to close up the ground at night."

A further experiment was made on these sons of earth—an attempt to entice them, through music, from their ordinary haunt of the public-house, and its potent attractions of strong drink and fierce gambling. At first only twenty appeared, and these "in their shirt-sleeves." "The concert riveted their attention, and they became quiet and expressed great delight." At the "*feast of August*," 1841, the twenty had swelled into "a multitude of colliers," with their families, who attended the concert as well as the games, remaining the whole evening, and declaring, at its close, "*This beats cock-fighting!*"

We think we shall please many by giving one extract more from the historian of "*Fossil Fuel*." It may be surmised, from something alrea-



dy quoted, that this able writer himself began life in the pit; but, if so, we have it not in our power to add his name to a list which it would by no means discredit.

“The Cornish miners have often been referred to as being a remarkably observant and intelligent race of men: combining, as they commonly do, each in his own person, the laborer, the adventurer, and the merchant, they have acquired a degree of shrewdness and industry that could not fail to be noted, especially by strangers with whom they came into contact. The colliers, on the other hand, whether less knowing or not, have been, in this respect at least, less known: they have almost uniformly been the servants of capitalists, between whom and the actual laborers there have existed several gradations of rank—so to speak—the duties of the uppermost of which, however, bear very lightly, if at all, on the real independence of the lowest—the latter, indeed, frequently rising meritoriously from the bottom to the top of the scale. Many honorable instances of this might be mentioned. It is no proof of the general intelligence of any body of operatives that men of talent have occasionally risen from among them to distinguished stations in society; but it is natural to associate the ultimate fame or notoriety of an individual with his original calling, and this without the least disparagement or disrespect. It is on this principle that one feels a certain description of interest in knowing that the late celebrated Doctor Hutton was originally a hewer employed in Old Long Benton Colliery; that Mr. Stephenson, the intelligent engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, was originally a coal-miner; that the late Rev. W. Huntingdon, an eccentric but talented preacher in the metropolis, was a coal-heaver; and even that the late “king of the conjurors,” as the ingenious Ingleby was called, was a pitman, who first practised sleight of hand among his companions on the banks of the Tyne. Thomas Bewick, too, ‘the celebrated xylographer and illustrator of nature,’ may be mentioned as another instance. His father was a collier in the neighborhood of Hexham; and Thomas with his brothers, one of whom died after giving promise of high excellency in the beautiful art of wood-engraving, was early immured in that subterranean, laborious, and loathsome employment.—‘I have heard him say,’ remarks his friend Mr. Dovaston, ‘that the remotest recollection of his powerful and tenacious memory was that of lying for hours on his side between dismal strata of coal, by a glimmering and dirty candle, plying the pick with his little hands—those hands afterwards destined to elevate the arts, illustrate nature, and promulgate her truths, to the delight and instruction of the moral and intellectual world.’”

—*History of Fossil Fuel*, pp. 289, 290.

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Since this article was put into type Lord Ashley has obtained the unanimous assent of the House of Commons for the introduction of a bill “to make Regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in the Mines and Collieries of the United Kingdom.” After perusing this Report—with its detailed Appendices, and the *terrible* woodcuts that accompany them—it was impossible for us to doubt that Lord Ashley would receive the cordial support of

Her Majesty's Government in such a measure. But we were not prepared for, and therefore we were indeed most highly gratified by, the unanimity of the House of Commons on the 7th of June. We would fain hail it as an evidence that not by any one class of politicians alone, but by all, the danger of neglecting the moral and social, and also the physical condition of the poor in this rich and powerful empire, has at length been understood and appreciated; and as an omen and pledge, that henceforth, as now, English gentlemen of all parties will be found ready to act together as men and as Christians, when the afflictions of their humble fellow-countrymen are brought under their consideration, as legislators. Lord Ashley's speech was indeed a happy specimen of clear statement, intermixed with numberless touches of simply and deeply pathetic eloquence:—no man could listen to it without being reminded of Wilberforce. Such a speech might well, as a display of high talents, excite admiration and applause; but these are not days when rhetoric, or even oratory, can produce, in regard to subjects of this kind, any decisive practical effect. The House must have been operated on by circumstances of a very different character: they felt, we hope and believe, that this was the first step in a path which must be pursued, if our working classes—unequalled in the history of the world for courage, energy, and native goodness of feeling—are to be reconciled to the great existing institutions of their country—not excepting the institution of property, which, like all the rest, can only deserve to be supported as being for the general advantage.

"I hope, Sir," said Lord Ashley, "that the House will not consider that I am speaking dogmatically on these subjects: my intercourse with the working classes, both by correspondence and personal interview, has for many years been so extensive, that I think I may venture to say that I am conversant with their feelings and habits, and can state their probable movements. I do not fear any violent or general outbreaks on the part of the population: there may be a few, but not more than will be easily repressed by the ordinary force of the country. But I do fear the progress of a cancer, a perilous, and, if we much longer delay, an incurable cancer, which has seized upon the body social, moral, and political; and then in some day, when there shall be required on the part of our people an unusual energy, an unprecedented effort of virtue and patriotism, the strength of the empire will be found prostrate, for the fatal disorder will have reached its vitals.

"There are, I well know, many other things to be done; but this, I must maintain, is an indispensable preliminary: for it is a mockery to talk of education to people who are engaged, as it were, in unceasing toil from their cradle to their grave. I have endeavored for many years to attain this end by limiting the hours of labor, and so bringing the children and young persons within the reach of a moral and religious education. I have hitherto been disappointed, and I deeply regret it, because we are daily throwing away a noble material!—for, depend upon it, the British people are the noblest and the most easily governed of any on the face of the earth. Their fortitude and obedience under the severest privations sufficiently prove it. (Loud cheers.) *Sure I*

am, that the minister of this country, whoever he be, if he will but win their confidence by appealing to their hearts, may bear upon his little finger the whole weight of the reins of the British empire. And, Sir, the sufferings of these people, so destructive to themselves, are altogether needless to the prosperity of the empire. . . . Could it even be proved that they were necessary, this House, I know, would pause before it undertook to affirm the continuance. . . . What could induce you to tolerate further the existence of such cruelties? Is it not enough to announce these things to an assembly of Christian men and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro; and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country-people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves (if they will accept them) of the opportunities of virtue, of morality, and religion. These, Sir, are the ends that I venture to propose: this is the barbarism that I seek to restore. The House will, I am sure, forgive me for having detained them so long; and still more will they forgive me for venturing to conclude, by imploring them, in the words of Holy Writ, "*To break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity.*"—*Speech, &c. p. 57.*

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## ARTICLE VII.

### IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THERE needs no apology for the introduction of the following article, long though it is. We think our readers will at once recognize the style of him who, in so masterly a manner, portrayed the character and history of Warren Hastings; and they will find themselves borne along most delightfully, as they follow him again in his vividly graphic delineations of Loyola, Xavier, Laynez, and Francis Borgia. These men seem to live and move among us, and such a transparency is communicated to the external man, that we are enabled to look in upon the movements of the soul, and distinguish, in each, his predominant emotions and affections.

The English language, in its expression by the Hon. T. Babington Macaulay, falls on the ear like the most enchanting music, and chimes with the inner harmonies of the spirit. But then it is not *vox et præterea nihil*; but *vox et præterea multum*. The language is living with thought, and each sentence is pregnant with meaning and appositeness.

We feel confident, therefore, that our readers will be richly compensated by the perusal of the article on "Loyola and his Associates," and that its character and length will be a sufficient apology for the omission of an interesting one on Napoleon, from the French, and another from the

German, by Wolfgang Mentzel, which we had intended to insert in the present, but shall postpone for the subsequent number.

The Edinburgh Review on this occasion, was later than the other English Journals; and not expecting such a treat as this article offers, we had made our selections and placed them in the printer's hand, in order to accomplish our purpose, in future, to issue our numbers at an early date. Our only option, therefore, was either to postpone this interesting disquisition, or to exclude some matters which usually appear in the Eclectic. We chose the latter.—Ed.

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From the Edinburgh Review, July, 1842.

*Exercitia Spiritualia S. P. Ignatii Loyolæ, cum Versione literali ex Autographo Hispanico. Præmittuntur R. P. JOANNIS ROOTHMEN, Præpositi Generalis Societatis Jesu, Literæ Encycliæ ad Patres et Fratres ejusdem Societatis, de Spiritualium Exercitiorum S. P. N. Studio et Usu. Londini, typis C. Richards. 1837.*

On the dawn of the day on which, in the year 1534, the Church of Rome celebrated the feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, a little company of men, whose vestments bespoke their religious character, emerged in solemn procession from the deep shadows cast by the towers of Notre Dame over the silent city below them. In a silence not less profound, except when broken by the chant of the matins appropriate to that sacred season, they climbed the Hill of Martyrs, and descended into the Crypt which then ascertained the spot where the Apostle of France had won the crown of martyrdom. With a stately though halting gait, as one accustomed to military command, marched at their head a man of swarthy complexion, bald-headed and of middle stature, who had passed the meridian of life; his deep-set eyes glowing as with a perennial fire, from beneath brows which, had phrenology then been born, she might have portrayed in her loftiest style, but which, without her aid, announced a commission from on high to subjugate and to rule mankind. So majestic, indeed, was the aspect of Ignatius Loyola, that, during the sixteenth century, few if any of the books of his order appeared without the impress of that imperial countenance. Beside him in the chapel of St. Denys knelt another worshipper, whose manly bearing, buoyant step, clear blue eye, and finely chiseled features, contrasted strangely with the solemnities in which he was engaged. Then in early manhood, Francis Xavier united in his person the dignity befitting his birth as a grandee of Spain, and the grace which should adorn a page of the Queen of Castile and Arragon. Not less incongruous with the scene in which they bore their parts, were the slight forms of the boy Alphonso Salmeron, and of his bosom friend Jago Laynez, the destined successor of Ignatius in his spiritual dynasty. With them Nicholas Alphonso Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez—the first a teacher, the second a student of philosophy—prostrated themselves before the altar, where ministered Peter Faber, once a shepherd in the



mountains of Savoy, but now a priest in holy orders. By his hands was distributed to his associates the seeming bread, over which he had uttered words of more than miraculous efficacy ; and then were lifted up their united voices, uttering, in low but distinct articulation, an oath, at the deep significance of which the nations might have trembled or rejoiced. Never did human lips pronounce a vow more religiously observed, or pregnant with results more momentous.

Descended from an illustrious family, Ignatius had in his youth been a courtier and a cavalier, and if not a poet, at least a cultivator of poetry. At the siege of Pampeluna his leg was broken, and after the failure of mere vulgar leeches, was set by a touch from the hand of the Prince of Apostles. Yet St. Peter's therapeutic skill was less perfect than might have been expected from so exalted a surgeon ; for a splinter still protruded through the skin, and the limb was shrunk and shortened. To regain his fair proportions, Ignatius had himself literally stretched on the rack ; and expiated, by a long confinement to his couch, this singular experiment to reduce his refractory bones and sinews. Books of knight-errantry relieved the lassitude of sickness, and, when these were exhausted, he betook himself to a series of still more marvellous romances. In the legends of the Saints the disabled soldier discovered a new field of emulation and of glory. Compared with their self-conquests and their high rewards, the achievements and the renown of Rowland and of Amadis waxed dim. Compared with the peerless damsels for whose smiles Paladins had fought and died, how transcendently glorious the image of feminine loveliness and angelic purity which had irradiated the hermit's cell and the path of the wayworn pilgrim ! Far as the heavens are above the earth would be the plighted fealty of the knight of the Virgin Mother beyond the noblest devotion of mere human chivalry. In her service he would cast his shield over the church which ascribed to her more than celestial dignities ; and bathe in the blood of her enemies the sword once desecrated to the mean ends of worldly ambition. Nor were these vows unheeded by herto whom they were addressed. Evironed in light, and clasping her infant to her bosom, she revealed herself to the adoring gaze of her champion. At that heavenly vision, all fantasies of worldly and sensual delight, like exorcised demons, fled from his soul into an eternal exile. He rose, suspended at her shrine his secular weapons, performed there his nocturnal vigils, and with returning day retired to consecrate his future life to the glory of the *Virgo Deipara*.

To these erotic dreams succeeded stern realities ; convulsive agonies of prayer, wailings of remorse, and self-inflicted bodily torments. Exchanging dresses with a beggar, he lined his gaberdine with prickly thorns, fasted to the verge of starvation, assumed the demeanor of an idiot, became too loathsome for human contact, and then, plunging into a gloomy cavern, surrendered himself up to such wrestling with the Evil Spirit, and to such vicissitudes of rapture and despair, that in the storm of turbid passions his reason had nearly given way. Friendly hands dragged him from his hiding place ; and hands, in intention at

least, not less friendly, recorded his feverish ravings. At one time he conversed with voices audible to no ear but his ; at another, he sought to propitiate Him before whom he trembled, by expiations which would have been more fitly offered to Moloch. Spiritual Doctors ministered to his relief, but they prescribed in vain. Too simple for their subtilized perception was the simple truth, that in revealing himself to mankind in the character of a Father, that awful Being has claimed as peculiarly his own the gentlest, the kindest, and the most confiding affections of our nature.

At the verge of madness Ignatius paused. That noble intellect was not to be whelmed beneath the tempests in which so many have sunk, nor was his deliverance to be accomplished by any vulgar methods. Standing on the steps of a Dominican church, he recited the office of Our Lady, when suddenly heaven itself was laid open to the eye of the worshipper. That ineffable mystery, which the author of the Athanasian creed has labored to enunciate in words, was disclosed to him as an object not of faith but of actual sight. The past ages of the world were rolled back in his presence, and he beheld the material fabric of things rising into being, and perceived the motives which had prompted the exercise of the creative energy. To his spiritualized sense was disclosed the actual process by which the Host is transubstantiated ; and the other Christian verities which it is permitted to common men to receive but as exercises of their belief, now became to him the objects of immediate inspection and of direct consciousness. For eight successive days his body reposed in an unbroken trance ; while his spirit thus imbibed disclosures for which the tongues of men have no appropriate language. In a volume of fourscore leaves he attempted indeed to impart them ; but, dark with excess of light, his words held the learned and the ignorant alike in speechless wonder.

Ignatius returned to this sublunary scene with a mission not unmeet for an envoy from the empyrean world, of which he had thus become a temporary denizen. He returned to establish on earth a theocracy of which he should himself be the first administrator, and to which every tribe and kindred of men should be subject. He returned no longer a sordid, half-distracted anchorite, but, strange to tell, a man distinguished not more by the gigantic magnitude of his designs, than by the clear good sense, the profound sagacity, the calm perseverance, and the flexible address with which he was to pursue them. History affords no more perfect illustration how readily delirious enthusiasm and the shrewdness of the exchange may combine and harmonize in minds of the heroic order. A Swedenborg-Franklin, reconciling in himself these antagonist propensities, is no monster of the fancy.

On his restoration to human society, Ignatius reappeared in the garb, and addressed himself to the occupations of other religious men. The first fruits of his labors was the book of which we have transcribed the titlepage. It was originally written in Spanish, and appeared in an inaccurate Latin version. By the order of the present Pope, Loyola's manuscript, still remaining in the Vatican, has been again translated.

In this new form the book is commended to the devout study of the faithful by a bull of Pope Paul III., and by an Encyclical Epistle from the present General of the order of Jesus. To so august a sanction, slight indeed is the aid which can be given by the suffrage of northern heretics. Yet on this subject the chair of Knox, if now filled by himself, would not be very widely at variance with the throne of St. Peter. The "Spiritual Exercises" form a manual of what may be called "the act of conversion." It proposes a scheme of self-discipline by which, in the course of four weeks, that mighty work is to be accomplished. In the first, the penitent is conducted through a series of dark retrospects, to abase, and of gloomy prospects to alarm him. These ends obtained, he is during the next seven days to enrol himself—such is the military style of the book—in the army of the faithful, studying the sacred biography of the Divine Leader of that elect host, and choosing with extreme caution the plan of life, religious or secular, in which he may be best able to tread in his steps, and to bear the standard emblematic at once of suffering and of conquest. To sustain the soldier of the cross in this protracted warfare, his spiritual eye is, during the third of his solitary weeks, to be fixed in a reverential scrutiny into that unfathomable abyss of woe, into which a descent was once made to rescue the race of Adam from the grasp of their mortal enemies; and then seven suns are to rise and set while the still secluded, but now disenthralled spirit is to chant triumphant hallelujahs, elevating her desires heavenward, contemplating glories hitherto unimaginable, and mysteries never before revealed; till the sacred exercises close with an absolute surrender of all the joys and interests of this sublunary state, as an holocaust, to be consumed by the undying flame of divine love on the altar of the regenerate heart.

He must have been deeply read in the nature of man who should have predicted such first fruits as these from the restored health of the distracted visionary, who had alternately sounded the base strings of humility on earth, and the living chords which vibrate with spontaneous harmonies along the seventh heavens. A closer survey of the book will but enhance the wonder. To transmute profligates into converts, by a process of which, during any one of her revolutions round our planet, the moon is to witness the commencement and the close, might perhaps seem like a plagiarism from the academies of Laputa. But in his great, and indeed his only extant work, Ignatius Loyola is no dreamer. By force of an instinct with which such minds as his alone are gifted, he could assume the character to which the shrewd, the practical, and the wordly-wise aspire, even when abandoning himself to ecstasis which they are alike unable to comprehend or to endure. His mind resembled the body of his great disciple, Francis Xavier, which, as he preached or baptized, rose majestically towards the skies, while his feet (the pious curiosity of his hearers ascertained the fact,) retained their firm hold on the earth below. If the spiritual exercises were designed to excite, they were not less intended to control and to regulate, religious sensibilities. To exalt the spirit above terrestrial

objects was scarcely more his aim, than to disenchant mankind of the self-deceits by which that exaltation is usually attempted. The book, it is true, indicates a tone of feeling utterly removed from that which animates the gay and the busy scenes of life; but it could not have been written except by one accustomed to observe those scenes with the keenest scrutiny, and to study the actors in them with the most profound discernment. To this commendation must be added the praise (to borrow terms but too familiar) of evangelical orthodoxy. A Protestant synod might indeed have extracted from the pages of Ignatius many propositions to anathematize; but they could also have drawn from them much to confirm the doctrines to which their confessions had given such emphatic prominence. If he yielded to the demigods of Rome what we must regard as an idolatrous homage, it would be mere prejudice to deny that his supreme adoration was reserved for that awful Being to whom alone it was due. If he ascribed to merely ritual expiations a value of which we believe them to be altogether destitute, yet were all his mighty powers held in the most earnest and submissive affiance with the Divine Nature, as revealed under the veil of human infirmity and of more than human suffering. After the lapse of two centuries, Philip Doddridge, than whom no man ever breathed more freely on earth the atmosphere of heaven, produced a work of which the Spiritual Exercises might have afforded the model—so many are still the points of contact between those who, ranging themselves round the great object of Christianity as their common centre, occupy the most opposite positions in that expanded circle.

From the publication of the "Spiritual Exercises" to the Vow of Montmartre, nine years elapsed. They wore away in pilgrimages, in feats of asceticism, in the working of miracles, and in escapes all but miraculous, from dangers which the martial spirit of the saint, no less than his piety, impelled him to incur. In the caverns of Monreza he had vowed to scale the heights of "*perfection*," and it therefore behoved him thus to climb that obstinate eminence, in the path already trodden by all the canonized and beatified heroes of the church. But he had also vowed to conduct his fellow-pilgrims from the city of destruction to the land of Beulah. In prison and in shipwreck, fainting with hunger or wasted with disease, his inflexible spirit still brooded over that bright, though as yet shapeless vision; until at length it assumed a coherent form as he knelt on the Mount of Olives, and traced the last indelible foot-print of the ascending Redeemer of mankind. At that hallowed spot had ended the weary way of Him who had bowed the heavens, and came down to execute on earth a mission of unutterable love and matchless self-denial; and there was revealed to the prophetic gaze of the future founder of the order of Jesus, (no seerlike genius kindled by high resolves,) the long line of missionaries who, animated by his example and guided by his instructions, should proclaim that holy name from the rising to the setting sun. It was indeed a futurity perceptible only to the telescopic eye of faith. At the mature age of thirty, possessing no language but his own, no science but that



of the camp, and no literature beyond the biographies of Paladins and of Saints, he became the self-destined teacher of the future teachers of the world. Hoping against hope, he returned to Barcelona, and there, as the class-fellow of little children, commenced the study of the first rudiments of the Latin tongue.

Among the established *facetiæ* of the stage, are the distractions of dramatic Eloisas under the tutorship of their Abelards, in the attempt to conjugate *Amo*. Few playwrights, probably, have been aware that the jest had its type, if not its origin, in the scholastic experiences of Ignatius Loyola. At the same critical point, and in the same manner, a malignant spirit arrested his advance in the grammar. On each successive inflection of the verb, corresponding elevations heavenwards were excited in his soul by the demon who, assuming the garb of an angel of light, thus succeeded in disturbing his memory. To baffle his insidious enemy, the harrassed scholar implored the pedagogue to make liberal use of that discipline of which who can ever forget the efficacy or the pain? The exorcism was complete. *Amo*, in all her affectionate moods, and changeful tenses, became familiar as household words. Thus Thomas à Kempis was made to speak intelligibly. Erasmus also revealed his hidden treasures of learning and wit, though ultimately exiled from the future schools of the Jesuits, for the same offence of having disturbed the thoughts of his devout reader. Energy won her accustomed triumphs, and, in the year 1528, he became a student of the Humanities, and of what was then called Philosophy, at the University of Paris.

Of the seven decades of human life, the brightest and the best, in which other men achieve or contend for distinction, was devoted by Ignatius to the studies preparatory to his great undertaking. Grave professors examined him on their prælections, and, when these were over, he sought the means of subsistence by traversing the Netherlands and England as a beggar. Unheeded and despised as he sat at the feet of the learned, or solicited alms of the rich, he was still maturing, in the recesses of his bosom, designs more lofty than the highest to which the monarchs of the houses of Valois or of Tudor had ever dared to aspire. In the University of Paris he at length found the means of carrying into effect the cherished purposes of so many years. It was the heroic age of Spain, and the countrymen of Gonsalvo and Cortes lent a willing ear to counsels of daring on any field of adventure, whether secular or spiritual. His companions in study thus became his disciples in religion. Nor were his the common-place methods of making converts. To the contemplative and the timid, he enjoined hardy exercises of active virtue. To the gay and ardent, he appealed in a spirit still more buoyant than their own. To a debauchee, whom nothing else could move, he presented himself neck-deep in a pool of frozen water, to teach the more impressively the duty of subduing the carnal appetites. To an obdurate priest, he made a general confession of his own sins, with such agonies of remorse and shame, as to break up, by force of sympathy, the fountains of penitence in the bosom of the

confessor: Nay, he even engaged at billiards with a joyous lover of the game, on condition that the defeated player should serve his antagonist for a month; and the victorious saint enforced the penalty by consigning his adversary to a month of secluded devotion. Others yielded at once and without a struggle to the united influence of his sanctity and genius; and it is remarkable that, from these more docile converts, he selected, with but two exceptions, the original members of his infant order. Having performed the initiatory rite of the Spiritual Exercises, they all swore on the consecrated Host in the Crypt of St. Denys, to accompany their spiritual father on a mission to Palestine; or, if that should be impracticable, to submit themselves to the vicar of Christ, to be disposed of as missionaries at his pleasure.

Impetuous as had been the temper of Ignatius in early life, he had learned to be patient of the slow growth of great designs. Leaving his disciples to complete their studies at Paris under the care of Peter Faber, he returned to Spain to recruit their number, to mature his plans, and, perhaps, to escape from a too familiar intercourse with his future subjects. In the winter of 1536 they commenced their pilgrimage to the eternal city. Xavier was their leader. Accomplished in all courtly exercises, he prepared for his journey by binding tight cords round his arms and legs, in holy revenge for the pleasure which their graceful agility had once afforded him; and pursued his way with Spartan constancy, till the corroded flesh closed obstinately over the ligatures. Miracle, the prompt handmaid of energies like his, burst the bands which no surgeon could extricate; and her presence was attested by the toils which his loosened limbs immediately endured in the menial service of his fellow travellers. At Venice they rejoined their leader, and their employed themselves in ministering to the patients in the hospitals. Foremost in every act of intrepid self-mortification, Xavier here signalized his zeal by exploits, the mere recital of which would derange the stomachs of ordinary men. While courting all the physical tortures of purgatory, his soul, however, inhaled the anticipated raptures of Paradise. Twice these penances and raptures brought him to the gates of death; and, in his last extremity, he caused himself to be borne to places of public resort, that his ghastly aspect might teach the awful lessons which his tongue was no longer able to pronounce.

Such prodigies, whether enacted by the saints of Rome or by those of Benares, exhibit a sovereignty of the spiritual over the animal nature, which can hardly be contemplated without some feelings akin to reverence. But, on the whole, the hooked Faqueer spinning round his gibbet is the more respectable suicide of the two; for his homage is, at least, meet for the deity he worships. He whose name had been assumed by Ignatius and his followers, equally victorious over the stoical illusions and the lower affections of our nature, had been accustomed to seek repose among the domestic charities of life, and to accept such blameless solaces as life has to offer to the weary and the heavy-laden; nor could services less in harmony with his serene self-reverence have

been presented to him, than the vehement emotions, the squalid filth, and the lacerated frames of the first members of the society of Jesus. Loyola himself tolerated, encouraged, and shared these extravagances. His countenance was as haggard, his flagellations as cruel, and his couch and diet as sordid as the rest. They who will conquer crowns, whether ghostly or secular, must needs tread in slippery places. He saw his comrades faint and die with the extremity of their sufferings, and assuming the character of an inspired prophet, promoted, by predicting, their recovery. One of the gentlest and most patient of them, Rodriguez, flying for relief to a solitary hermitage, found his retreat obstructed by a man of terrible aspect and gigantic stature, armed with a naked sword and breathing menaces. Hozey, another of his associates, happening to die at the moment when Ignatius, prostrate before the altar, was reciting from the *Confiteor* the words, "et omnibus sanctis," that countless host was revealed to the eye of the saint; and among them, resplendent in glory, appeared his deceased friend, to sustain and animate the hopes of his surviving brethren. As he journeyed with Laynez he saw a still more awful vision. It exhibited that Being whom no eye hath seen, and whom no tongue may lightly name, and with him the Eternal Son, bearing a heavy cross, and uttering the welcome assurance, "I will be propitious to you at Rome."

These, however, were but the auxiliary and occasional arts (if so they must be termed) by which the sovereignty of Ignatius was established. It behoved him to acquire the unhesitating submission of noble minds, ignited by a zeal as intense and as enduring as his own; and it was on a far loftier basis than that of bodily penances or ecstatic dreams, that for ten successive years their initiatory discipline had been conducted. Wildly as their leader may have described his survey of the celestial regions, and of their triumphant inmates, he had anxiously weighed the state of the world in which he dwelt, and the nature of his fellow sojourners there. He was intimately aware of the effects on human character of self-acquaintance, of action, and of suffering. He therefore required his disciples to scrutinize the recesses and the workings of their own hearts, till the aching sense found relief rather than excitement, in turning from the wonders and the shame within, to the mysteries and the glories of the world of unembodied spirits. He trained them to ceaseless activity, until the transmutation of means into ends was complete; and efforts, at first the most irksome, had become spontaneous and even grateful exercises. He accustomed them to every form of privation and voluntary pain, until fortitude, matured into habit, had been the source of enjoyments, as real as to the luxurious they are incomprehensible. He rendered them stoics, mystics, enthusiasts, and then combined them all into an institute, than which no human association was ever more emphatically practical, or more to the purpose and the time.

Of all the occupations to which man can devote the earlier years of life, none probably leaves on the character an impress so deep and indelible as the profession of arms. In no other calling is the whole range

of our systematic affections, whether kindly or the reverse, called into such habitual and active exercise; nor does any other stimulate the mere intellectual powers with a force so irresistible, when once they are effectually aroused from their accustomed torpor. Loyola was a soldier to the last breath he drew, a General whose authority none might question, a comrade on whose cordiality all might rely, sustaining all the dangers and hardships he exacted of his followers, and in his religious campaigns a strategist of consummate skill and most comprehensive survey. It was his maxim that war ought to be aggressive, and that even an inadequate force might be wisely weakened by detachments on a distant service, if the prospect of success was such, that the vague and perhaps exaggerated rumour of it would strike terror into nearer foes, and animate the hopes of irresolute allies. To conquer Lutheranism, by converting to the faith of Rome the barbarous or half-civilized nations of the earth, was, therefore, among the earliest of his projects; and his searching eye had scanned the spirits of his lieutenants to discover which of them was best adapted for enterprizes so replete with difficulty and hazard. It was necessary that he should select men superior, not only to all the allurements of appetite, and the common infirmities of our race, but superior, also, to those temptations to which an inquisitive mind and abilities of a high order expose their possessor. His missionaries must be men prepared to do and to dare, but not much disposed to speculate. They must burn with a zeal which no sufferings or disappointment could extinguish; but must not feel those impulses which might prompt men of large capacity to convert a subordinate into an independent command. Long he weighed, and most sagaciously did he decide this perplexing choice. It fell on many who well fulfilled these conditions, but on none in whom all the requisites for such a service met so marvellously as on him who had borne himself so bravely in the chapel of St. Denys, and with such strange mortifications of the flesh in the pilgrimage to Rome.

It was in the year 1506 that Francis Xavier, the youngest child of a numerous family, was born in the castle of his ancestors in the Pyrenees. Robust and active, of a gay humor and ardent spirit, the young mountaineer listened with a throbbing heart to the military legends of his House, and to the inward voice which spoke of days to come, when his illustrious lineage should derive new splendor from his own achievements. But the hearts of his parents yearned over the son of their old age; and the enthusiasm which would have borne him to the pursuit of glory in the camp, was diverted by their counsels to the less hazardous contest for literary eminence at the university of Paris. From the embrace of Aristotle and his commentators, he would, however, have been prematurely withdrawn by the failure of his resources, (for the Lords of Xavier were not wealthy,) if a domestic prophetess (his elder sister) had not been inspired to reveal his marvellous career and immortal recompense. For a child destined to have altars raised to his name throughout the Catholic Church, and masses chanted in his honor till time should be no longer, every sacrifice was wisely made; and he



was thus enabled to struggle on at the College of St. Barbara, till he had become qualified to earn his own maintenance as a public teacher of Philosophy. His Chair was crowded by the studious, and his society courted by the gay, the noble, and the rich. It was courted, also, by one who stood aloof from the thronging multitude; among them, but not of them. Sordid in dress but of lofty bearing, at once unimpassioned and intensely earnest, abstemious of speech, yet occasionally uttering, in deep and most melodious tones, words of stange significance, Ignatius Loyola was gradually working over the mind of his young companion a spell which no difference of taste, of habits, or of age, was of power to subdue. Potent as it was, the charm was long resisted. Hilarity was the native and indispensable element of Francis Xavier, and in his grave monitor he found an exhaustless topic of mirth and raillery. Armed with satire, which was not always playful, the light heart of youth contended, as best it might, against the solemn impressions which he could neither welcome nor avoid. Whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forest which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand to discuss with him the charms of society, of learning, or of nature; but, whatever had been the theme, it was still closed by the same awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The world which Xavier had sought to gain, was indeed already exhibiting to him its accustomed treachery. It had given him amusement and applause; but with his self-government had stolen from him his pupils and his emoluments. Ignatius recruited both. He became the eulogist of the genius and the eloquence of his friend, and, as he presented to him the scholars attracted by these panegyrics, would repeat them in the presence of the delighted teacher; and then, as his kindling eye attested the sense of conscious and acknowledged merit, would check the rising exultation by the ever-recurring question, "What shall it profit?" Improvidence squandered these new resources; but nothing could damp the zeal of Ignatius. There he was again, though himself the poorest of the poor, ministering to the wants of Xavier, from a purse filled by the alms he had solicited; but there again was also the same unvarying demand, urged in the same rich though solemn cadence, "What shall it profit?" In the unrelaxing grasp of the strong man—at once forgiven and assisted, rebuked and beloved by his stern associate—Xavier gradually yielded to the fascination. He became, like his master, impassive, at least in appearance, to all sublunary pains and pleasures; and having performed the initiatory rite of the Spiritual Exercises, excelled all his brethren of the society of Jesus in the fervor of his devotion and the austerity of his self-discipline.

Whatever might have been his reward in another life, his name would have probably left no trace in this world's records, if John III. of Portugal, resolving to plant the Christian faith on the Indian territories which had become subject to the dominion or influence of his crown, had not petitioned the Pope to select some fit leader in this peaceful cru-

sade. On the advice of Ignatius, the choice of the Holy Father fell on Francis Xavier. A happier selection could not have been made, nor was a summons to toil, to suffering, and to death, ever so joyously received. In the visions of the night he had often groaned under the incumbent weight of a wild Indian, of ebon hue and gigantic stature, seated on his shoulders; and he had often traversed tempestuous seas, enduring shipwreck and famine, persecution and danger, in all their most ghastly forms; and as each peril was encountered, his panting soul had invoked, in still greater abundance, the means of making such glorious sacrifices for the conversion of mankind. When the clearer sense and the approaching accomplishment of these dark intimations were disclosed to him, passionate sobs attested the rapture which his tongue could not speak. Light of heart, and joyful in discourse, he conducted his fellow pilgrims from Rome to Lisbon, across the Pyrenees. As he descended their southern slopes, there rose to his sight the towers where he had enjoyed the sports of childhood, and woven the day-dreams of youth; where still lived the mother, who for eighteen years had daily watched and blessed him, and the saintly sister whose inspired voice had foretold his high vocation. It was all too high for the momentary intrusion of the holiest of merely human feelings. He was on his way with tidings of mercy to a fallen world, and he had not one hour to waste, nor one parting tear to bestow on those whom he best loved and most revered, and whom, in this life, he could never hope to meet again.

We are not left to conjecture in what light his conduct was regarded. "I care little, most illustrious doctor, for the judgment of men, and least of all for their judgment who decide before they hear and before they understand," was his half-sportive, half-indignant answer to the remonstrances of a grave and well beneficed kinsman, (a shrewd, thriving, hospitable, much-respected man, no unlikely candidate for the mitre, and a candidate too, in his own drowsy way, for amaranthine crowns and celestial blessedness,) who very plausibly believed his nephew mad. Mad or sober, he was at least impelled by a force, at the first shock of which the united common sense and respectability of mankind must needs fall to pieces—the force of will concentrated on one great end, and elevated above the misty regions of doubt, into that unclouded atmosphere where, attended by her handmaids, hope and courage, joy and fortitude, Faith converts the future into the present, and casts the brightest hues over objects the most repulsive to human sense, and the most painful to our feeble nature.

As the vessel in which Xavier embarked for India fell down the Tagus and shook out her reefs to the wind, many an eye was dimmed with unbidden tears; for she bore a regiment of a thousand men to reinforce the garrison of Goa; nor could the bravest of that gallant host gaze on the receding land without foreboding that he might never see again those dark chesnut forests and rich orange groves, with the peaceful convents and the long-loved homes reposing in their bosom. The countenance of Xavier alone beamed with delight. He knew that he should

never tread his native mountains more ; but he was not an exile. He was to depend for food and raiment on the bounty of his fellow passengers ; but no thought for the morrow troubled him. He was going to convert nations, of which he knew neither the language nor even the names ; but he felt no misgivings. Worn by incessant sea-sickness, with the refuse food of the lowest seamen for his diet, and the cordage of the ship for his couch, he rendered to the diseased services too revolting to be described ; and lived among the dying and the profligate the unwearied minister of consolation and of peace. In the midst of that floating throng, he knew how to create for himself a sacred solitude, and how to mix in all their pursuits in the free spirit of a man of the world, a gentleman, and a scholar. With the viceroy and his officers he talked, as pleased them best, of war or trade, of politics or navigation ; and to restrain the common soldiers from gambling, would invent for their amusement less dangerous pastimes, or even hold the stakes for which they played, that by his presence and his gay discourse he might at least check the excesses which he could not prevent.

Five weary months (weary to all but him) brought the ship to Mozambique, where an endemic fever threatened a premature grave to the apostle of the Indies. But his was not a spirit to be quenched or allayed by the fiercest paroxysms of disease. At each remission of his malady, he crawled to the beds of his fellow sufferers to soothe their terrors or assuage their pains. To the eye of any casual observer the most wretched of mankind, in the esteem of his companions the happiest and the most holy, he reached Goa just thirteen months after his departure from Lisbon.

At Goa, Xavier was shocked, and had fear been an element in his nature, would have been dismayed, by the almost universal depravity of the inhabitants. It exhibited itself in those offensive forms which characterize the crimes of civilized men when settled among a feebler race, and released from even the conventional decencies of civilization. Swinging in his hand a large bell, he traversed the streets of the city, and implored the astonished crowd to send their children to him, to be instructed in the religion which they still at least professed. Though he had never been addressed by the soul-stirring name of father, he knew that in the hardest and the most dissolute heart which had once felt the parental instinct, there is one chord which can never be wholly out of tune. A crowd of little ones were quickly placed under his charge. He lived among them as the most laborious of teachers, and the gentlest and the gayest of friends ; and then returned them to their homes, that by their more hallowed example they might there impart, with all the unconscious eloquence of filial love, the lessons of wisdom and of piety they had been taught. No cry of human misery reached him in vain. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the leprous as the object of his peculiar care. Even in the haunts of debauchery, and at the tables of the profligate, he was to be seen an honored and a welcome guest ; delighting that most unmeet audience with the vivacity of his discourse, and sparing neither pungent jests to

render vice ridiculous, nor sportive flatteries to allure the fallen back to the still distasteful paths of soberness and virtue. Strong in purity of purpose, and stronger still in one sacred remembrance, he was content to be called the friend of publicans and sinners. He had in truth long since deserted the standard of prudence, the offspring of forethought, for the banners of wisdom, the child of love, and followed them through perils not to be hazarded under any less triumphant leader.

Rugged were the ways along which he was thus conducted. In those times, as in our own, there was on the Malabar coast a pearl fishery, and then, as now, the pearl-divers formed a separate and a degraded caste. It was not till after a residence of twelve months at Goa, that Xavier heard of these people. He heard that they were ignorant and miserable, and he enquired no further. On that burning shore his bell once more rang out an invitation of mercy, and again were gathered around him troops of inquisitive and docile children. For fifteen months he lived among these abject fishermen, his only food their rice and water, reposing in their huts, and allowing himself but three hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty. He became at once their physician, the arbiter in their disputes, and their advocate for the remission of their annual tribute with the government at Goa. The bishop of that city had assisted him with two interpreters; but his impassioned spirit struggled, and not in vain, for some more direct intercourse with the objects of his care. Committing to memory translations, at the time unintelligible to himself, of the creeds and other symbols of his faith, he recited them with tones and gestures, which spoke at once to the senses and to the hearts of his disciples. All obstacles yielded to his restless zeal. He soon learned to converse, to preach, and to write in their language. Many an humble cottage was surmounted by a crucifix, the mark of its consecration; and many a rude countenance reflected the sorrows and the hopes which they had been taught to associate with that sacred emblem. "I have nothing to add," (the quotation is from one of the letters which at this time he wrote to Loyola,) "but that they who come forth to labor for the salvation of idolators, receive from on high such consolations, that if there be on earth such a thing as happiness, it is theirs."

If there be such a thing, it is but as the checkered sunshine of a vernal day. A hostile inroad from Madura overwhelmed the poor fishermen who had learned to call Xavier their father, threw down their simple chapels, and drove them for refuge to the barren rocks and sand-banks which line the western shores of the strait of Manar. But their father was at hand to share their affliction, to procure for them from the viceroy at Goa relief and food, and to direct their confidence to a still more powerful Father, whose presence and goodness they might adore even amidst the wreck of all their earthly treasures.

It was a lesson not unmeet for those on whom such treasures had been bestowed in the most ample abundance; and Xavier advanced to Travancore, to teach it there to the Rajah and his courtiers. No facts resting on remote human testimony can be more exempt from doubt



than the general outline of the tale which follows. A solitary, poor, and unprotected stranger, he burst through the barriers which separate men of different tongues and races; and with an ease little less than miraculous, established for himself the means of interchanging thoughts with the people of the east. They may have ill gathered his meaning, but by some mysterious force of sympathy they soon caught his ardor. Idol temples fell by the hands of their former worshippers. Christian churches rose at his bidding; and the kingdom of Travancore was agitated with new ideas and unwonted controversies. The Brahmins argued—as the church by law established has not seldom argued—with fire and sword, and the interdict of earth and water to the enemies of their repose. A foreign invader threw a still heavier sword into the trembling scales. From the southward appeared on the borders of Travancore the same force which had swept away the poor fishermen of Malabar. Some embers of Spanish chivalry still glowed in the bosom of Xavier. He flew to the scene of the approaching combat, and there, placing himself in the van of the protecting army, poured forth a passionate prayer to the Lord of Hosts, raised on high his crucifix, and with kindling eyes, and far-resounding voice, delivered the behests of Heaven to the impious invaders. So runs the tale, and ends (it is almost superfluous to add) in the rout of the astounded foe. It is a matter of less animated, and perhaps of more authentic history, that for his services in this war Xavier was rewarded by the unbounded gratitude of the Rajah, was honored with the title of his Great Father, and rescued from all further Brahminical persecution.

Power and courtly influence form an intoxicating draught, even when raised to the lips of an ascetic and a saint. Holy as he was, the Great Father of the Rajah of Travancore seems not entirely to have escaped this feverish thirst. Don Alphonso de Souza, a weak though amiable man, was at that time the Viceroy of Portuguese India, and Xavier (such was now his authority) dispatched a messenger to Lisbon to demand, rather than to advise his recall. Within the limits of his high commission, (and what subject is wholly foreign to it?) the ambassador of the King of Kings may owe respect, but hardly deference, to any mere earthly monarch. So argued Francis, so judged King John, and so fell Alphonso de Souza, as many a greater statesman has fallen, and may yet fall, under the weight of sacerdotal displeasure. This weakness, however, was not his only recorded fault. Towards the northern extremity of Ceylon lies the Island of Manar, a dependency, in Xavier's day, of the adjacent kingdom of Jaffna, where then reigned a sort of oriental Philip II. The islanders had become converts to the Christian faith, and expiated their apostacy by their lives. Six hundred men, women, and children, fell in one royal massacre; and the tragedy was closed by the murder of the eldest son of the King of Jaffna, by his father's orders. Deposition in case of misgovernment, and the transfer to the deposing Power of the dominions of the offender, was no invention of Hastings, or of Clive. It is one of the most ancient constitutional maxims of the European dynasties in India. It may even boast

the venerable suffrage of St. Francis Xavier. At his instance, De Souza equipped an armament to hurl the guilty ruler of Jaffna from his throne, and to subjugate his territories to the most faithful King. In the invading fleet the indignant saint led the way, with promises of triumphs, both temporal and eternal. But the expedition failed. Cowardice or treachery defeated the design. De Souza paid the usual penalties of ill success. Xavier sailed away to discover other fields of spiritual warfare.

On the Coromandel coast, near the city of Meliapor, might be seen in those times the oratory and the tomb of St. Thomas, the first teacher of Christianity in India. It was in a cool and sequestered grotto that the apostle had been wont to pray; and there yet appeared on the living rock, in bold relief, the cross at which he knelt, with a crystal fountain of medicinal waters gushing from the base of it. On the neighboring height, a church with a marble altar, stained, after, the lapse of fifteen centuries, with the blood of the martyr, ascertained the sacred spot at which his bones had been committed to the dust. To this venerable shrine Xavier retired, to learn the will of heaven concerning him. If we may believe the oath of one of his fellow-pilgrims, he maintained, on this occasion, for seven successive days an unbroken fast and silence—no unfit preparation for his approaching conflicts. Even round the tomb of the apostle malignant demons prowled by night; and, though strong in the guidance of the Virgin, Xavier not only found himself in their obscene grasp, but received from them blows, such as no weapons in human hands could have inflicted, and which had nearly brought to a close his labors and his life. Baffled by a superior power, the fiends opposed a still more subtle hindrance to his designs against their kingdom. In the garb, and in the outward semblance of a band of choristers, they disturbed his devotions by such soul subduing strains, that the very harmonies of heaven might seem to have been awakened to divert the Christian warrior from his heavenward path. All in vain their fury and their guile. He found the direction he implored, and the first bark which sailed from the Coromandel shore to the city of Malacca, bore the obedient missionary to that great emporium of eastern commerce.

Thirty years before the arrival of Xavier, Malacca had been conquered by Alphonso Albuquerque. It was a place abandoned to every form of sensual and enervating indulgence. Through her crowded streets a strange and solemn visiter passed along, pealing his faithful bell, and earnestly imploring the prayers of the faithful for that guilty people. Curiosity and alarm soon gave way to ridicule; but Xavier's panoply was complete. The messenger of divine wrath judged this an unfit occasion for courting aversion or contempt. He became the gayest of the gay, and, in address at least, the very model of an accomplished cavalier. Foiled at their own weapons, his dissolute countrymen acknowledged the irresistible authority of a self-devotion so awful, relieved and embellished as it was by every social grace. Thus the work of reformation prospered, or seemed to prosper. Altars rose

in the open streets, the confession was thronged by penitents, translations of devout books were multiplied; and the saint, foremost in every toil, applied himself with all the activity of his spirit to study the structure and the graceful pronunciation of the Malayar tongue. But the plague was not thus to be stayed. A relapse into all their former habits filled up the measure of their crimes. With prophetic voice Xavier announced the impending chastisements of Heaven; and, shaking off from his feet the dust of the obdurate city, pursued his indefatigable way to Amboyna.

That island, then a part of the vast dominions of Portugal in the east, had scarcely witnessed the commencement of Xavier's exertions, when a fleet of Spanish vessels appeared in hostile array on the shores. They were invaders, and even corsairs; for their expedition had been disavowed by Charles V. Pestilence, however, was raging among them; and Xavier was equally ready to hazard his life in the cause of Portugal, or of the service of her afflicted enemies. Day and night he lived in the infected ships, soothing every spiritual distress, and exerting all the magical influence of his name to procure for the sick whatever might contribute to their recovery or soothe their pains. The coals of fire, thus heaped on the heads of the pirates, melted hearts otherwise steeled to pity; and to Xavier belonged the rare, perhaps the unrivalled, glory of repelling an invasion by no weapons but those of self-denial and love.

But glory, the praise of men or their gratitude, what were these to him? As the Spaniards retired peacefully from Amboyna, he, too, quitted the half-adoring multitude, whom he had rescued from the horrors of a pirate's war, and, spurning all the timid counsel which would have stayed his course, proceeded, as the herald of good tidings, to the half barbarous islands of the neighboring Archipelago. "If those lands," such was his indignant exclamation, "had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would find courage to go there; nor would all the perils of the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed, because there is nothing to be gained there but the souls of men, and shall love be less hardy and less generous than avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honor to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire; but this I dare to say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." Nor was this the language of a man insensible to the sorrows of life, or really unaffected by the dangers he had to incur. "Believe me, my beloved brethren," (we quote from a letter written by him at this time to the Society at Rome,) "it is in general easy to understand the evangelical maxim, that he who will lose his life shall find it. But when the moment of action has come, and when the sacrifice of life for God is to be really made, oh then, clear as at other times the meaning is, it becomes deeply obscure! so dark, indeed, that he alone can comprehend it, to whom, in his mercy, God himself interprets it. Then it is, we know how weak and frail we are."

Weak and frail he may have been ; but from the days of Paul of Tarsus to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and assassination, and pursued his mission of love, with even increasing ardor, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the island of Moro (one of the group of the Moluccas) he took his stand at the foot of a volcano ; and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by falling rocks and peals of unintermitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings, and the river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd which clung to him for safety, to repent, and to obey the truth ; but he also taught them that the sounds which racked their ears were the groans of the infernal world, and the sights which blasted their eyes, an outbreak from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of mass to some edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled ; but Xavier, standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice, with a faith at least in this instance enviable, in the real presence ; rejoicing, as he states in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the island thus attested their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion. There is no schoolboy of our days who could not teach much, unsuspected by Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and the spiritual worlds ; nor have we many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created ; for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and the most learned of ordinary men. Imparting everywhere such knowledge as he possessed, he ranged over no small part of the Indian archipelago, and at length retraced his steps to Malacca, if even yet his exhortations and his prayers might avert her threatened doom.

It appeared to be drawing nigh. Alaradin, a Mohamedan chief of Sumatra, had laid siege to the place at the head of a powerful fleet and army. Ill provided for defence by land, the Portuguese garrison was still more unprepared for a naval resistance. Seven shattered barks, unfit for service, formed their whole maritime strength. Universal alarm overspread the city, and the governor himself at once partook and heightened the general panic. Already, thoughts of capitulation had become familiar to the besieged, and European chivalry had bowed in abject silence to the insulting taunts and haughty menaces of the Moslem. At this moment, in his slight and weather-beaten pinnace, the messenger of peace on earth effected an entrance in the beleaguered harbor. But he came with a loud and indignant summons to the war ; for Xavier was still a Spanish cavalier, and he "thought it foul scorn" that gentlemen, subjects of the most faithful King, should thus be



bearded by Barbaric enemies, and the worshippers of Christ defied by the disciples of the Arabian impostor. He assumed the direction of the defence. By his advice the seven dismantled ships were promptly equipped for sea. He assigned to each a commander; and having animated the crews with promises of both temporal and eternal triumphs, dispatched them to meet and conquer the hostile fleet. As they sailed from the harbor the admiral's vessel ran aground and instantly became a wreck. Returning hope and exultation as promptly gave way to terror; and Xavier, the idol of the preceding hour, was now the object of popular fury. He alone retained his serenity. He upbraided the cowardice of the governor, revived the spirits of the troops, and encouraged the multitude with prophecies of success. Again the flotilla sailed, and a sudden tempest drove it to sea. Day after day passed without intelligence of its safety; once more the hearts of the besieged failed them. Rumors of defeat were rife; the Mohamedans had effected a landing within six leagues of the city, and Xavier's name was repeated from mouth to mouth with cries of vengeance. He knelt before the altar, the menacing people scarcely restrained by the sanctity of the place from immolating him there as a victim to his own disastrous counsels. On a sudden his bosom was seen to heave as with some deep emotion; he raised aloft his crucifix, and with a glowing eye, and in tones like one possessed, breathed a short yet passionate prayer for victory. A solemn pause ensued; the duller eye could see that within that now fainting, pallid, agitated frame, some power more than human was in communion with the weak spirit of man. What might be the ineffable sense thus conveyed from mind to mind, without the aid of symbols or of words! One half hour of deep and agonizing silence held the awe-stricken assembly in breathless expectation—when, bounding on his feet, his countenance radiant with joy, and his voice clear and ringing as with the swelling notes of the trumpet, he exclaimed, "Christ has conquered for us! At this very moment his soldiers are charging our defeated enemies; they have made a great slaughter—we have lost only four of our defenders. On Friday next the intelligence will be here, and we shall then see our fleet again." The catastrophe of such a tale need not be told. Malacca followed her deliverer, and the troops of the victorious squadron, in solemn procession to the church, where, amidst the roar of cannon, the pealing of anthems, and hymns of adoring gratitude, his inward sense heard and revered that inarticulate voice which still reminded him, that for him the hour of repose and triumph might never come, till he should reach that state where sin would no longer demand his rebuke, nor grief his sympathy. He turned from the half idolatrous shouts of an admiring people, and retraced his toilsome way to the shores of Coromandel.

He returned to Goa a poor and solitary, but no longer an obscure man. From the Indus to the Yellow Sea, had gone forth a vague and marvellous rumor of him. The tale bore that a stranger had appeared in the semblance of a wayworn, abject beggar, who, by some magic in-

fluence, and for some inscrutable ends, had bowed the nations to his despotic will, while spurning the wealth, the pleasures, and the homage which they offered to their conqueror. Many were the wonders which travellers had to tell of his progress, and without number the ingenious theories afloat for the solution of them. He possessed the gift of ubiquity, could at the same moment speak in twenty different tongues on as many dissimilar subjects, was impassive to heat, cold, hunger, and fatigue, held hourly intercourse with invisible beings, the guides or ministers of his designs, raised the dead to life, and could float, when so it pleased him, across the boiling ocean on the wings of the typhoon. Among the listeners to these prodigies had been Auger, a native and inhabitant of Japan. His conscience was burdened with the memory of great crimes, and he had sought relief in vain from many an expiatory rite, and from the tumults of dissipation. In search of the peace he could not find at home, he sailed to Malacca, there to consult with the mysterious person of whose *avatur* he had heard. But Xavier was absent, and the victim of remorse was retracing his melancholy voyage to Japan, when a friendly tempest arrested his retreat, and once more brought him to Malacca. He was attended by two servants, and with them, by Xavier's directions, he proceeded to Goa. In these three Japanese, his prophetic eye had at once seen the future instruments of the conversion of their native land; and to that end he instructed them to enter on a systematic course of training in a college, which he had established for such purposes, at the seat of Portuguese empire in the east. At that place Xavier, ere long, rejoined his converts. Such had been their proficiency, that soon after his arrival they were admitted not only into the church by baptism, but into the society of Jesus, by the performance of the spiritual exercises.

The history of Xavier now reaches a not unwelcome pause. He pined for solitude and silence. He had been too long in constant intercourse with man, and found that, however high and holy may be the ends for which social life is cultivated, the habit, if unbroken, will impair that inward sense through which alone the soul can gather any true intimations of her nature and her destiny. He retired to commune with himself in a seclusion where the works of God alone were to be seen, and where no voices could be heard but those which, in each varying cadence, raise an unconscious anthem of praise and adoration to their Creator. There for a while reposing from labors such as few or any other of the sons of men have undergone, he consumed days and weeks in meditating prospects beyond the reach of any vision unenlarged by the habitual exercise of beneficence and piety. There, too, it may be, (for man must still be human,) he surrendered himself to dreams as baseless, and to ecstasies as devoid of any real meaning, as those which haunt the cell of the maniac. Peace be to the hallucinations, if such they were, by which the giant refreshed his slumbering powers, and from which he roused himself to a conflict never again to be remitted till his frame, yielding to the ceaseless pressure, should sink into a premature but hallowed grave.

Scarcely four years had elapsed from the first discovery of Japan by the Portuguese, when Xavier, attended by Auger and his two servants sailed from Goa to convert the islanders to the Christian faith. Much good advice had been, as usual, wasted on him by his friends. To Loyola alone he confided the secret of his confidence. "I cannot express to you" (such are his words) "the joy with which I undertake this long voyage; for it is full of extreme perils, and we consider a fleet sailing to Japan as eminently prosperous in which one ship out of four is saved. Though the risk far exceeds any which I have hitherto encountered, I shall not decline it; for our Lord has imparted to me an interior revelation of the rich harvest which will one day be gathered from the cross when once planted there." Whatever may be thought of these voices from within, it is at least clear, that nothing magnanimous or sublime has ever yet proceeded from those who have listened only to the voices from without. But, as if resolved to show that a man may at once act on motives incomprehensible to his fellow mortals, and possess the deepest insight into the motives by which they are habitually governed, Xavier left behind him a code of instructions for his brother missionaries, illuminated in almost every page by that profound sagacity which results from the union of extensive knowledge with acute observation, mellowed by the intuitive wisdom of a compassionate and lowly heart. The science of self-conquest, with a view to conquer the stubborn will of others, the act of winning admission for painful truth, and the duties of fidelity and reverence in the attempt to heal the diseases of the human spirit, were never taught by uninspired man with an eloquence more gentle, or an authority more impressive. A long voyage, pursued through every disaster which the malevolence of man and demons could oppose to his progress, (for he was constrained to sail in a piratical ship, with idols on her deck and whirlwinds in her path,) brought him, in the year 1549, to Japan, there to practise his own lessons, and to give a new example of heroic perseverance.

His arrival had been preceded by what he regarded as fortunate auguries. Certain Portuguese merchants, who had been allowed to reside at the principal seaport, inhabited there a house haunted by spectres. Their presence was usually announced by the din of discordant and agonizing screams; but when revealed to the eye, presented forms resembling those which may be seen in pictures of the infernal state. Now the merchants, secular men though they were, had exorcised these fiends by carrying the cross in solemn procession through the house; and anxious curiosity pervaded the city for some explanation of the virtue of this new and potent charm. There were also legends current through the country which might be turned to good account. Xaca, the son of Amida, the *Virgo Deipara* of Japan, had passed a life of extreme austerity to expiate the sins of men, and had inculcated a doctrine in which even Christians must recognize a large admixture of sacred truth. Temples in honor of the mother and child overspread the land, and suicidal sacrifices were daily offered in them. The Father of Lies had further propped up his kingdom in Japan by a profane parody

on the institutions of the Catholic church. Under the name of Saco, there reigned in sacerdotal supremacy a counterpart of the holy father at Rome, who consecrated the Fundi or Bishops of this Japanese hierarchy, and regulated at his infallible will whatever related to the rites and ceremonies of public worship. Subordinate to the Fundi were the Bonzes or Priests in holy orders, who, to complete the resemblance, taught, and at least professed to practise an ascetic discipline. But here the similitude ceases; for, adds the Chronicle, they were great knaves and sad hypocrites.

With these foundations on which to build, the ideas which Xavier had to introduce into the Japanese mind, might not very widely jar with those by which they were preoccupied. Auger, now called Paul of the Holy Faith, was dispatched to his former friend and sovereign, with a picture of the Virgin and the infant Jesus, and the monarch and his courtiers, admired, kissed, and worshipped the sacred symbols. Xavier himself (to use his own words) stood by, a mere mute statue; but there was a promethean fire within, and the marble soon found a voice. Of all his philological miracles, this was the most stupendous. He who, in the decline of life, bethinks him of all that he once endured to unlock the sense of *Æschylus*, and is conscious how stammering has been the speech with which, in later days, he has been wont to mutilate the tongues of *Pascal* and of *Tasso*, may think it a fable that in a few brief weeks Xavier could converse and teach intelligibly in the involved and ever-shifting dialects of Japan. Perhaps, had the sceptic ever studied to converse with living men under the impulse of some passion which had absorbed every faculty of his soul, he might relax his incredulity; but, whatever be the solution, the fact is attested on evidence which it would be folly to discredit—that within a very short time Xavier began to open to the Japanese, in their own language and to their perfect understanding, the commission with which he was charged. Such, indeed, was his facility of speech, that he challenged the Bonzes to controversies on all the mysterious points of their and his conflicting creeds. The arbiters of the dispute listened as men are apt to listen to the war of words, and many a long-tailed Japanese head was shaken, as if in the hope that the jumbling thoughts within would find their level by the oft-repeated oscillation. It became necessary to resort to other means of winning their assent; and in exploits of asceticism, Xavier had nothing to fear from the rivalry of the Bonzes, of Fundi, or of the great Saco himself. Cangoxima acknowledged, as most other luxurious cities would perhaps acknowledge, that he who had such a mastery of his own appetites and passions, must be animated by some power wholly exempt from that debasing influence. To fortify this salutary, though not sound conclusion, Xavier betook himself (if we may believe his historian,) to the working of miracles. He compelled the fish to fill the nets of the fishermen, and to frequent the bay of Cangoxima, though previously indisposed to do so. He cured the leprous, and he raised the dead. Two Bonzes became the first, and indeed the only fruits of his labors. The hearts of their brethren grew harder as the light of



truth glowed with increasing but ineffectual brightness around them. The King also withdrew his favor, and Xavier, with two companions, carried the rejected messages of mercy to the neighboring states of the Japanese empire.

Carrying on his back his only viaticum, the vessels requisite for performing the sacrifice of the mass, he advanced to Firando, at once the seaport and the capital of the kingdom of that name. Some Portuguese ships, riding at anchor there, announced his arrival in all the forms of nautical triumph—flags of every hue floating from the masts, seamen clustering on the yards, cannon roaring from beneath, and trumpets braying from above. Firando was agitated with debate and wonder; all asked, but none could afford, an explanation of the homage rendered by the wealthy traders to the meanest of their countrymen. It was given by the humble pilgrim himself, surrounded in the royal presence by all the pomp which the Europeans could display in his honor. Great was the effect of these auxiliaries to the work of an evangelist; and the modern, like the ancient Apostle, ready to become all things to all men, would no longer decline the abasement of assuming for a moment, the world's grandeur, when he found that such puerile acts might allure the children of the world to listen to the voice of wisdom. At Meaco, then the seat of empire in Japan, the discovery might be reduced to practice with still more important success, and thitherwards his steps were promptly directed.

Unfamiliar to the ears of us barbarians of the North-Western Ocean are the very names of the seats of Japanese civilization through which his journey lay. At Amanguchi, the capital of Nagoto, he found the hearts of men hardened by sensuality, and his exhortations to repentance were repaid by showers of stones and insults. "A pleasant sort of Bonze, indeed, who would allow us but one God and one woman!" was the summary remark with which the luxurious Amanguchians disposed of the teacher and his doctrine. They drove him forth half naked, with no provision but a bag of parched rice, and accompanied only by three of his converts, prepared to share his danger and his reproach.

It was in the depth of winter, dense forests, steep mountains, half-frozen streams, and wastes of untrodden snow, lay in his path to Meaco. An entire month was consumed in traversing the wilderness, and the cruelty and scorn of man not seldom adding bitterness to the rigors of nature. On one occasion the wanderers were overtaken in a thick jungle by a horseman bearing a heavy package. Xavier offered to carry the load, if the rider would requite the service by pointing out his way. The offer was accepted, but hour after hour the horse was urged on at such a pace, and so rapidly sped the panting missionary after him, that his tortured feet and excoriated body sank in seeming death under the protracted effort. In the extremity of his distress no repining word was ever heard to fall from him. He performed this dreadful pilgrimage in silent communion with Him for whom he rejoiced to suffer the loss of all things; or spoke only to sustain the hope and courage of his associates. At length the walls of Meaco were seen, promising a repose

not ungrateful even to his adamant frame and fiery spirit. But repose was no more to visit him. He found the city in all the tumult and horrors of a siege. It was impossible to gain attention to his doctrines amidst the din of arms; for even the Saco or Pope of Japan could give heed to none but military topics. Chanting from the Psalmist—"When Israel went out of Egypt and the house of Jacob from a strange people," the Saint again plunged into the desert, and retraced his steps to Amanguchi.

Xavier describes the Japanese very much as a Roman might have depicted the Greeks in the age of Augustus, as at once intellectual and sensual voluptuaries; on the best possible terms with themselves, a good-humored but faithless race, equally acute and frivolous, talkative and disputatious—"Their inquisitiveness," he says, "is incredible, especially in their intercourse with strangers, for whom they have not the slightest respect, but make incessant sport of them." Surrounded at Amanguchi by a crowd of these babblers, he was plying with innumerable questions about the immortality of the soul, the movement of the planets, eclipses, the rainbow—sin, grace, paradise, and hell. He heard and answered. A single response solved all these problems. Astronomers, meteorologists, metaphysicians, and divines, all heard the same sound; but to each it came with a different and an appropriate meaning. So wrote from the very spot Father Anthony Quadros four years after the event; and so the fact may be read in the process of Xavier's canonization. Possessed of so admirable a gift, his progress in the conversion of these once contemptuous people is the less surprising. Their city became the principal seat of learning in Japan, and of course, therefore, the great theatre of controversial debate. Of these polemics there remains a record of no doubtful authenticity, from which disputants of higher name than those of Amanguchi might take some useful lessons in the dialectic act. Thrusts, better made or more skilfully parried, are seldom to be witnessed in the schools of Oxford or of Cambridge.

In the midst of controversies with men, Xavier again heard that inward voice to which he never answered but by instant and unhesitating submission. It summoned him to Fucheo, the capital of the kingdom of Bungo; a city near the sea, and having for its port a place called Figer, where a rich Portuguese merchant ship was then lying. At the approach of the Saint (for such he was now universally esteemed) the vessel thundered from all her guns such loud and repeated discharges, that the startled sovereign dispatched messengers from Fucheo to ascertain the cause of so universal an uproar. Nothing could exceed the astonishment with which they received the explanation. It was impossible to convey to the monarch's ear so extravagant a tale. A royal salute for the most abject of lazars—for a man, to use their own energetic language—"so abhorred of the earth, that the very vermin which crawled over him loathed their wretched fare." If mortal man ever rose or sunk so far as to discover, without pain, that his person was the object of disgust to others, then is there one form of self-dominion in

which Francis Xavier has been surpassed. Yielding with no perceptible reluctance to the arguments of his countrymen, and availing himself of the resources at their command, he advanced to Fucheo, preceded by thirty Portuguese clad in rich stuffs, and embellished with chains of gold and precious stones. "Next came, and next did go," in their gayest apparel, the servants and slaves of the merchants. Then appeared the apostle of the Indies himself, resplendent in green velvet and golden brocade. Chinese tapestry, and silken flags of every brilliant color, covered the pinnace and the boats in which they were rowed up to the city, and the oars rose and fell to the sound of trumpets, flutes, and hautboys. As the procession drew near to the royal presence, the commander of the ship marched bareheaded, and carrying a wand as the esquire or major-domo of the Father. Five others of her principal officers, each bearing some costly article, stepped along, as proud to do such service; while he, in honor of whom it was rendered, moved onwards with the majestic gait of some feudal chieftain marshalling his retainers, with a rich umbrella held over him. He traversed a double file of six hundred men-at-arms drawn up for his reception, and interchanged complimentary harangues with his royal host, with all the grace and dignity of a man accustomed to shine in courts, and to hold intercourse with Princes.

His Majesty of Bungo seems to have borne some resemblance to our own Henry the Eighth, and to have been meditating a revolt from the Saco and his whole spiritual dynasty. Much he said at the first interview, to which no orthodox Bonze could listen with composure. It drew down even on his royal head the rebuke of the learned Faxiondono. "How," exclaimed that eminent divine, "dare you undertake the decision of any article of faith without having studied at the university of Fianzima, where alone are to be learned the sacred mysteries of the gods! If you are ignorant, consult the doctors appointed to teach you. Here am I, ready to impart to you all necessary instruction." Anticipating the slow lapse of three centuries, the very genius of an university of still higher pretensions than that of Fianzima breathed through the lips of the sage Faxiondono. But the great "Tractarian" of Bungo provoked replies most unlike those by which his modern successors are assailed. Never was King surrounded by a gayer circle than that which then glittered at the court of Fucheo. The more the Bonze lectured on his own sacerdotal authority, the more laughed they. The King himself condescended to aid the general merriment, and congratulated his monitor on the convincing proof he had given of his heavenly mission, by the display of an infernal temper. To Xavier he addressed himself in a far different spirit. On his head the triple crown might have lighted without allaying the thirst of his soul for the conversion of mankind; and the European pomp with which he was for the moment environed, left him still the same living martyr to the faith it was his one object to diffuse. His rich apparel, and the blandishments of the great, served only to present to him, in a new and still more impressive light, the vanity of all sublunary things. He preached, catechised, and

disputed, with an ardor and perseverance which threatened his destruction, and alarmed his affectionate followers. "Care not for me," was his answer to their expostulation; "think of me as a man dead to bodily comforts. My food, my rest, my life, are to rescue from the granary of Satan, the souls for whom God has sent me hither from the ends of the earth." To such fervor the Bonzes of Fucheo could offer no effectual resistance. One of the most eminent of their number cast away his idols and became a Christian. Five hundred of his disciples immediately followed his example. The King himself, a dissolute unbeliever, was moved so far (and the concessions of the rulers of the earth must be handsomely acknowledged) as to punish the crimes he still practised; and to confess that the very face of the Saint was a mirror, reflecting by the force of contrast all the hideousness of his own vices. Revolting, indeed, they were, and faithful were the rebukes of the tongue, no less than the countenance of Xavier. A royal convert was about to crown his labors, and the worship of Xaca and Amida seemed waning to its close. It was an occasion which demanded every sacrifice; nor was the demand unanswered.

For thirty years the mysteries of the faith of the Bonzes had been taught in the most celebrated of their colleges, by a Doctor who had fathomed all divine and human lore; and who, except when he came forth to utter the oracular voice of more than earthly wisdom, withdrew from the sight of men into a sacred retirement, there to hold high converse with the immortals. Fucarondono, for so he was called, announced his purpose to visit the city and palace of Fucheo. As when, in the agony of Agamemnon's camp, the son of Thetis at length grasped his massive spear, and the trembling sea-shores resounded at his steps—so advanced to the war of words the great chieftain of Japanese theology, and so rose the cry of anticipated triumph from the rescued Bonzes. Terror seized the licentious King himself, and all foreboded the overthrow of Xavier and Christianity. "Do you know, or rather, do you remember me?" was the enquiry with which this momentous debate was opened. "I never saw you till now," answered the Saint. "A man who had dealt with me a thousand times, and who pretends never to have seen me, will be no difficult conquest," rejoined the most profound of the Bonzes. "Have you left any of the goods which I bought of you at the port of Frenajona?"—"I was never a merchant," said the missionary, "nor was I ever at Frenajona."—"What a wretched memory!" was the contemptuous reply; "it is precisely 500 years to-day since you and I met at that celebrated mart, when, by the same token, you sold me a hundred pieces of silk, and an excellent bargain I had of it." From the transmigration of the soul the sage proceeded to unfold the other dark secrets of nature—such as the eternity of matter, the spontaneous self-formation of all organized beings, and the progressive cleansing of the human spirit in the nobler and holier, until they attain to a perfect memory of the past, and are enabled to retrace their wanderings from one body to another through all preceding ages—looking down from the pinnacles of accumulated wisdom on the grovelling



multitude, whose recollections are confined within the narrow limits of their latest corporeal existence. That Xavier refuted these perplexing arguments, we are assured by a Portuguese bystander who witnessed the debate; though unhappily no record of his arguments has come down to us. "I have," says the historian, "neither science nor presumption enough to detail the subtle and solid reasonings by which the Saint destroyed the vain fancies of the Bonze."

Yet the victory was incomplete. Having recruited his shattered forces, and accompanied by no less than 3000 Bonzes, Fucarondono returned to the attack. On his side, Xavier appeared in the field of controversy attended by the Portuguese officers in their richest apparel. They stood uncovered in his presence, and knelt when they addressed him. Their dispute now turned on many a knotty point;—as, for example, Why did Xavier celebrate masses for the dead, and yet condemn the orthodox Japanese custom of giving to the Bonze bills of exchange payable in their favor? So subtle and difficult were their enquiries, that Xavier and his companion, the reporter of the dispute, were compelled to believe that the spirit of evil had suggested them; and that they were successfully answered is ascribed to the incessant prayers which, during the whole contest, the Christians offered for their champion. Of this second polemical campaign we have a minute and animated account. It may be sufficient to extract the conclusion of the royal Moderator. "For my own part," he said, "as far as I can judge, I think that Father Xavier speaks rationally, and that the rest of you don't know what you are talking about. Men must have clear heads of less violence than you have to understand these difficult questions. If you are deficient in faith, at least employ your reason, which might teach you not to deny truths so evident; and do not bark like so many dogs." So saying, the King of Fungo dissolved the assembly. Royal and judicious as his award appears to have been, our Portuguese chronicler admits that the disputants on either side returned with opinions unchanged; and that, from that day forward, the work of conversion ceased. He applies himself to find a solution of the problem, why men who had been so egregiously refuted should still cling to their errors, and why they should obstinately adhere to practices so irrefragably proved to be alike foolish and criminal. The answer, let us hope, is, that the obstinacy of the people of Fungo was a kind of *lusus naturæ*, a peculiarity exclusively their own; that other religious teachers are more candid than the Bonzes of Japan, and that no professor of Divinity could elsewhere be found so obstinately wedded to his own doctrines as was the learned Fucarondono.

In such controversies, and in doing the work of an evangelist in every other form, Xavier saw the third year of his residence at Japan gliding away, when tidings of perplexities at the mother church of Goa recalled him thither; across seas so wide and stormy, that even the sacred lust of gold hardly braved them in that infancy of the art of navigation. As his ship drove before the monsoon, dragging after her a smaller bark which she had taken in tow, the connecting ropes were suddenly burst

asunder, and in a few minutes the two vessels were no longer in sight. Thrice the sun rose and set on their dark course, the unchained elements roaring as in mad revelry around them, and the ocean seething like a caldron. Xavier's shipmates wept over the loss of friends and kindred in the foundered bark, and shuddered at their own approaching doom. He also wept; but his were grateful tears. As the screaming whirlwind swept over the abyss, the present deity was revealed to his faithful worshipper, shedding tranquillity, and peace, and joy over the sanctuary of a devout and confiding heart. "Mourn not, my friend," was his gay address to Edward de Gama, as he lamented the loss of his brother in the bark; "before three days, the daughter will have returned to her mother." They were weary and anxious days; but, as the third drew towards a close, a sail appeared in the horizon. Defying the adverse winds, she made straight towards them, and at last dropped alongside, as calmly as the sea-bird ends her flight, and furls her ruffled plumage on the swelling surge. The cry of miracle burst from every lip; and well it might. There was the lost bark, and not the bark only, but Xavier himself on board her! What though he had ridden out the tempest in the larger vessel, the stay of their drooping spirits, he had at the same time been in the smaller ship, performing there also the same charitable office; and yet, when the two hailed and spoke each other, there was but one Francis Xavier, and he composedly standing by the side of Edward de Gama on the deck of the "Holy Cross." Such was the name of the commodore's vessel. For her services on this occasion, she obtained a sacred charter of immunity from risks of every kind; and so long as her timbers continued sound, bounded merrily across seas in which no other craft could have lived.

During this wondrous voyage, her deck had often been paced in deep conference by Xavier and Jago de Pereyra, her commander. Though he pursued the calling of a merchant, he had, says the historian, the heart of a prince. Two great objects expanded the thoughts of Pereyra—the one, the conversion of the Chinese empire; the other, his own appointment as ambassador to the celestial court at Peking. In our puny days, the dreams of traders in the east are of smuggling opium. But in the sixteenth century, no enterprise appeared to them too splendid to contemplate, or too daring to hazard. Before the "Holy Cross" had reached Goa, Pereyra had pledged his whole fortune, Xavier his influence and his life, to this gigantic adventure. In the spring of the following year, the apostle and the ambassador, (for so far the project had in a few months been accomplished,) sailed from Goa in the "Holy Cross," for the then unexplored coast of China. As they passed Malacca, tidings came to Xavier of the tardy though true fulfilment of one of his predictions. Pestilence, the minister of Divine vengeance, was laying waste that stiffnecked and luxurious people; but the woe he had foretold he was the foremost to alleviate. Heedless of his own safety, he raised the sick in his arms and bore them to the hospitals. He esteemed no time, or place, or office, too sacred to give way to this work of mercy. Ships, colleges, churches, all at his bidding became so many

lazarettos. Night and day he lived among the diseased and the dying, or quitted them only to beg food or medicine, from door to door, for their relief. For the moment, even China was forgotten; nor would he advance a step though it were to convert to christianity a third part of the human race, so long as one victim of the plague demanded his sympathy, or could be directed to an ever present and still more compassionate Comforter. The career of Xavier (though he knew it not) was now drawing to a close; and with him the time was ripe for practising those deeper lessons of wisdom which he had imbibed from his long and arduous discipline.

With her cables bent lay the "Holy Cross" in the port of Malacca, ready at length to convey the embassy to China, when a difficulty arose, which not even the prophetic spirit of Xavier had foreseen. Don Alvaro d'Alayde, the governor, a grandee of high rank, regarded the envoy and his commission with an evil eye. To represent the crown of Portugal to the greatest of earthly monarchs was, he thought, an honor more meet for a son of the house of Alayde, than for a man who had risen from the very dregs of the people. The expected emoluments also exceeded the decencies of a cupidity less than noble. He became of opinion that it was not for the advantage of the service of King John III., that the expedition should advance. Pereyra appeared before him in the humble garb of a suitor, with the offer of 30,000 crowns as a bribe. All who sighed for the conversion, or for the commerce of China, lent the aid of their intercessions. Envoys, saints, and merchants, united their prayers in vain. Brandishing his cane over their heads, Alvaro swore that, so long as he was governor of Malacca and captain-general of the seas of Portugal, the embassy should move no further. Week after week was thus consumed, and the season was fast wearing away, when Xavier at length resolved on a measure to be justified even in his eyes only by extreme necessity. A secret of high significance had been buried in his bosom since his departure from Europe. The time for the disclosure had come. He produced a Papal Brief, investing him with the dignity and the powers of apostolical nuncio in the east. One more hindrance to the conversion of China, and the church would clothe her neck with thunders. Alvaro was still unmoved; and sentence of excommunication was solemnly pronounced against him and his abettors. Alvaro answered by sequestering the "Holy Cross" herself. Xavier wrote letters of complaint to the king. Alvaro intercepted them. One appeal was still open to the vicar of the vicar of Christ. Prostrate before the altar, he invoked the aid of Heaven; and rose with purposes confirmed, and hopes reanimated. In the service of Alvaro though no longer bearing the embassy to China, the "Holy Cross" was to be dispatched to Sancian, an island near the mouth of the Canton river, to which the Portuguese were permitted to resort for trade. Xavier resolved to pursue his voyage so far, and thence proceeded to Macao to preach the gospel there. Imprisonment was sure to follow. But he should have Chinese fellow-prisoners. These at least he might convert; and though his life would pay the

forfeit, he should leave behind him in these first Christians a band of missionaries who would propagate through their native land the faith he should only be permitted to plant.

It was a compromise as welcome to Alvaro as to Xavier himself. Again the "Holy Cross" prepared for sea; and the apostle of the Indies, followed by a grateful and admiring people, passed through the gates of Malacca to the beach. Falling on his face on the earth, he poured forth a passionate though silent prayer. His body heaved and shook with the throes of that agonizing hour. What might be the fearful portent none might divine, and none presumed to ask. A contagious terror passed from eye to eye, but every voice was hushed. It was as the calm preceding the first thunder peal which is to rend the firmament. Xavier arose, his countenance no longer beaming with its accustomed grace and tenderness, but glowing with a sacred indignation, like that of Isaiah when breathing forth his inspired menaces against the kings of Babylon. Standing on a rock amidst the waters, he loosed his shoes from off his feet, smote them against each other with vehement action, and then casting them from him, as still tainted with the dust of that devoted city, he leaped barefooted into the bark, which bore him away for ever from a place from which he had so long and vainly labored to avert her impending doom.

She bore him, as he had projected, to the island of Sancian. It was a mere commercial factory; and the merchants who passed the trading season there, vehemently opposed his design of penetrating further into China. True he had ventured into the forest, against the tigers which infested it, with no other weapon than a vase of holy water; and the savage beasts, sprinkled with that sacred element, had for ever fled the place; but the Mandarins were fiercer still than they, and would avenge the preaching of the saint on the inmates of the factory—though most guiltless of any design but that of adding to their heap of crowns and moidores. Long years have now passed away since the voice of Loyola had been heard on the banks of the Seine urging the solemn enquiry, "What shall it profit." But the words still rung on the ear of Xavier, and were still repeated, though in vain, to his worldly associates at Sancian. They sailed away with their cargoes, leaving behind them only the "Holy Cross," in charge of the officers of Alvaro, and depriving Xavier of all means of crossing the channel to Macao. They left him destitute of shelter and of food, but not of hope. He had heard that the King of Siam meditated an embassy to China for the following year; and to Siam he resolved to return in Alvaro's vessel, to join himself, if possible, to the Siamese envoys, and so at length to force his way into the empire.

But his earthly toils and projects were now to cease for ever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with



the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital power. It was a solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance ; and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith ; and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal prison-house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, *In te, Domine, speravi—non confundar in aeternum !* he bowed his head and died.

Why consume many words in delineating a character which can be disposed of in three ? Xavier was a Fanatic, a Papist, and a Jesuit. Comprehensive and incontrovertible as the climax is, it yet does not exhaust the censures to which his name is obnoxious. His understanding, that is, the mere cogitative faculty, was deficient in originality, in clearness, and in force. It is difficult to imagine a religious dogma which he would not have embraced, at the command of his teachers, with the same infantine credulity with which he received the creeds and legends they actually imposed upon him. His faith was not victorious over doubt ; for doubt never for one passing moment assailed it. Superstition might boast in him one of the most complete, as well as one of the most illustrious of her conquests. She led him through a land peopled with visionary forms, and resounding with ideal voices—a land of prodigies and portents, of ineffable discourse and unearthly melodies. She bade him look on this fair world as on some dungeon unvisited by the breath of heaven ; and on the glorious face of nature, and the charms of social life, as so many snares and pitfalls for his feet. At her voice he starved and lacerated his body, and rivalled the meanest lazar in filth and wretchedness. Harder still, she sent him forth to establish among half-civilized tribes a worship which to them must have become idolatrous ; and to inculcate a morality in which the holier and more arduous virtues were made to yield precedence to ritual forms and outward ceremonies. And yet, never did the polytheism of ancient or of modern Rome assign a seat among the demi-gods to a hero of nobler mould, or of more exalted magnanimity, than Francis Xavier.

He lived among men as if to show how little the grandeur of the human soul depends upon mere intellectual power. His it was to demonstrate with what vivific rays a heart imbued with the love of God and man may warm and kindle the nations ; dense as may be the exhalations through which the giant pursues his course from the one end of heaven to the other. Scholars criticized, wits jested, prudent men ad-

monished, and kings opposed him; but on moved Francis Xavier, borne forward by an impulse which crushed and scattered to the winds all such puny obstacles. In ten short years, a solitary wanderer, destitute of all human aid—as if mercy had lent him wings, and faith an impenetrable armor—he traversed oceans, islands, and continents, through a track equal to more than twice the circumference of our globe; every where preaching, disputing, baptizing, and founding Christian churches. There is at least one well authenticated miracle in Xavier's story. It is, that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did; and have sustained them too, not merely with composure, but as if in obedience to some indestructible exigency of his nature. "The Father Master Francis," (the words are those of his associate, Melchior Nunez,) "when laboring for the salvation of idolaters, seemed to act, not by any acquired power, but as by some natural instinct; for he could neither take pleasure nor even exist except in such employments. They were his repose; and when he was leading men to the knowledge and the love of God, however much he exerted himself, he never appeared to be making any effort."

Seven hundred thousand converts (for in these matters Xavier's worshippers are not parsimonious) are numbered as the fruits of his mission; nor is the extravagance so extreme if the word conversion be understood in the sense in which they used it. Kings, Rajahs, and Princes were always, when possible, the first objects of his care. Some such conquests he certainly made; and as the flocks would often follow their shepherds, and as the gate into the Christian fold was not made very strait, it may have been entered by many thousands and tens of thousands. But if Xavier taught the mighty of the earth, it was for the sake of the poor and miserable, and with them he chiefly dwelt. He dwelt with them on terms ill enough corresponding with the vulgar notions of a saint. "You, my friends," said he to a band of soldiers who had hidden their cards at his approach, "belong to no religious order, nor can you pass whole days in devotion. Amuse yourselves. To you it is not forbidden, if you neither cheat, quarrel, nor swear when you play." Then good-humoredly sitting down in the midst of them, he challenged one of the party to a game at chess; and was found at the board by Don Diego Noragua, whose curiosity had brought him from far to see so holy a man, and to catch some fragments of that solemn discourse which must ever be flowing from his lips. The grandee would have died in the belief that the saint was a hypocrite, unless by good fortune he had afterwards chanced to break in on his retirement, and to find him there suspended between earth and heaven in a rapture of devotion, with a halo of celestial glory encircling his head.

Of such miraculous visitations, nor indeed of any other of his supernatural performances, will any mention be found in the letters of Xavier. Such at least is the result of a careful examination of a considerable series of them. He was too humble a man to think it probable that he should be the depository of so divine a gift; and too honest to advance

any such claims to the admiration of mankind. Indeed he seems to have been even amused with the facility with which his friends assented to these prodigies. Two of them repeated to him the tale of his having raised a dead child to life, and pressed him to reveal the truth. "What!" he replied, "I raise the dead! Can you really believe such a thing of a wretch like me?" Then smiling, he added, "They did indeed place before me a child. They said it was dead, which perhaps was not the case. I told him to get up, and he did so. Do you call that a miracle?" But in this matter Xavier was not allowed to judge for himself. He was a *Thaumaturgus* in his own despite; and this very denial is quoted by his admirers as a proof of his profound humility. Could he by some second sight have read the Bull of his own canonization, he would doubtless, in defiance of his senses, have believed (for belief was always at his command) that the church knew much better than he did; and that he had been reversing the laws of nature without perceiving it; for at the distance of rather more than half a century from his death, Pope Urban VIII., with the unanimous assent of all the cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, in sacred conclave assembled, pledged his papal infallibility to the miracles already recorded, and to many more. And who can be so sceptical as to doubt their reality, when he is informed that depositions taken in proof of them were read before that august assembly; and that the apotheosis was opposed there by a learned person, who appeared at their bar in the character and with the title of "the Devil's advocate." A scoffer might indeed suggest that the lawyer betrayed the cause of his client if he really labored to dispel illusions, and that the Father of Lies may have secretly instructed his counsel to make a sham fight of it, in order that one lie the more might be acted in the form of a new idol worship. Without exploring so dark a question, it may be seriously regretted that such old wives' fables have been permitted to sully the genuine history of many a man of whom the world was not worthy, and of none more than Francis Xavier. They have long obscured his real glory, and degraded him to the low level of a vulgar hero of ecclesiastical romance. Casting away these puerile embellishments, refused the homage due to genius and to learning, and excluded from the number of those who have aided the progress of speculative truth, he emerges from those lower regions, clad with the mild brilliancy, and resplendent in the matchless beauty which belong to the human nature, when ripening fast into a perfect union with the divine. He had attained to that childlike affiance in the Author of his being, which gives an unrestrained play to every blameless impulse, even when that awful presence is the most habitually felt. His was a sanctity which, at fitting seasons, could even disport itself in jests and trifling. No man, however abject his condition, disgusting his maladies, or hateful his crimes, ever turned to Xavier without learning that there was at least one human heart on which he might repose with all the confidence of a brother's love. To his eye the meanest and the lowest reflected the image of Him whom he followed and adored; nor did he suppose that he could

ever serve the Saviour of mankind so acceptably as by ministering to their sorrows, and recalling them into the way of peace. It is easy to smile at his visions, to detect his errors, to ridicule the extravagant austerities of his life; and even to show how much his misguided zeal eventually counteracted his own designs. But with our philosophy, our luxuries, and our wider experience, it is not easy for us to estimate or to comprehend the career of such a man. Between his thoughts and our thoughts there is but little in common. Of our wisdom he knew nothing, and would have despised it if he had. Philanthropy was his passion, reckless daring his delight; and faith glowing in meridian splendor the sunshine in which he walked. He judged or felt (and who shall say that he judged or felt erroneously?) that the church demanded an illustrious sacrifice, and that he was to be the victim; that a voice which had been dumb for fifteen centuries, must at length be raised again, and that to him that voice had been imparted; that a new Apostle must go forth to break up the incrustations of man's long-hardened heart, and that to him that apostolate had been committed. So judging, or so feeling, he obeyed the summons of him whom he esteemed Christ's vicar on earth, and the echoes from no sublunary region which that summons seemed to awaken in his bosom. In holding up to reverential admiration such self-sacrifices as his, slight, indeed, is the danger of stimulating enthusiastic imitators. Enthusiasm! our pulpits distil their bland rhetoric against it; but where is it to be found? Do not our share markets, thronged even by the devout, overlay it—and our rich benefices extinguish it—and our pentecosts, in the dazzling month of May, dissipate it—and our stipendiary missions, and our mitres, decked even in heathen lands with jewels and with lordly titles—do they not, as so many lightning conductors, effectually divert it? There is indeed the lackadaisical enthusiasm of devotional experiences, and the sentimental enthusiasm of religious bazars, and the oratorical enthusiasm of charitable platforms—and the tractarian enthusiasm of well-beneficed ascetics; but in what, except the name, do they resemble “the God-in-us” enthusiasm of Francis Xavier?—of Xavier the magnanimous, the holy, and the gay; the canonized saint, not of Rome only, but of universal Christendom; who, if at this hour there remained not a solitary Christian to claim and to rejoice in his spiritual ancestry, should yet live in hallowed and everlasting remembrance, as the man who has bequeathed to these later ages, at once the clearest proof and the most illustrious example, that even amidst the enervating arts of our modern civilization, the apostolic energy may still burn with all its primeval ardor in the human soul, when animated and directed by a power more than human.

Xavier died in the year 1552, in the forty-seventh of his age, and just ten years and a half from his departure from Europe. During his residence in India, he had maintained a frequent correspondence with the General of his order. On either side their letters breathe the tenderness which is an indispensable element of the heroic character—an intense though grave affection, never degenerating into fondness; but



chastened, on the side of Xavier by filial reverence, on that of Ignatius by parental authority. It was as a father, or rather as a patriarch, exercising a supreme command over his family, and making laws for their future government, that Ignatius passed the last twenty years of his life. No longer a wanderer, captivating or overawing the minds of men by marvels addressed to their imagination, he dwelt in the ecclesiastical capital of the West, giving form and substance to the visions which had fallen on him at the Mount of Ascension, and had attended him through every succeeding pilgrimage.

It proved, however, no easy task to obtain the requisite Papal sanction for the establishment of his order. In that age the regular clergy had to contend with an almost universal unpopularity. To their old enemies, the bishops and secular priests, were added the wits, the reformers, and the Vatican itself. The Papal court not unreasonably attributed to their misconduct, a large share of the disasters under which the Church of Rome was suffering. On the principle of opposing new defences to new dangers, the Pope had given his confidence and encouragement to the Theatins, and the other isolated preachers who were laboring at once to protect and to purify the fold, by diffusing among them their own deep and genuine spirit of devotion. It seemed bad policy at such a moment to call into existence another religious order, which must be regarded with equal disfavor by these zealous recruits, and by the ancient supporters of the Papacy. Nor did the almost morbid prescience of the Vatican fail to perceive how dangerous a rival, even to the successors of St. Peter, might become the General of a society projected on a plan of such stupendous magnitude.

Three years, therefore, were consumed by Ignatius in useless solicitations. He sought to propitiate, not mere mortal men only, but the Deity himself, by the most lavish promises; and is recorded to have pledged himself on one day to the performance of three thousand masses, if so his prayer might be granted. Earth and Heaven seemed equally deaf to his offers, when the terrors of Paul III. were effectually awakened by the progress of the Reformers in the very bosom of Italy. Ferrara seemed about to fall as Germany, England, and Switzerland had fallen; and the Consistory became enlightened to see the divine hand in a scheme which they had till then regarded as the workmanship of man, and as wrought with no superhuman purposes. Anxiously and with undisguised reluctance, though, as the event proved, with admirable foresight, Paul III., on the 27th September, 1540, affixed the Papal seal to the Bull "*Regimini*," the Magna Charta of the order of Jesus. It affords full internal evidence of the misgivings with which it was issued. "*Quamvis Evangelio doceamur, et fide orthodoxâ cognoscamus ac firmiter profiteamur, omnes Christi fideles, Romano pontifici tanquam Capiti, ac Jesu Christi Vicario, subesse, ad majorem tamen nostræ societatis humilitatem, ac perfectam unius cujusque mortificationem, et voluntatum nostrarum abnegationem, summopere conducere judicavimus, singulos nos, ultra illud commune vinculum, speciali voto adstringi, ita ut quidquid Romani pontifices, pro tempore existentes, jusserint*"—"quantum in nobis fuerit exequi teneamur."

So wrote the Pope in the persons of his new Prætorians; and to elect a General of the band, who should guide them to the performance of this vow, was the first care of Ignatius. Twice the unanimous choice of his companions fell on himself. Twice the honor was refused. At length, yielding to the absolute commands of his confessor, he ascended the throne of which he had been so long laying the foundations. Once seated there, his coyness was at an end, and he wielded the sceptre as best becomes an absolute monarch—magnanimously, and with unfaltering decision; beloved, but permitting no rude familiarity; revered, but exciting no servile fear; declining no enterprize which high daring might accomplish, and attempting none which headlong ambition might suggest; self-multiplied in the ministers of his will; yielding to them a large and generous confidence, yet trusting no man whom he had not deeply studied; and assigning to none a province beyond the range of his capacity.

Though not in books, yet in the far nobler school of active, and especially of military life, Loyola had learned the great secret of government; at least of his government. It was, that the social affections, if concentrated within a well-defined circle, possess an intensity and endurance, unrivalled by those passions of which self is the immediate object. He had the sagacity to perceive, that emotions like those with which a Spartan or a Jew had yearned over the land and the institutions of their fathers—emotions stronger than appetite, vanity, ambition, avarice, or death itself—might be kindled in the members of his order; if he could detect and grasp those mainsprings of human action of which the Greek and the Hebrew legislators had obtained the mastery. Nor did he seek them in vain.

It is with an audacity approaching to the sublime, that Loyola demands the obedience of his subjects—an obedience to be yielded, not in the mere outward act, but by the understanding and the will. "*Non intueamini in persona superioris hominem obnoxium erroribus atque miseriis, sed Christum ipsum.*" "*Superioris vocem ac jussa non secus ac Christi vocem excipiti.*" "*Ut statuatis vobiscum quidquid superior præcipit ipsius Dei præceptum esse ac voluntatem.*" He who wrote thus had not lightly observed how the spirit of man groans beneath the weight of its own freedom, and exults in bondage if only permitted to think that the chain has been voluntarily assumed. Nor had he less carefully examined the motives which may stimulate the most submissive to revolt, when he granted to his followers the utmost liberty in outward things which could be reconciled with this inward servitude; no peculiar habit—no routine of prayers and canticles—no prescribed system of austerities—no monastic seclusion. The enslaved soul was not to be rudely reminded of her slavery. Neither must the frivolous or the feeble-minded have a place in his brotherhood; for he well knew how awful is the might of folly in all sublunary affairs. No one could be admitted who had worn, though but for one day, the habit of any other religious order; for Ignatius must be served by virgin souls, and by prejudices of his own engrafting. Stern initiatory discipline must

probe the spirits of the Professed; for both scandal and danger would attend the faintness of any leader in the host. Gentler probations must suffice for lay or spiritual coadjutors; for every host is incomplete without a body of irregular partizans. But the General himself—the centre and animating spirit of the whole spiritual army—he must rule for life; for ambition and cabal will fill up any short intervals of choice, and the reverence due to royalty is readily impaired by the aspect of dethroned sovereigns. He must be absolute; for human authority can on no other terms exhibit itself as the image of the divine. He must reign at a distance and in solitude; for no government is effective in which imagination has not her work to do. He must be the ultimate depository of the secrets of the conscience of each of his subjects; for irresistible power may inspire dread, but not reverence, unless guided by unlimited knowledge. No subject of his may accept any ecclesiastical or civil dignity; for he must be supreme in rank as in dominion. And the ultimate object of all this scheme of government—it must be vast enough to expand the soul of the proselyte to a full sense of her own dignity; and practical enough to provide incessant occupation for his time and thoughts; and must have enough of difficulty to bring his powers into strenuous activity, and of danger to teach the lesson of mutual dependence; and there must be conflicts for the brave, and intrigues for the subtle, and solitary labors for the studious, and offices of mercy for the compassionate; and to all must be offered rewards, both temporal and eternal—in this life, the reward of a sympathy rendered intense by confinement, and stimulating by secrecy; and in the life to come, felicities of which the anxious heart might find the assurance in the promises and in the fellowship of the holy and the wise—of men whose claim to the divine favor it would be folly and impiety to doubt.

If there be in any of our universities a professor of moral philosophy lecturing on the science of human nature, let him study the Constitutions of Ignatius Loyola. They were the fruit of the solitary meditations of many years. The lamp of the retired student threw its rays on nothing but his manuscript, his crucifix, Thomas à Kempis, *De Imitatione Christi*, and the New Testament. Any other presence would have been a profane intrusion; for the work was but a transcript of thoughts imparted to his disembodied spirit when, in early manhood, it had been caught up into the seventh heavens. As he wrote, a lambent flame, in shape like a tongue of fire, hovered about his head; and as may be read in his own hand, in a still extant paper, the hours of composition were passed in tears of devotion, in holy ardor, in raptures, and amidst celestial apparitions.

Some unconscious love of power, a mind bewildered by many gross superstitions and theoretical errors, and perhaps some tinge of insanity, may be ascribed to Ignatius Loyola; but no dispassionate reader of his writings, or of his life, will question his integrity; or deny him the praise of a devotion at once sincere, habitual, and profound. It is not to the glory of the reformers to depreciate the name of their greatest

antagonist ; or think meanly of him to whom more than any other man it is owing that the Reformation was stayed, and the Church of Rome rescued from her impending doom.

In the language now current amongst us, Ignatius might be described as the leader of the Conservative against the innovating spirit of his times. It was an age, as indeed is every era of great popular revolutions, when the impulsive or centrifugal forces which tend to isolate man, preponderating over the attractive or centripetal forces which tend to congregate him, had destroyed the balance of the social system. From amidst the controversies which then agitated the world had emerged two great truths, of which, after three hundred years' debate, we are yet to find the reconciliation. It was true that the Christian Commonwealth should be one consentient body, united under one supreme head, and bound together by a community of law, of doctrine, and of worship. It was also true that each member of that body must, for himself, on his own responsibility, and at his own peril, render that worship, ascertain that doctrine, study that law, and seek the guidance of that Supreme Ruler. Between these corporate duties, and these individual obligations, there was a seeming contrariety. And yet it must be apparent only, and not real ; for all truths must be consistent with each other. Here was a problem for the learned and the wise—for schools, and presses, and pulpits. But it is not by sages, nor in the spirit of philosophy, that such problems receive their practical solution. Wisdom may be the ultimate arbiter, but is seldom the immediate agent in human affairs. It is by antagonist passions, prejudices, and follies, that the equipoise of this most belligerent planet of ours is chiefly preserved ; and so it was in the sixteenth century. If Papal Rome had her Brennus, she must also have her Camillus. From the camp of the invaders arose the war-cry of absolute mental independence ; from the beleaguered host, the watch-word of absolute spiritual obedience. The German pointed the way to that sacred solitude where, besides the worshipper himself, none may enter ; the Spaniard to that innumerable company which, with one accord, still chant the liturgies of remotest generations. Chieftains in the most momentous warfare of which this earth had been the theatre since the subversion of Paganism, each was a rival worthy of the other in capacity, courage, disinterestedness, and the love of truth, and yet how marvellous the contrast !

Luther took to wife a nun. For thirty years together, Loyola never once looked on the female countenance. To overthrow the houses of the order to which he belonged, was the triumph of the reformer. To establish a new order on indestructible foundations, the glory of the saint. The career of the one was opened in the cell, and concluded amidst the cares of secular government. The course of life of the other, led him from a youth of camps and palaces to an old age of religious abstraction. Demons haunted both ; but to the northern visionary they appeared as foul or malignant fiends, with whom he was to agonize in spiritual strife ; to the southern dreamer, as angels of light marshalling his way to celestial blessedness. As best became his Teu-



tonic honesty and singleness of heart, Luther aimed at no perfection but such as may consist with the everyday cares, and the common duties, and the innocent delights of our social existence ; at once the foremost of heroes, and a very man ; now oppressed with melancholy, and defying the powers of darkness, satanic or human ; then " rejoicing in gladness and thankfulness of heart for all his abundance ;" loving and beloved ; communing with the wife of his bosom, prattling with his children ; surrendering his overburdened mind to the charms of music, awake to every gentle voice, and to each cheerful aspect of nature or of art : responding alike to every divine impulse and to every human feeling ; no chord unstrung in his spiritual or sensitive frame, but all blending together in harmonies as copious as the bounties of Providence, and as changeful as the vicissitudes of life. How remote from the " perfection" which Loyola proposed to himself, and which (unless we presume to distrust the Bulls by which he was beatified and canonized,) we must suppose him to have attained. Drawn by infallible, not less distinctly than by fallible limners, the portrait of the military priest of the Casa Professa possesses the cold dignity, and the grace of sculpture ; but is wholly wanting in the mellow tones, the lights and shadows, the rich coloring, and the skilful composition of the sister art. There he stands apart from us mortal men, familiar with visions which he may not communicate, and with joys which he cannot impart. Severe in the midst of raptures, composed in the very agonies of pain ; a silent, austere, and solitary man ; with a heart formed for tenderness, yet mortifying even his best affections ; loving mankind as his brethren, and yet rejecting their sympathy ; one while a squalid, care-worn, self-lacerated pauper, tormenting himself that so he might rescue others from sensuality ; and then, a monarch reigning in secluded majesty, that so he might become the benefactor of his race, or a legislator exacting, though with no selfish purposes, an obedience as submissive and as prompt as is due to the King of Kings.

Heart and soul we are for the Protestant. He who will be wiser than his Maker is but seeming wise. He who will deaden one-half of his nature to invigorate the other half, will become at best a distorted prodigy. Dark as are the pages, and mystic the character in which the truth is inscribed, he who can decipher the roll will read there, that self-adoring pride is the head spring of stoicism, whether heathen or Christian. But there is a roll neither dark nor mystic, in which the simplest and the most ignorant may learn in what the " perfection" of our humanity really consists. Throughout the glorious profusion of didactic precepts, of pregnant apothegms, of lyric and choral songs, of institutes, ecclesiastical and civil, of historical legends and biographies, of homilies and apologues, of prophetic menaces, of epistolary admonitions, and of positive laws, which crowd the inspired Canon, there is still one consentient voice proclaiming to man, that the world within and the world without him were created for each other ; that his interior life must be sustained and nourished by intercourse with external things ; and that he then most nearly approaches to the perfection of

his nature, when most conversant with the joys and sorrows of life, and most affected by them, he is yet the best prepared to renounce the one or to endure the other, in cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.

Unalluring, and on the whole unlovely as it is, the image of Loyola must ever command the homage of the world. No other uninspired man, unaided by military or civil power, and making no appeal to the passion of the multitude, has had the genius to conceive, the courage to attempt, and the success to establish, a polity teeming with results at once so momentous and so distinctly foreseen. Amidst his ascetic follies, and his half crazy visions, and despite all the coarse daubing with which the miracle-mongers of his Church have defaced it, his character is destitute neither of sublimity nor of grace. They were men of no common stamp with whom he lived, and they regarded him with an unbounded reverence. On the anniversary of his death Baronius and Bellarmine met to worship at his tomb; and there, with touching and unpremeditated eloquence, joined to celebrate his virtues. His successor Laynez was so well convinced that Loyola was beloved by the Deity above all other men, as to declare it impossible that any request of his should be refused. Xavier was wont to kneel when he wrote letters to him; to implore the Divine aid through the merits of his 'holy Father Ignatius,' and to carry about his autograph as a sacred relic. In popular estimation, the very house in which he once dwelt had been so hallowed by his presence, as to shake to the foundation if thoughts unbecoming its purity found entrance into the mind of any inmate. Of his theopathy, as exhibited in his letters, in his recorded discourse, and in his 'Spiritual Exercises,' it is perhaps difficult for the colder imaginations and the Protestant reserve of the North to form a correct estimate. Measured by such a standard, it must be pronounced irreverent and erotic;—a libation on the altar at once too profuse and too little filtered from the dross of human passion. But to his fellow men he was not merely benevolent, but compassionate, tolerant, and candid. However inflexible in exacting from his chosen followers an all-enduring constancy, he was gentle to others, especially to the young and the weak; and would often make an amiable though awkward effort to promote their recreation. He was never heard to mention a fault or a crime, except to suggest an apology for the offender. "Humbly to conceal humility, and to shun the praise of being humble," was the maxim and the habit of his later life; and on that principle he maintained the unostentatious decencies of his rank as General of his order at the Casa Professa; a convent which had been assigned at Rome for their residence. There he dwelt, conducting a correspondence more extensive and important than any which issued from the cabinets of Paris or Madrid. In sixteen years he had established twelve Jesuit Provinces in Europe, India, Africa, and Brazil; and more than a hundred colleges or houses for the Professed and the Probationers, already amounting to many thousands. His missionaries had traversed every country, the most remote and barbarous, which the enterprize of his age had opened to the merchants of the West. The devout resorted to him for guidance, the miserable for

relief, the wise for instruction, and the rulers of the earth for succour. Men felt that there had appeared among them one of those monarchs who reign in right of their own native supremacy; and to whom the feeble wills of others must yield either a ready or a reluctant allegiance. It was a conviction recorded by his disciples on his tomb, in these memorable and significant words: "Whoever thou mayest be who hast portrayed to thine own imagination Pompey, or Cæsar, or Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and let this marble teach thee how much greater a conqueror than they was Ignatius."

Whatever may have been the comparative majesty of the Cæsarian and the Ignatian conquests, it was true of either, that on the death of the conqueror the succession to his diadem hung long in anxious suspense. Our tale descends from the sublime and the heroic to the region of ordinary motives and ordinary men. According to the constitution of the order, the choice of the General was to be made in a chapter, of which the fully Professed, and they alone, were members. Of that body Jago Laynez was the eldest and most eminent, and from his dying bed (so at least it was supposed) he summoned his brethren to hold the election at the Casa Professa. The citation was unanswered. A majority of the whole electoral college were detained in Spain by Philip II., who was then engaged in his war with the Papal court; and in this extremity Laynez was nominated to the provisional office of vicar-general. That promotion is a specific in some forms of bodily disease, is as certain as any apothegm in Galen. Full of renovated life, the vicar-general at once assumed all the powers of his great predecessor, and gave prompt evidence that they had fallen into no feeble hands. But neither was that a feeble grasp in which the keys of St. Peter were held. Hot-headed and imperious as he was, Paul IV. had quailed in the solemn presence of Loyola; but now, as he believed, had found the time for arresting the advance of a power which he had learned to regard with jealousy. He began (as an Englishman might express it) by putting the vacant generalship into Commission, and assigned to Laynez nothing more than a share in that divided rule. A voyage to Spain, where in his own country and among his own friends his election would be secure, was the next resource of the vicar-general; but a Papal mandate appeared, forbidding any Jesuit to quit the precincts of Rome. Thus thwarted, Laynez resolved on immediately elevating into the class of the Professed as many of his associates as would form a college numerous enough for the choice of a head; but the vigilant old Pontiff detected and prohibited the design. Foiled in every manœuvre, nothing remained to the aspiring vicar but to await the return of peace. It came at length, and with it came from Spain the electors so long and anxiously expected.

Lowly was the chamber in which they were convened; nor did there meet that day within the compass of the Seven Hills a company, in outward semblance, less imposing; and yet, scarcely had the assembled Comitia, to whose shouts those hills had once re-echoed, ever conferred on Prætor or Proconsul a power more real or more extensive

than that which those homely men were now about to bestow. But Laynez seemed doomed to yet another disappointment. The chapel doors were thrown open, and the Cardinal Pacheco appearing among them, interdicted, in the name of the Pope, all further proceedings, unless they would consent to choose their general for three years only; and would engage, like other religious men, daily to chant the appointed offices of the Church. What are the limits of unlimited obedience? When, a century and a half ago, our own casuists labored for an answer to that knotty problem, they were but unconscious imitators of Jago Laynez and his companions. Maugre vows, and Pope, and Cardinal, they forthwith elected him General for life; nor was one litany the more sung by the Jesuits for all the Papal bidding.

Yet, the formal decencies of the scene, how well were they maintained? Joyful thanksgivings on the side of the electors; an aspect eloquent with reluctance, grief, and the painful sense of responsibility on the part of the new General. Is it incredible that some motives nobler and more pure than those of mere secular ambition may have animated Laynez on this occasion? Probably not; for there are few of us in whom antagonist principles do not obtain this kind of divided triumph; and the testimonies to his virtues are such and so many, as almost to command assent to their substantial truth. Of the twenty-four books of the history of Orlandinus, eight are devoted to his administration of the affairs of the Order. They extort a willing acknowledgment, that he possessed extraordinary abilities, and a half-reluctant admission that he may have combined with them a more than common degree of genuine piety.

Laynez would seem to have been born to supply the intellectual deficiencies of Ignatius. He was familiar with the whole compass of the theological literature of his age, and with all the moral sciences which a theologian was then required to cultivate. With these stores of knowledge he had made himself necessary to the first General. Loyola consulted, employed, and trusted, but apparently did not like him. It is stated by Orlandinus, that there was no other of his eminent followers whom the great patriarch of the society treated with such habitual rigor, and yet none who rendered him such important services. "Do you not think," said Ignatius to him, "that in framing their constitutions, the founders of the religious orders were inspired?" "I do," was the answer, "so far as the general scheme and outline were concerned." The inspired saint, therefore, took for his province the compilation of the text, the uninspired scholar the preparation of the authoritative comment. For himself, the lawgiver claimed the praise of having raised an edifice, of which the plan and the arrangement were divine. To his fellow-laborer he assigned the merit of having supported it by the solid foundation of a learning, which, however excellent, was yet entirely human. An example will best explain this division of labor.

"In theologiâ legetur Vetus et Novum Testamentum, et doctrina scholastica Divi Thomæ"—is the text. "Prælegetur etiam magister



sententiarum; sed si videatur temporis decursu, alius autor studentibus utilior futurus, ut si aliqua summa, vel liber theologiæ scholasticæ, conficeretur, qui nostris temporibus accommodatior videretur"—"prælegi poterit"—is the comment. Ignatius was content that the Divine Thomas should be installed among the Jesuits as the permanent interpreter of the sacred oracles. Laynez, with deeper foresight, perceived that the time was coming when they must discover a teacher "better suited to the times." It was a prediction fulfilled shortly after his death in the person of Molina, who was himself the pupil of the second General of the order.

To Laynez belongs the praise or the reproach of having revived, in modern times, the Molinist or Arminian doctrine. Our latest posterity will debate, as our remotest ancestry have debated, the soundness of that creed; but that it was "temporibus accommodatior," few will be inclined to dispute. The times evidently required that the great antagonists of Protestantism should inculcate a belief more comprehensive, and more flexible, than that of Augustine or St Thomas. And if to the adoption of those opinions may be traced much of the danger and disrepute to which the society was afterwards exposed, to the same cause may be ascribed much of the secret of their vitality and their strength.

The doctrines of Molina were hazarded by Laynez, even in the bosom of the Council of Trent; where, though not constitutionally brave, he dared the reproach of heresy and Pelagianism. But, in the noblest theatre for the display of eloquence which the world has seen since the fall of the Roman commonwealth, he exhibited all the hardihood which a conscious superiority in the power of speech will impart to the least courageous. Amidst cries of indignation, he maintained the freedom of the will, and ultramontane doctrines, the most unwelcome to his audience; and vehemently opposed the demand of more than half of Europe for the admission of the laity to the cup. He felt that resentment must give way to those feelings on which a great speaker seldom relies in vain. He spoke from a position best befitting an ostentatious humility, and therefore the most remote from the thrones of the Papal legates, and the ambassador of Christendom. Even those thrones were for a moment abandoned. Cardinals, Bishops, Counts, and Abbots, thronged around his chair; Generals and Doctors obeyed the same impulse; and for two successive hours a circle more illustrious for rank and learning than ever before surrounded the tribune of an orator, rewarded his efforts by their profound and silent admiration. He spoke at Paris, and he preached at Rome, with similar applause; and yet on examining the only two of his speeches which have been preserved by Orlandinus, it is difficult to detect the charm which once seduced the haughtiest Prelates into a passing forgetfulness of their dignity. The eloquence of Laynez would appear to have been neither impassioned nor imaginative, nor of that intense earnestness which seems to despise the very rules by the observance of which it triumphs. Luminous argumentation, clothed in transparent language, and deliver-

ed with facility and grace, was probably the praise to which he was entitled—no vulgar praise indeed ; for, amidst the triumphs of oratory, few are greater or more welcome than that of infusing order, without fatigue, into the chaotic thoughts of an inquisitive audience.

Ambition clothed in rags, subtlety under the guise of candor, are the offences which the enemies of his order have ascribed to Laynez. But a man who, in the sixteenth century, refused a cardinal's hat, (his refusal of the Papacy is a mere apocryphal story,) can hardly have been the victim of a low desire for worldly honor ; and hypocrisy is a charge which every one must bear who has to do with opponents incredulous of virtue superior to their own. For eighteen years the head of a body distrusted and unpopular from its infancy, he had neither hereditary rank to avert the envy which waits on greatness, nor the lofty daring to which the world is ever prompt to yield idolatrous homage. In his hands the weapons of Ignatius or Xavier would have been impotent ; but he wielded his own with address and with admirable effect. To him his society were first indebted for their characteristic doctrine, for the possession and the fame of learning, for many enlargements of their privileges, for a more intimate alliance with the Papacy, and the more pronounced hostility of the Reformers. He first established for them that authority in the Cabinets of Europe, on which, at no distant time, the edifice of their temporal power was to rest ; and it was his melancholy distinction to number among his disciples the infamous Catharine of Medici, and her less odious, because feebler, son. He was associated with them at the very time when they were revolving the greatest crime with which the annals of Christendom have been polluted. With the guilt of that massacre his memory is, however, unstained ; except so far as the doctrines he inculcated, in his debates at Paris with Beza and Peter Martyr, may have taught the sovereigns to think lightly of any bloodshed which should rid the world of a party abhorred of God, and hateful to the enlightened eye of man.

Gifted with extraordinary talents, profound learning, flexible address, and captivating eloquence, Laynez fell short of that standard at which, alone, men may inscribe their names in the roll sacred to those who have reigned over their fellow mortals by a right divine, because a right inherent and indefeasible. Without the genius to devise, or the glowing passion to achieve, great things, none may be associated with those kings of the earth on whose brows nature herself has set the diadem. Far surpassing in mere intellectual resources both Xavier and Ignatius, the fiery element native to their souls was uninhabitable to his. Laynez was the first, if not the most eminent, example of the results of Loyola's discipline ; and illustrates the effect of concentrating all the interests of life, and all the affections of the heart, within the narrow circle of one contracted fellowship. It yielded in him, as it has often produced in others, a vigorous but a stunted development of character ; a kind of social selfishness and sectional virtue ; a subordination of philanthropy to the love of caste ; a spirit irreclaimably servile, because exulting in its own servitude ; a temper consistent, indeed, with great actions and

often contributing to them, but destructive (at least in ordinary minds) of that free and cordial sympathy with man as man ;—of those careless graces, and of that majestic repose, which touch and captivate the heart, and to which must, in part at least, be ascribed the sacred fascination exercised over us all by the simple records of the life of Him whose name the society of Jesus had assumed.

On the 2d of July, 1565, the Casa Professa, usually the scene of a profound stillness, was agitated by an unwonted excitement. Men of austere demeanor might be seen there clasping each others hands, and voices habitually mute were interchanging hearty congratulations. One alone appeared to take no share in the common joy. As if overpowered by some strange and unwelcome tidings, he seemed by imploring gestures to deprecate a decision against which his paralyzed lips in vain attempted to protest. His age might be nearly fifty, his dress mean and sordid, and toil or suffering had ploughed their furrows in his pallid cheek ; but he balanced his tall and still graceful figure with a soldier's freedom, and gazed on his associates with a countenance cast in that mould which ladies love and artists emulate. They called him Father Francis ; and on the death of Laynez their almost unanimous suffrage had just hailed him as the third General of the Order of Jesus. The wish for rank and power was never more sincerely disclaimed, for never had they been forced on any one who had a larger experience of their vanity.

In the female line Father Francis was the grandson of Ferdinand of Arragon, and therefore the near kinsman of the Emperor Charles V. Among his paternal ancestry he could boast or lament the names of Alexander VI. and of Cæsar Borgia. Of that house, eminent alike for their wealth, their honors, and their crimes, he was the lineal representative ; and had, in early manhood, inherited from his father the patrimony and the title of the Dukes of Gandia.

Don Francis Borgia, as if to rescue the name he bore from the infamy of his progenitors, exhaled, even in his childish days, the odour of sanctity. With each returning month, he cast a lot to determine which he should personate of the saints with whose names it was studded on the calendar. In his tenth year, with a virtue unsung and unconceived by the *Musæ Etonienses*, he played at saints so perfectly as to inflict a vigorous chastisement on his own naked person. It is hard to resist the wish that the scourge had been yet more resolutely wielded by the arm of his tutor. So seems to have thought his maternal uncle Don John of Arragon, Archbishop of Saragossa. Taking the charge of his nephew, that high-born prelate compelled him to study alternately the lessons of the riding-master and those of the master of the sentences ; and in his nineteenth year sent him to complete his education at the court of his imperial cousin.

Ardent as were still the aspirations of the young courtier for the monastic life, no one in that gallant circle bore himself more bravely in the *menage*, or sheathed his sword with a steadier hand in the throat of the half-maddened bull, or more skilfully disputed with his sovereign the

honors of the tournament. As the youthful knight, bowing to the saddle-tree, lowered his spear before the "Queen of Beauty," many a full dark eye beamed with a deeper lustre; but his triumph was incomplete and worthless unless it won the approving smile of Eleonora de Castro. That smile was not often refused. But the Romance of Don Francis begins where other romances terminate. Foremost in the train of Charles and Isabella, the husband of the fair Eleonora still touched his lute with unrivalled skill in the halls of the Escorial, or followed the quarry across the plains of Castille in advance of the most ardent falconer. Yet that music was universally selected from the offices of the church; and in the very agony of the chase, just as the wheeling hawk paused for his last deadly plunge, (genius of Nimrod, listen!) he would avert his eyes and ride slowly home, the inventor of a matchless effort of penitential self-denial.

With Charles himself for his fellow pupil, Don Francis studied the arts of war and fortification under the once celebrated Sainte Croix, and practiced in Africa the lessons he had been taught;—earning the double praise, that in the camp he was the most magnificent, in the field the most adventurous, of all the leaders in that vaunted expedition. At the head of a troop enlisted and maintained by himself, he attended the emperor to the Milanese and Provence; and, in honorable acknowledgment of his services, was selected by Charles to lay a report of the campaign before the empress in person, at Segovia. Towards her he felt an almost filial regard. She had long been the zealous patron and the cordial friend of himself and of Eleonora; and at the public festivals which celebrated the victories of Charles, and the meeting of the States of Castille at Toledo, they shone among the most brilliant of the satellites by which her throne was encircled.

At the moment of triumph the inexorable arm was unbared which so often, as in mockery of human pomp, confounds together the world's bravest pageants and the humiliations of the grave. Dust to dust and ashes to ashes, but, when the imperial fall, not without one last poor assertion of their departed dignity. Isabella might not be laid in the sepulchre of the kings of Spain, until amidst the funeral rites the soldered coffin had been opened, the cerements removed, and some grandee of the highest rank had been enabled to depose, that he had seen within them the very body of the deceased sovereign. Such, in pursuance of an ancient custom, was the duty confided to the zeal of Don Francis Borgia, nor was any one better fitted for such a trust. The eye, now forever closed, had never turned to him but with maternal kindness, and every lineament of that serene and once eloquent countenance was indelibly engraven on his memory. Amidst the half uttered prayers which commended her soul to the Divine mercy, and the low dirge of the organ, he advanced with streaming eyes, and reverently raised the covering which concealed the secrets of the grave, when—but why or how portray the appalling and loathsome spectacle? That gentle brow, that eloquent countenance, that form so lately raised on earth's proudest throne, and extolled with an almost adoring homage! Don Francis turned from the sight to shudder and to pray.



It was the great epoch in the life of Borgia. In the eyes of the world, indeed, he may have been unchanged; but in his eyes the whole aspect of that world was altered. Lord of a princely fortune, the heir of an illustrious house, the favorite kinsman of the Emperor of the West, renowned in the very flower of his youth as a warrior, a courtier, and a musician, his home hallowed by conjugal love, and gladdened by the sports of his children; for whom had life a deeper interest, or who could erect on a surer basis a loftier fabric of more brilliant hopes? Those interests and hopes he deliberately resigned, and, at the age of twenty-nine, bound himself by a solemn vow, that in the event of his surviving Eleonora, he would end his days as a member of some religious order. He had gazed on the hideous triumph of death and sin over prospects still more splendid than his own. For him the soothing illusions of existence were no more—earth and its inhabitants, withering under the curse of their Maker, might put on their empty gauds, and for some transient hour dream and talk of happiness. But the curse was there, and there would it lie, crushing the frivolous spirit the most when felt the least, and consigning alike to that foul debasement the lovely and the brave; the sylph now floating through the giddy dance, and the warrior now proudly treading the field of victory.

From such meditations Charles endeavored to recall his friend to the common duties of life. He required him to assume the viceroyalty of Catalonia, and adorned him with the cross of the order of Alcantara, then of all chivalric honors the noblest and the most highly prized. His administration was firm, munificent, and just; it forms the highest era of his life, and is especially signalized by the same sedulous care for the education of the young, which afterwards formed his highest praise as General of the Order of Jesus.

Ingenious above all men in mortifying his natural affections, Don Francis could not neglect the occasion which his new dignities afforded him, of incurring much wholesome contumely. Sumptuous banquets must be given in honor of his sovereign, when he could at once fast and be despised for fasting. To exhibit himself in penitential abasement before the people under his authority, would give to penitence the appropriate accompaniment of general contempt. On the festival of "the Invention of the Holy Cross," mysteries not unlike those of the *Bona Dea* were to be celebrated by the ladies of Barcelona, when, to prevent the profane intrusion of any of the coarser sex, the viceroy himself undertook the office of sentinel. With a naked dagger in his hand, a young nobleman demanded entrance, addressing to the viceroy insults such as every gentleman is bound, under the heaviest penalty of the laws of chivalry, to expiate by blood. A braver man did not tread the soil of Spain than Don Francis, nor any one to whom the reproach of poltrony was more hateful. And yet his sword did not leap from his scabbard. With a calm rebuke, and courteous demeanor, he allowed the bravo to enter the sacred precincts—preferring the imputation of cowardice, though stinging like an adder, to the sin of avenging himself, and, indeed, to the duty of maintaining his lawful authority.

History has omitted to tell what were the weapons, or what the incantation, by which the ladies promptly ejected the insolent intruder, nor has she recorded how they afterwards received their guardian knight of Alcantara. Her only care has been to excite our admiration for this most illustrious victory in the bosom of Don Francis, of the meekness of the saint over the human passions of the soldier.

At the end of four years Don Francis was relieved by the death of his father from his viceregal office, and assumed his hereditary title of Duke of Gandia. His vassals exulted in the munificence of their new chief. The ancient retainers of his family lived on his bounty—cottages, convents, and hospitals, rose on his estates—fortresses were built to check the ravages of the Moorish corsairs, and the mansion of his ancestors reappeared in all its ancient splendor. In every work of piety and mercy the wise and gentle Eleonora was the rival of her lord. But it was the only strife which ever agitated the Castle of Gandia. Austerities were practised there, but gloom and lassitude were unknown; nor did the bright suns of Spain gild any feudal ramparts, within which love, and peace the child of love, shed their milder light with a more abiding radiance.

But on that countenance, hitherto so calm and so submissive, might at length be traced the movements of an inward tempest, with which, even when prostrate before the altar, the Duke of Gandia strove in vain. Conversant with every form of self-inflicted suffering, how should he find strength to endure the impending death of Eleonora! His was a prayer transcending the resources of language and of thought; it was the mute agony of a breaking heart. But after the whirlwind and the fire, was heard the still small voice. It said, or seemed to say, "If it be thy will, she shall recover; but not for her real welfare nor for thine." Adoring gratitude swept away every feeble emotion, and the suppliant's grief at length found utterance. "Thy will be done.—Thou knowest what is best for us. Whom have we in heaven but thee? And whom upon earth should we desire in comparison with thee?" At the age of thirty-six the Duke of Gandia committed to the tomb the frame once animated by a spirit from which not death itself could separate him. In the sacred retirement to which in that event he had devoted his remaining days, Eleonora would still unite her prayers to his; and as each of those days should decline into the welcome shadows of evening, one stage the more towards his reunion with her would have been traversed.

The Castle of Gandia was still hung with the funeral draperies, when a welcome though unexpected guest arrived there. It was Peter Faber, the officiating priest at the Crypt of Montmartre, charged by Ignatius with a mission to promote the cause of Christian education in Spain. Aided by his counsels, and by the letters of the patriarch, the Duke erected on his estates a church, a college, and a library, and placed them under the care of teachers selected by Ignatius. The sorrows of the Duke were relieved as his wealth flowed still more copiously in this new channel of beneficence: and the universities of Alcala and Seville were enlarged by his bounty with similar foundations. But, as

Faber remarked, a still nobler edifice was yet to be erected on the soul of the founder himself. The first stone of it was laid in the Duke's performance of the Spiritual Exercises. To the completion of this invisible but imperishable building, the remainder of his life was inflexibly devoted.

With Ignatius the duke had long maintained a correspondence, in which the stately courtesies of Spanish noblemen not ungracefully temper the severe tones of patriarchal authority and filial reverence. Admission into the order of Jesus was an honor for which, in this case, the aspirant was humbly content, and was wisely permitted long to wait and sue. To study the biography, that he might imitate the life of Him by whose holy name the society was called; to preach in his own household, or at the wicket of the nunnery of the ladies of St. Clair; and day by day, to place in humiliating contrast some proof of the divine goodness, and some proof of his own demerit, were the first probationary steps which the duke was required to tread in the toilsome path on which he had thus entered. It was a path from which Philip, then governing Spain with the title of regent, would have willingly seduced him. He consulted him on the most critical affairs; summoned him to take a high station in the states of Castille; and pressed on his acceptance the office of grand master of the royal household. It was declined in favor of the Duke of Alva. Had Gandia preferred the duties of his secular rank to those of his religious aspirations, Spain might have had a saint the less and seven provinces the more. With the elevation of Alva, the butcheries in the Netherlands, the disgrace of Spain, and the independence of Holland might have been averted.

Warned by his escape, the duke implored with renewed earnestness his immediate admission into the order; nor was Ignatius willing that his proselyte should again incur such dangers. At the chapel of his own college he accordingly pronounced the irrevocable vows; a Papal bull having dispensed during a term of four years without any public avowal of the change. They were passed in the final adjustment of his secular affairs. He had lived in the splendor appropriate to his rank and fortune, and in the exercise of the bounty becoming his eminence in the Christian commonwealth. But now all was to be abandoned, even the means of almsgiving, for he was himself henceforth to live on the alms of others. He gave his children in marriage to the noblest houses in Spain and Portugal, transferred to his eldest son the enjoyment of the patrimonial estates of Gandia, and then, at the age of forty, meekly betook himself to the study of scholastic divinity, of the traditions of the church, and of the canons of the general councils. He even submitted to all the rules, and performed all the public exercises enforced on the youngest student. Such was his piety that the thorny fagots of the schoolmen fed instead of smothering the flame; and on the margin of his Thomas Aquinas might be seen some devout aspiration, extracted by his sacred alchemy from each subtle distinction in the text. Never before or since was the degree of Doctor in Divinity, to which he now proceeded, so hardly earned, or so well deserved.

Two of the brothers of the duke had been members of the sacred college, and his humility had refused the purple offered at the instance of the emperor to two of his sons. But how should the new doctor avert from his own head the ecclesiastical cap of maintenance with which Charles was now desirous to replace the ducal coronet? He fled the presence of his imperial patron; made and executed his own testamentary dispositions, delivered his last parental charge to his eldest son, and bade a final adieu to his weeping family. The gates of the castle of Gandia closed on their self-banished lord. He went forth, like Francis Xavier, chanting the song of David—"When Israel went out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from a strange people,"—adding from another strain of the royal minstrel, "Our bonds are broken, and we are delivered." He lived for more than twenty years from this time, and in his future missions into Spain often passed the gates of the castle, but never more re-entered them. He became a stranger even to his children, never again passing so much as a single day in their society, or even permitting himself to become acquainted with their offspring.

As the bird set free to her nest, so hastened the emancipated duke to take his seat at the footstool of Ignatius. Yet in his route through Ferrara and Florence, his sacred impatience was arrested, and his humility confirmed, by the unwelcome honors yielded to him by his kinsmen, the reigning sovereigns of those duchies. He would have entered Rome by night; but in the city of triumphs and ovations, the victorious Loyola must exhibit so illustrious a captive. Attended by the ambassador of Spain, by a prince of the house of Colonna, and by a long train of cardinals, priests, and nobles, the Duke of Gandia advanced in solemn procession to the Casa Professa. There, in the presence of his General, his wearied spirit found at length the repose which the most profuse liberality of fortune had been unable to bestow. With tears of joy he kissed the feet of the patriarch and of his Professed brethren, esteeming the meanest office in their household an honor too exalted for so unworthy an associate; and then, in a general confession, poured into the ear of Ignatius every secret of his conscience from the dawn of life to that long-desired hour.

Such zeal was a treasure too precious to be left without some great and definite object; and as the duke was still the steward of some of this world's treasures, which he had devoted to sacred uses, they were employed in building at Rome the church and college afterwards so famous as the *College de Propaganda Fide*. One only secular care still awaited him. His rank as a grandee of Spain, and the cross of Alcantara, could not be laid aside without the consent of the emperor. It was solicited with all the grace of an accomplished courtier, and all the fervor of a saint. But while he awaited at Rome the answer of Charles, a new alarm disturbed the serenity of the Casa Professa. The dreaded purple was again pressed on him with all the weight of Papal admonition. To avoid it, Gandia fled the presence of the Pope and Ignatius, returned to Spain, performed a pilgrimage to the castle of Loy-



ola, kissed the hallowed ground, and then, burying himself in a Jesuit College at Ognato, once more awaited the decision of the emperor.

It soon arrived. He was no longer a duke, a knight of St. Iago, nor even a Spanish gentleman. Solemnly, and in due legal form, he renounced all these titles, and with them all his property and territorial rights. Even his secular dress was laid aside, and his head was prepared by the tonsure for the Episcopal touch, emblematic of the most awful mystery. The astonished spectators collected and preserved the holy relics. And now bent in lowly prostration before the altar at Ognato, the Father Francis had no further sacrifice to offer there, but the sacrifice of a heart emptied of all the interests and of all the affections of the world. Long and silent was his prayer, but it was now unattended with any trace of disorder. The tears he shed were such as might have bedewed the cheek of the First Man before he had tasted the bitterness of sin. He rose from his knees, bade a last farewell to his attendants; and Father Francis was left alone with his Creator.

It was a solitude not long to be maintained. The fame of his devotion filled the Peninsula. All who needed spiritual counsel, all who wished to indulge an idle curiosity, resorted to his cell. Kings sought his advice, wondering congregations hung on his lips, and two at least of the *grandees* of Spain, imitated his example. His spiritual triumphs were daily more and more splendid; and, if he might escape the still threatened promotion into the college of Cardinals, might be as enduring as his life. The authority of Ignatius, not unaided by some equivocal exercise of his ingenuity, at length placed Father Francis beyond the reach of this last danger. They both went down to the grave without witnessing the debasement of their order by any ecclesiastical dignity.

But there was yet one tie to the pomp and vanity of this world, which could not be entirely broken. During his viceregal administration, Father Francis had on one occasion traversed the halls of the Castle of Barcelona in deep and secret conference with his imperial cousin. Each at their interview imparted to the other his design of devoting to religious retirement the interval which should intervene between the business and the close of life. At every season of disappointment Charles reverted to this purpose, and abandoned or postponed it with each return of success. But now, broken with sickness and sorrow, he had fixed his residence in a monastery in Estremadura, and summoned the former viceroy of Catalonia to the presence of his early friend and patron. Falling on his knees, as in times of yore, Father Francis offered to impress the kiss of homage on the hand which had so lately borne the sceptre of half the civilized world. But Charles embraced his cousin, and compelled him to sit, and to sit covered, by his side. Long and frequent were their conversations; but the record of them transmitted to us by the historians of the Order of Jesus, has but little semblance of authenticity. Charles assails, and Borgia defends the new institute, and the imperial disputant of course yields to the combined

force of eloquence and truth. It seems less improbable that the publication of *Memoirs of the life of the Emperor*, to be written by himself, was one subject of serious debate at these interviews, and that the good father dissuaded it. If the tale be true, he has certainly one claim the less to the gratitude of later times. What seems certain is, that he undertook and executed some secret mission from Charles to the court of Portugal, that he acted as one of the executors of his will, and delivered a funeral oration in praise of the deceased emperor before the Spanish court at Valladolid.

From this point, the life of Borgia merges in the general history of the order to which he had attached himself. It is a passage of history full of the miracles of self-denial, and of miracles in the more accurate acceptation of the word. To advance the cause of education, and to place in the hands of his own society the control of that mighty engine, was the labor which Father Francis as their General chiefly proposed to himself. His success was complete, and he lived to see the establishment, in almost every state of Europe, of colleges formed on the model of that which he had himself formed in the town of Gandia.

Borgia is celebrated by his admirers as the most illustrious of all conquerors of the appetites and passions of our common nature; and the praise, such as it is, may well be conceded to him. No other saint in the calendar ever abdicated or declined so great an amount of worldly grandeur and domestic happiness. No other embraced poverty and pain in forms more squalid, or more revolting to flesh and blood. So strange and shocking are the stories of his flagellations, of the diseases contracted by them, and of the sickening practices by which he tormented his senses, that even to read them is of itself no light penance. In the same spirit, our applause is demanded for feats of humility, and prodigies of obedience, and raptures of devotion, so extravagant, that his biographers might seem to have assumed the office of penitential executors to the saint; and to challenge for his memory some of the disgust and contempt which when living he so studiously courted. And yet Borgia was no ordinary man.

He had great talents with a narrow capacity. Under the control of minds more comprehensive than his own, he could adopt and execute their wider views with admirable address and vigor. With rare powers both of endurance and of action, he was the prey of a constitutional melancholy, which made him dependent on the more sanguine spirit of his guides for all his aims and for all his hopes; but once rescued from the agony of selecting his path, he moved along it not merely with firmness, but with impetuosity. All his impulses came from without; but when once given they could not readily be arrested. The very dejection and self-distrust of his nature rendered him more liable than other men to impressions at once deep and abiding. Thus he was a saint in his infancy at the bidding of his nurse—then a cavalier at the command of his uncle—an inamorato because the empress desired it—a warrior and a viceroy because such was the pleasure of Charles—a devotee from seeing a corpse in a state of decomposition—a founder of

colleges on the advice of Peter Faber—a Jesuit at the will of Ignatius—and General of the order because his colleagues would have it so. Yet each of these characters, when once assumed, was performed, not merely with constancy, but with high and just applause. His mind was like a sycophant plant, feeble when alone, but of admirable vigor and luxuriance when properly sustained. A whole creation of such men would have been unequal to the work of Ignatius Loyola ; but, in his grasp, one such man could perform a splendid though but a secondary service. His life was more eloquent than all the homilies of Chrysostom. Descending from one of the most brilliant heights of human prosperity, he exhibited every where, and in an aspect the most intelligible and impressive to his contemporaries, the awful power of the principles by which he was impelled. Had he lived in the times and in the society of his infamous kinsmen, Borgia would not improbably have shared their disastrous renown. But his dependent nature, moulded by a far different influence, rendered him a canonized saint ; an honorable, just, and virtuous man ; one of the most eminent ministers of a polity as benevolent in intention as it was gigantic in design ; and the founder of a system of education pregnant with results of almost matchless importance. His miracles may be not disadvantageously compared with those of the Baron Monchausen ; but it would be less easy to find a meet comparison for his genuine virtues. They triumph over all the silly legends and all the real follies which obscure his character. His whole mature life was but one protracted martyrdom, for the advancement of what he esteemed the perfection of his own nature, and the highest interests of his fellow-men. Though he maintained an intimate personal intercourse with Charles IX. and his mother, and enjoyed their highest favor, there is no reason to suppose that he was entrusted with their atrocious secret. Even in the land of the Inquisition he had firmly refused to lend the influence of his name to that sanguinary tribunal ; for there was nothing morose in his fanaticism, nor mean in his subservience. Such a man as Francis Borgia could hardly become a persecutor. His own church raised altars to his name. Other churches have neglected or despised it. In that all-wise and all-compassionate judgment, which is uninvaded by our narrow prejudices and by our unhallowed feelings, his fervent love of God and of man was doubtless permitted to cover the multitude of his theoretical errors and real extravagances. Human justice is severe, not merely because man is censorious, but because he reasonably distrusts himself, and fears lest his weakness should confound the distinctions of good and evil. Divine justice is lenient, because there alone love can flow in all its unfathomable depths and boundless expansion—impeded by no dread of error, and diverted by no misplaced sympathies.

To Ignatius, the founder of the order of the Jesuits ; to Xavier, the great leader in their missionary enterprises ; to Laynez, the author of their peculiar system of theology ; and to Borgia, the architect of their system of education, two names are to be added to complete the roll of the great men from whose hands their Institute received the form it re-

tains to the present hour. These are Bellarmine, from whom they learned the arts and resources of controversy ; and Acquaviva, the fifth in number, but in effect the fourth of the Generals—who may be described as the Numa Pompilius of the order. There is in the early life of Bellarmine a kind of pastoral beauty, and even in his later days a grace, and a simplicity so winning, that it costs some effort to leave such a theme unattempted. The character of Acquaviva, one of the most memorable rulers and lawgivers of his age, it would be a still greater effort to attempt.

“Henceforth let no man say,” (to mount on the stilts of dear old Samuel Johnson,) “come, I will write a disquisition on the history, the doctrines, and the morality of the Jesuits—at least let no man say so who has not subdued the lust of story-telling.” Filled to their utmost limits, lie before us the sheets so recently destined to that ambitious enterprize. Perhaps it may be as well thus to have yielded to the allurements which has marred the original design. If in later days the disciples of Ignatius, obeying the laws of all human institutions, have exhibited the sure though slow development of the seeds of error and of crime, sown by the authors of their polity, it must at least be admitted that they were men of no common mould. It is something to know that an impulse, which after three centuries is still unspent, proceeded from hands of gigantic power, and that their power was moral as much as intellectual, or much more so. In our own times much indignation and much alarm are thrown away on innovators of a very different stamp. From the ascetics of the common room, from men whose courage rises high enough only to hint at their unpopular opinions, and whose belligerent passions soar at nothing more daring than to worry some unfortunate professor, it is almost ludicrous to fear any great movement on the theatre of human affairs. When we see these dainty gentlemen in rags, and hear of them from the snows of Himmalaya, we may begin to tremble. The slave of his own appetite, in bondage to conventional laws, his spirit emasculated by the indulgences, or corroded by the cares of life, hardly daring to act, to speak, or to think for himself, man—gregarious and idolatrous man—worships the world in which he lives, adopts its maxims, and treads its beaten paths. To rouse him from his lethargy, and to give a new current to his thoughts, heroes appear from time to time on the verge of his horizon, and hero-worship, Pagan or Christian, withdraws him for a while from still baser idolatry. To contemplate the motives and the career of such men, may teach much which well deserves the knowing ; but nothing more clearly than this—that no one can have shrines erected to his memory in the hearts of men of distant generations, unless his own heart was an altar on which daily sacrifices of fervent devotion, and magnanimous self-denial, were offered to the only true object of human worship.



## ARTICLE VIII.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

- 1.—*Letters from Hofwyl, by a Parent, on the Educational Institutions of De Fellenberg; with an Appendix, containing Woodbridge's Sketches of Hofwyl.* London, 1842.

THE name of De Fellenberg is well known in England; but a good account of the educational institutions at Hofwyl has long been a desideratum in this country. The latest particulars respecting Hofwyl appeared in a little work attributed to Lady Byron, entitled "What De Fellenberg has done for Education." It contained a general sketch of the career of De Fellenberg, and of the principles which it has been his object to illustrate in practical operation throughout a long life, but was by no means a complete exposition of the subject. The present work contains all the information relating to it the public required, and could not perhaps have appeared at a better moment.

The great feature of De Fellenberg's institutions is the combination of intellectual labor with light agricultural employment; and we recommend the work to the attention of every one likely to be connected with the new district schools of industry, and generally to every friend to the improvement and extension of education. It is full of sound principles of instruction, useful practical hints for forming the character of a pupil, and strengthening his mind and body, which ought to be familiar to all entrusted with the care and guardianship of youth.

The letters in the Appendix, from the Rev. C. Woodbridge, first appeared in the American "Annals of Education:" they have since been revised by De Fellenberg himself, and may therefore be regarded as a correct statement of his principles and a faithful report of the state of the Hofwyl Institution at the time it was written, though perhaps with too decided a leaning to the favorable side of the picture.—*Westminster Review*.

- 2.—*Brief Notices of Hayti. With its Condition, Resources, and Prospects.* By John Candler. London, 1842.

The present little volume will be welcome to all who, with ourselves, take an interest in the progress of the colored races. We have before noticed the difficulty of procuring any information of the actual state of Hayti upon which reliance could be placed. Mr. Candler's work supplies a deficiency which has long been felt; and although his narrative is not so full as we could have wished, the facts it contains are important, and appear in a trustworthy shape. Mr. Candler visited Hayti in 1841 on a missionary tour to the West India Islands; but, unlike many missionaries and abolitionists, he does not attempt to conceal defects in negro character, or to suppress facts which might be supposed to militate

against emancipation ; and his remarks are entitled to the more attention from the tone of candor and obvious impartiality by which his observations are pervaded. An instance of this kind we may take from the Introduction to the work, in which a favorite prejudice is thus assailed :

"It is the delight of the lovers of liberty to dwell with enthusiasm on the talents and exploits of Toussaint L'Ouverture, undoubtedly the greatest man that took part in the revolution of St. Domingo, and one of the ablest Generals of his age ; but it is very doubtful whether his character, as a leader in the great struggle, will come out of the crucible of impartial history, with all that brightness and purity that some modern narratives, half history, half romance, seem to assign to it. The opinion of many persons in Hayti, whether well or ill founded we stop not to inquire, is certainly adverse to such high pretensions ; these individuals present Toussaint as one of the best men of his day ; but not as free from many of the blemishes which generally attach to warriors."

Of the present President of Hayti, General Boyer, Mr. Candler gives the following account :—

"An aid-de-camp in waiting led me to the hall of audience ; and in a few minutes after, the President himself, attired in a plain suit of black, entered by a private door, and taking me by the hand, requested me to follow him to his own apartment. The manners of the ruler of Hayti are simple and unaffected ; to republican plainness he adds the polish of France, and preserves a quiet, independent dignity suited to his rank and station. His age is sixty-eight ; but his robust health and evident activity make him appear much younger. He is a mulatto, with the physiognomy of the French ; is rather under than over the average height ; and is neither thin nor corpulent ; he has a keen expressive eye, and an intelligent countenance. With strangers he converses only in French, though he has travelled in America, and understands the English language. During the interview of half an hour, with which he kindly favored me, he made particular enquiries after the venerable Clarkson, with whose character, as a strenuous advocate of the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade, he was well acquainted, and of whom he had a more intimate knowledge than of other men, from his correspondence with Christophe, in which he manifested such an intense interest in the best welfare of Hayti. 'All the letters of Wilberforce and Clarkson, addressed to Monsieur Christophe,' such were his words, 'are in my possession ; they thought highly of the man, but they did not understand his real character ; they thought him the genuine friend of his country, but he deceived them. I received a letter from Mr. Clarkson,' he continued, 'soon after the death of Christophe, in which he requested me to show kindness to his widow. I thought it somewhat singular ; for though Christophe was a cruel man, and though he killed my own brother, I would have forfeited my life a thousand times rather than have shown unkindness to his widow. I always protected Madame Christophe. He entertained,' he said, 'a high regard for the religious Society of Friends ; he had known some of that body in America, and was acquainted with some of their customs. I might depend on his protection whilst in Hayti ; and he had given an order to the authorities to furnish me with all the papers I had asked for, to illustrate the resources and condition of the republic.' He wished me, however, as a stranger, not to

overlook the single fact, that Hayti was a young nation ; that it was only yesterday that she was released from the menaces and fears of France, by a new treaty of compensation for her territory ; and that, till the present time, there had been no opportunity for the government to devote itself in earnest on peace principles, to improve the institutions of the country. On rising, to take leave, I begged permission to present him with some religious publications, handsomely bound ; he received them very courteously ; and on observing a series of tracts of the Peace Society, which had been translated into the French language, he said with an air and tone of sincerity, ' If the principles of that society had been acted upon by the nations, what an accumulation of misery would the world have been spared ! ' "—*Westminster Review*.

- 3.—*A New French and English Lexicon, constructed upon an entirely new plan. By Marin G. De la Voye, Professor of French Literature at the Hon. E. I. Co.'s Military Establishment at Addiscombe, &c. London, 1842.*

This lexicon, though of small size, by systematic compression and condensation, is made to include a large extent of information unavoidably excluded from ordinary dictionaries. The plan is entirely new and very ingenious. Besides a most copious collection of terms, many of which, of a technical kind, are not found in similar works, the author has contrived to introduce the singular and plural persons of every tense and mood belonging to all the verbs, regular and irregular, in the French language. If we were put upon finding out an objection to the book, it would be one that will recommend it to many, namely, that it affords too much facility to learners. To the advanced student, it will prove a most valuable help.—*Asiatic Journal*.

- 4.—*The Poor Laws, and their Bearing on Society ; a Series of Historical and Political Essays. By Eric Gustaf Geijer, Professor of History at the University of Upsala. Translated by E. B. H. Lewin, Esq. Stockholm, 1842.*

The Poor Laws, during the last ten years, have engaged perhaps a larger share of public thought than any other topic practically influencing our social condition. We are glad that this active inquisition has not been confined to England, but has met with ingenious and industrious prosecutors as well abroad as at home. It has attracted the attention of M. Geijer, Professor of History at the University of Upsala, who has gained a European reputation, chiefly as the author of a "History of Sweden," which ranks among the classics of his country. His series of Essays presents a masterly summary of the modifications of the system of poor relief, in connection with the gradual and successive developments of European society. We, in this country, are too much inclined to regard the subject statistically and economically, rather than historically and philosophically ; thus shutting ourselves out from points of view, not less—nay, possibly more—instructive than those which we usually adopt.

"No true insight," the Professor justly remarks, "can be obtained

into the parts without a general view of the whole ; and the more complicated a subject is, the sooner one is confused by the multitude of its particularities, and loses oneself beforehand in the details, if the perception of the whole be deficient. Such a subject is pauperism, complicated in the highest degree, in our time especially. There is no one of the great questions of the day with which it is not intimately connected. To attempt to point out this connection is doubtless to add to the difficulties of the question. Yet if they be inherent in the nature of the case, it is also through the knowledge of these difficulties alone that a solution of the question is possible."

Well has Professor Geijer written—

"The changed condition of society is distinguished mainly by two circumstances ; a peace of longer duration than any we have enjoyed, and an individual thirsting for independence more universally protrusive than ever among the masses. Both are, since the last revolutionary wars, common to Europe—aye, to the world ; both have given a rapid progression to population, but have also at the same time placed all internal questions on that balancing point which renders the necessity of their solution every moment more urgent. Such solution may be auspicious or destructive for a time ; one thing is certain, whichever way we turn—that we must at length, as the last remedy, have recourse to justice to all."

In the right arrangement of these "internal questions," the methods of providing against the miseries of destitution, whether in the way of prevention or of cure, must hold a prominent position ; and in the prosecution of the inquiries needful for deciding with safety on points so delicate, these essays of Professor Geijer will prove most valuable auxiliaries. —*Westminster Review*.

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#### GERMANY.

- 1.—*Palestine and the Countries on its southern border. Journal of travels in 1838, by E. Robinson and E. Smith, for the illustration of Biblical Geography. Prepared from the original papers, with historical notices, by Edward Robinson, Doctor and Professor of Theology. With new maps and plans.* 3 vols. Halle, 1842.

This work, presenting a series of entirely new contributions on Palestine and the peninsula of Sinai, claims the interested attention of a large circle of readers, and, from its scientific disposition of the materials, will be of permanent value to the learned in this department of knowledge. Seldom has the renowned land been investigated, under so favorable circumstances, by men who, like Messrs. Smith and Robinson, thoroughly prepared and well equipped with a learned knowledge of the Bible, have so satisfactorily solved the various questions of interest. The advantage to the historical topography of Palestine derived from this work, is already apparent from an inspection of the well executed maps ; and whilst it offers to the man of science, in its exact details, the strongest incitement to further inquiries, the less learned friend of the Bible will also find entertainment and edification, in the more pleasing parts of the volumes, as in the description of Sinai, first impressions at Jerusalem, sojourn at Nazareth, Mount Tabor, etc: The work has



been published under the inspection of Prof. Rödiger; the maps were constructed and delineated by H. Kiepert, and engraved by H. Mahlmann, in Berlin. Prof. C. Ritter pronounces this superior to any other book of travels in Palestine, that has yet appeared.—*Studien und Kritiken*.

- 2.—*Travels and Routes through Greece. By Dr. Ludw. Ross, Professor of Archaeology at Athens. 1 Theil; Travels in Peloponnesus. With two maps and several wood cuts and inscriptions. Berlin, 1841.*

This publication shows how much yet remains to be done, after the valuable labors of Leake, and of the French Expedition, towards the explanation of the topography of the Peloponnesus. For the effecting of this object Dr. Ross was fitted above others, by his station as Sub-conservator until the year 1834, by his long residence in Nauplia and his frequent journeys through those regions. Although these contributions are mostly the results of the author's travels in 1833 sq., and partly already made public in another form; although they are not startling nor momentous, as the object of the writer was principally to determine the situation of less celebrated districts, their distances, and their insignificant ruins, yet as a whole it must be considered a very valuable contribution to a knowledge of the topography of Greece; especially in its various illustrations of ancient history and topography, and the numerous corrections which Mr. Ross makes of the investigations of his predecessors, especially those of the French expedition. Among other things he describes are, the temple of Artemis Limnatis—first discovered by himself—the Ager Dentheliates between Laconica and Messenia, Phlius and vicinity, Sicyon and the temple of Aesculapius in Titane—found by the author—Stymphalos, Pallantium, and the temple of Minerva Soteira on Mount Boreion. In respect to the topography of Arcadia, with parts of Messenia, Elis and Argolis:—Tegea, Megalopolis, Lycosura, Basilis, Olympia, the vale of Inachus, Argos; the road from Argos to Tegea, Cenchreæ, etc.; the road from Thyreatis to Sparta, Astros, etc.; that from Tegea to Sparta, etc.; together with various other places and ways.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium*.

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FRANCE.

- 1.—*Exposition of the last twelve prophetic books of the Old Testament.*

We have here an excellent publication, which our churches owe to the Society of Neuchâtel. Simple and solid in its *tout ensemble*, the book is well suited to nourish faith and piety, at the same time that it will promote the understanding of the Scriptures. It will tend to render the reading of these prophets more attractive and more profitable. Edification is here combined with science; whilst it will instruct simple believers, it will not be without utility to those occupied in exegetical and theological studies. The *general glance at the period of the prophets*, which precedes the commentary and forms almost half of the volume, will certainly be noticed and appreciated; it sheds much light on that epoch, so important, but in general so little known.

The present volume contains only four of the prophets. The historical introduction is taken from the *Morgenland*, a German Journal,

and the Explication from the *Orient*, another German periodical published at Bâle, by Prof. Preiswerk.—*Revue Théologique*.

- 2.—CAEN in 1786, *first Norman Chronicle, with Fragments of a Book of Fables. By Adolphe Poignant. Paris, 1841.*

A little romance of rather agreeable reading, founded, if we may credit the writer, on veritable history. We willingly subscribe to this; but must add that, in this volume as elsewhere, the truth is not always *vraisemblable*.

What has most interested us in this *chronique normande*, is the picture of the manners and social state of Caen in 1786. What a distance between that epoch and ours! Is it really only fifty-five years since then? One might believe that long ages had passed away! Then, every where privileges, corporations, companies formed of little kingdoms in the kingdom: here, the University with its ancient prerogatives and its special jurisdiction; a little farther, the church represented by the convents of Franciscans, Carmelites, and Benedictines; on another part of the tableau, the army commanded by *gentilshommes*, brawling officers, and mostly of ill-report; all these aiming blows at each other in the perpetual conflict of authority, and each doing justice to itself, because there was no well defined superior power.

In our day, on the contrary, neither privileged orders nor corporations; the same rights and duties assigned to all; a social state simple and regular; a strong and powerful centralization instead of those innumerable fractions of power. Admirable progress without doubt; but have we not gone too far in the reaction? Are not individual wills too subservient to the ministerial will, in the matter of administration? In the intention to establish a governmental unity, have not the natural aggregations been too much broken up, even to making of them a fine dust blown about by every breath of wind? Is poor humanity, then, condemned to perpetually running into extremes? And is the most difficult thing for it to do, to arrest itself at a wise medium?

Apropos to a romance, we have fallen upon some very serious considerations, which must be deferred to a better occasion. Yet the very fact, that Mr. Poignant's *Chronique Normande* conducts to such reflections, proves that it is more worthy of being read than many of the new romances, indigested heaps of immoral scenes and solecisms.—*Le Semeur*.

- 3.—*Life of Michael Christian Vos, evangelical pastor in different stations of Holland, Africa and Asia, written by himself in letters to a Friend. Translated from the German. Neuchâtel, 1841.*

One more of those lives wholly consecrated to God, in which humility and submission, pain and prayer, the preaching of the gospel, conflicts between the flesh and spirit, incessant labors and joys wholly spiritual, constitute the chain of events which issue on the bed of death and in the entrance of the faithful into the kingdom of heaven.

Vos was born at the Cape of Good Hope in 1759. His feeble health rendered his childhood serious and sad. His heart was early given to God, and all his ambition was to go to Holland to study theology, receive

ordination and return to Africa to preach the gospel to the slaves. He succeeds amid a thousand difficulties raised by his family and growing out of his deplorable health. God gave him unusual perseverance, and so blessed his preaching that wherever he was called to labor, numerous conversions followed. In Holland, where he spent fourteen years, at the Cape, in Ceylon, abundant blessing attended him. Whether he proclaimed the truth to nominal Christians and among civilized people, or addressed ignorant and indifferent Hottentots, he had abundant reward of his ministry. Yet, he was a man of no brilliant talents, and his infirm and forbidding appearance would not predispose his hearers in his favor. But prayer was his life, love of souls ever stimulated his zeal. Poor and miserable in himself, in God he was able to perform excellent works. After having been pastor for four years, of the little church of Rodezand, near the Cape, the troubles of the Colony induced him to go to England, where he connected himself with the Society of Missions. As their missionary he visited successively Tranquebar, Colombo, Negapatam, Madras, Paliacatte and Sadras; then, after having again exercised his functions at the Cape Colony, he ended his course peacefully in 1825.—*Le Semeur*.

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 ITALY.

 1.—*Italian Curiosities and Anecdotes. By M. Valery. Paris, 1842.*

M. Valery has made Italy a particular study. His historical, literary and artistic travels testify his predilection for that cherished land of poets and artists. After having depicted it in its monuments, its manners, its great men, and having unfolded it in all its details for the benefit of travellers and curiosi, he has again rummaged its memorials and documents, to make out of them this volume, in which he once more transports us beneath the genial sun of Naples and of Rome, and conducts us from library to library, to show us some rare manuscript, some interesting page. He introduces to his readers, in company with the celebrated names of Dante, Tasso, the Medici, the papal protectors of letters, the more obscure authors of the 14th and 15th centuries, whose writings present a curious aspect of the manners of their time; he discusses many a mooted point in history or literature, dwells on idioms, speaks of music and painting, describes the fêtes, the popular amusements and the pomp of the middle ages, relates, in passing, a characteristic anecdote, and comes at length to Italy, in connection with our (the French) Revolution, with the Empire, and also embracing our own day in his limits and divisions. His book is a compilation of detached portions without connection. It contains many documents, observations, brief notices and appreciations, which prove M. Valery to have thoroughly possessed himself of his Italy, to have studied it *con amore*, and, what is of great value to readers, fortunate enough sometimes to forget the past in the present, he does not drag them on all occasions through the dust of ruins, he does not require them painfully to decipher all the inscriptions, nor constantly transport them to the times of Pompey and Cæsar, Cicero and Tacitus: he seldom goes beyond the fourteenth century.

The first article is the '*Mirror of true penitence*,' by the Dominican Jacques Passavanti, written at the close of the 13th century. Passavanti, contemporaneous with Boccaccio, appears to have contributed, with him, to give to Italian prose its pure and determinate form.

The second is of Louis Cornaro, and treats of '*The Sober Life*' which he rigidly practiced for 98 years, without having lost any of his memory, intelligence or heart.

'*The Treatise on the civil life*,' by Mathieu Palmieri, which next follows, passes for a *chef-d'œuvre* in Italy. It was written about the middle of the 15th century, and presents, with talent, the principles of the sages of antiquity, fortified, relieved by the charity of Christianity.

Next comes a '*Treatise on family government*,' by Ange Pandolfini. There pervades it something of austerity and anti-chivalrousness, which must have contrasted with the manners of his day. He exhorts women to employ themselves in domestic affairs, in the labors of the hands, denounces reading as a waste of time, and enters into some curious details of order and economy.

In the chapter entitled, '*Fêtes and popular amusements of the Middle Ages*,' we have found a rather singular detail of the occasion, which first gave rise to Dante's idea of his *Divine Comédie*. At one of the fêtes in the month of May, 1304, the inhabitants of Saint-Frédian, renowned for the originality and richness of their sports, advertised that those who wished to learn news from the other world, had only to betake themselves to the bridge. For this purpose they disposed numerous trestles constructed above of bark, and kindled fires within to represent the infernal regions. A number of persons costumed like demons skipped about there, and punished the damned, presenting by their gestures and shrieks a frightful scene. The Bridge on the Arno, too heavily loaded with the curious, gave way, and many persons perished. The spectacle so impressed the imagination of Dante, that it sprung up in him like a first inspiration, as the anticipatory idea of the immense work of his *Divine Comédie*.

The book of M. Valéry offers various and amusing reading.—*Le Seigneur*.

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## ARTICLE IX.

### SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

Travels in Kashmere, Ladak, Iskardo, the countries adjoining the Mountain Course of the Indus, and the Himalaya, north of the Panjab. By G. T. Vigne, Esq., F. G. S., etc. London.

Ariana Antiqua. A descriptive account of the Antiquities and Coins of Afghanistan, with a Memoir on the Buildings, called Topes, by C. Masson, Esq. By H. H. Wilson, M. A. F. R. S. London.

Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean. By Lieut. Col. E. Napier, 46th Regt. London.



The Life of Oliver Heywood. one of the Founders of the Presbyterian Congregations in the County of York, 1630-1702. By Rev. J. Hunter, F. S. A. London.

Manual of Dignities, Privilege and Precedence, with Chronological Lists of the Great Public Functionaries. By Charles R. Dodd, Esq. London.

Belgium since the Revolution of 1840. By Rev. W. Trollope, M. A. London.

Bees; their Natural History and General Management. By Robert Huish, F. L. S. London.

Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy and other parts of Europe. By S. Laing, Esq. London.

England in 1841. By Frederick Von Raumer. London.

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler. Vol. VIII. Edinburgh.

The Game of Grammar. By Mrs. Marcet. London.

What to Teach and How to Teach it, so that the child may become a wise and good man. By H. Mayhew. London.

Boeckh's Public Economy of Athens. By G. Cornewall Lewis. 2d Edit. London.

Lord Brougham's Character of Mr. Pitt. By J. S. Edison. London.

Cicero's Political Works. Translated by F. Barham. 2 vols. London.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses on the Fine Arts. Illustrated by John Burnet. London.

Theocratic Philosophy of English History. By Rev. J. D. Schomberg. London.

Rev. A. Barnes' Theory and Desirableness of Revivals. With a Preface by Rev. B. Noell. London.

#### GERMANY.

Corpus Reformatorum, ed. Bretschneider. Vol. IX: Melanthonis Opera. vol. IX. Halle.

Abriss d. Kirchengeschichte; von H. E. F. Guericke. Halle.

Exeget. Handbuch üb. d. drei ersten Evangelien; von H. E. G. Paulus. Bd. I. Heidelberg.

Mittheilungen aus d. Reisetagebuche eines deutsch. Naturforschers in England. Basel.

Jean Paul's sämtliche Werke. Bd. XXIII—XXV. Berlin.

Aristotelis Opera omnia quæ extant, cur. C. H. Weise. Leipzig.

Die Geburt der Athene. Eine archäolog. Abhandlung: von P. W. Forchhammer. Kiel.

Homeri Ilias. Mit erklär. Anmerkungen v. G. Chr. Crusius. Hanover.

Ueber d. Ursprung d. Alphabets u. üb. d. vocal bezeichnung im alten Testamente: von J. Olshausen. Kiel.

Beitrag zu genaueren Zeitbestimmung. d. Hellenischen Geschichte von J. M. Schultz. Kiel.

Graf Saint Germaine: von Ph. O. v. Muenchhausen. Göttingen.

Der Fischhändler von Neapel. Historische Novelle aus der Mitte des 17ten Jahrhundert: von Fr. Lubojatzky. Grimma.

**Der Pappenheimer K rassier.** Scenen aus der Zeit des dreissigj hrigen Krieges : von Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqu . Leipzig.

**Wissenschaftlich-literarische Encyklop die der Aesthetik :** von Wilhelm Hebenstreit. Wien.

## FRANCE.

**Commentaire g ographique sur l'Exode et les Nombres,** par L on de Laborde. Paris.

**Compl ment du dictionnaire de l'Acad mie Fran aise,** par L. Barr . Paris.

**Cours d'histoire de la philosophie morale au 18e si cle,** par Victor Cousin. Paris.

**Essais de la Philosophie,** par Charles de R musat. Paris.

**Histoire de la R volution Fran aise,** par M. A. Thiers. Paris.

**Recherches Historique, critiques et bibliographiques sur Americ Vespuce et ses voyages,** par M. le Vicomte de Santarem. Paris.

**De la Litterature consid r e dans ses rapports avec les institutions sociales ; suivi de l'influence des passions sur la bonheur des individus et les nations,** par Me. de Stael. Paris.

**Id es sur la politique de Platon et d'Aristote,** par J. Ferrari. Paris.

**Gaule et France,** par Alex. Dumas. Paris.

**Des machines   vapeur aux Etats-Unis d'Amerique, particuli rement consid r es dans leur application   la navigation et aux chemins de fer.** Traduit de l'anglais de R. Hodge, du docteur Renwick et de David Stevenson, par M. Edm. Duval, ing nieur. Paris.

## SPAIN.

**Diccionario de la lengua castellana,** por la Academia espanola, nueva edicion, hecha segun las dos ultimas de Madrid ; bajo la direcci n de Jos -Ren  Masson.

**Obras escogidas de D. F. de Quevede y Villegas,** con notas y una noticia de su vida y escritos ; par A. E. de Ochoa.

**De la democracia en America ;** por Alejo de Tocqueville : traducida al espanol por L. Borda.

## ITALY.

**Rime scelte di vari poeti moderni ;** v lume unico. Paris.

**Dante.** Traduction en vers ; par E. Aroux. Paris.